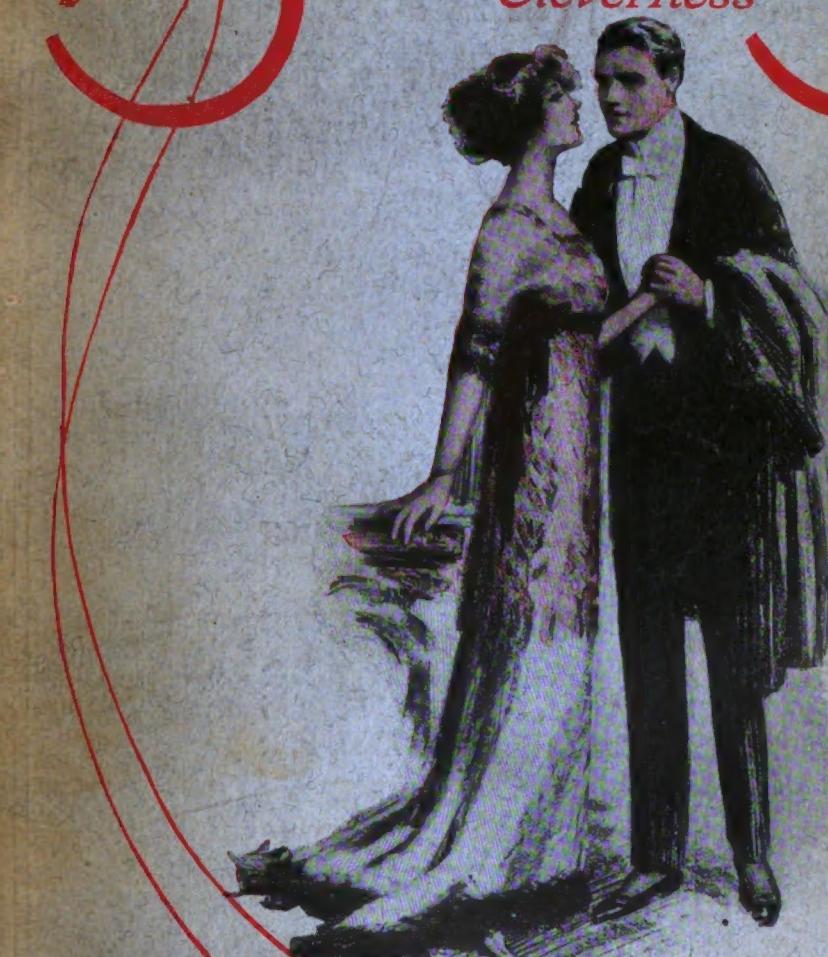


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The SMART SET

A Magazine of Cleverness



A man and a woman sometimes appear to be in love when there is really very little between them



JOHN ADAMS THAYER CORPORATION

452 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

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LONDON

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THE SMART SET

A MAGAZINE OF CLEVERNESS

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JOHN ADAMS THAYER, President

452 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

MARK LEE LUTHER, Treasurer

The April SMART SET

A Foretaste

The Magazine of Cleverness

For Minds That Are Not Primitive

YOU KNOW the Irishman's much-quoted saying that "all whiskey is good, but some is better." The philosophy of this famous dictum doesn't happen to appeal to us, but we like the framework of the phrase and we hereby annex it to say that all numbers of the new SMART SET are good, but some are better.

THE APRIL ISSUE, like the present issue, is one of the "better" variety. It has given great satisfaction to the editors—and they are hard to please.

THE TRUTH IS, every number of this unique "magazine of cleverness" holds the mirror up to human nature and reflects it in a degree that no other publication approaches. Every number is full of human interest. The April number overflows with it.

To mention a few of the good things, there is, to begin with, an exceedingly amusing novelette, entitled "Insuring Leslie," by Francis Aymar Mathews. What do you suppose Leslie is insured against? Death, fire, shipwreck, burglary, sickness? Oh, no! This is leap year, and the modern maid looks before she leaps—that is to say, she takes a good look round and then leaps like a leopard. So Leslie, a matinée idol whose celibacy is a valuable asset, is insured against nothing more nor less than marriage! The fun and fantasy that the clever author gets into this story are irresistible.

SEUMAS MACMANUS'S IRISH TALES long ago won the reading public by their quaint charm and their delineation of the best side of the Irish character. "The Well of Remembrance," in this April number, bubbles over with delightful sentiment.

A BURGLAR ENGAGED IN a theological discussion seems a strange figure in fiction, but George Bronson Howard has

built a strong, thrilling story about this situation.

THE FOREST SERVICE is known as an important branch of government work, but how few realize anything of the daily life of the men engaged in it! Maryland Allen in "Los Gatos" tells a story of life in the wilderness that is not only a moving story but also a "piece of life."

THE RIDICULOUS PLIGHT of a guardian of a headstrong girl is cleverly delineated in "Disposing of Mary," by William C. Estabrook.

"Who Was Jeanette?" by Samuel L. Evans, will strike right home to every man who ever had to go to the dock to meet a homecoming relative. There will be a skit by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and a burlesque by John Kendrick Bangs.

THOSE WHO ENJOY reading short plays—and this form of literature is making a greater appeal all the time—will like the one-act play—an English drawing-room comedy—by J. Hartley Manners, who wrote the recent Broadway success, "The House Next Door."

THE FRONTISPICES OF THE SMART SET have attracted wide attention for their really artistic qualities. Carcassonne—that fabled city of romance, that is not, after all, a fable but an existing reality, the theme of Nadaud's classic poem, has been made the subject of a wonderful picture by Rose Cecil O'Neill, which will be published in the April number. This is not an ordinary reproduction, but a photogravure print, in sepia brown, well worth preservation and serious study.

You Will Enjoy
the April SMART SET

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The Smart Set 452 Fifth Avenue New York

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THE OPPOSITE PAGE

is a reproduction (except that the original is larger and in two colors) of the front cover of THE SMART SET's handsome popular edition (with an added chapter) of a book which excited tremendous interest and received thousands of extraordinarily enthusiastic reviews when it first appeared, under the name of "Astir" (in an edition at \$1.20), a little over a year ago.

This Very Attractive 25-Cent edition in two colors, and in magazine format, SMART SET style, is now on sale at all news-stands in the large cities. Mailed direct for 30 cents in stamps.

From the Popular Edition (FOREWORD)

MANY people have wondered how I dared to print these intimate confessions of my business life.

It never occurred to me to consider it an act of daring to tell the simple truth as I saw it, any more than it did to look upon it as a daring thing to come back and do what I have told about in the last chapter of this book, hitherto unpublished in the French, English and American editions.



The Smart Set

452 Fifth Avenue

New York

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SMART SET CLASSIFIED GUIDE

In the knowledge that a SMART SET GUIDE would be of assistance to our readers, we began in the December number the publication of these small advertisements. It will be to your interest to read them all over carefully, for one or more of them may tell you of something you particularly wish to know about.

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SMART SET CLASSIFIED GUIDE

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DANTE AND BEATRICE

From the painting made for The Smart Set Magazine by André Castaigne

THE SMART SET

*Its Prime Purpose is to Provide Lively Entertainment
For Minds That Are Not Primitive*

BUILDER OF MEN

By Constance Skinner

IT was indicative of Joan Ives's character that all her friends expected her to do the noble thing in any crisis that might arrive in her life. She was one of those unfortunates whom family and acquaintances naturally select as a perennial burnt offering. Joan was gentle, forbearing, with a large, sturdy tenderness, and the members of her immediate circle loved to watch her sacrificing herself for them. She was an artist in self-elimination. She was lovingly selfless.

Her mother, who came of an evangelical family, often said: "A nature like Joan's makes one seem nearer to heaven. I feel that she could carry us all in her arms up the great long golden stairs and never even *think* about being tired herself."

Perhaps Joan could. One thing is certain: the members of her family had not the least idea of doing their own climbing so long as Joan was present to carry them and their burdens.

Arrived at her thirty-second birthday and surely most properly considered as settled in her spinsterhood, Joan had given her kindred, her friends, her acquaintances and even the outside world a terrible shock. She had married. She had silently, swiftly, quietly, almost secretly married.

Half an hour before it happened, Joan had come into the big parlor where reading, writing, sewing, idling were her mother Mrs. Sarah Hollow, her aunt Mrs. Gillespie, her sisters Mary and Martha, her three stepsisters Genevieve, Milly and Clarice, and her cousins Amourette Smith and Pearl Gillespie. She was gracefully gowned, her dark hair shaded by a large hat of elegantly simple design. Her deep, clear gray eyes were mystical, questioning, darkened with unnamable yearnings, forebodings, prayers, yet brave with hope, her face pale, her finely modeled lips firm.

"Mother dear—and all of you," she said calmly, "I think you would like to know that I am going to be married to Robert Ives in half an hour—in the church at the end of the street, and—"

"Joan! Are you crazy?"

Mrs. Hollow dropped her paper and stared at her firstborn with the apprehension of a nervous lady on her first visit to a lunatic asylum. Mrs. Gillespie said:

"Don't rouse yourself, Sarah. It is quite impossible. So be calm."

Mary and Martha Braden, Joan's sisters, stared silently, though their mouths opened. Martha's mouth, being the larger, expressed the greater astonish-

ment. The three stepsisters, Genevieve, Milly and Clarice, giggled.

"Ooh—hoo—hoo, Joan! That boy?"

Pearl Gillespie, who was always calm and contained, like her mother, and invariably sensible, said:

"Why do you make such an unrefined jest, my dear cousin? Besides, you know that marriage is impossible for you. Your place is here;" and Miss Gillespie serenely threaded her needle.

Little Amourette Smith, the orphan cousin, who had been regarding Joan keenly, clapped her hands and cried out:

"Oh, it's true, it's true!"

She precipitated herself on Joan's neck and hugged her breathlessly.

"Oh, Joan, I'm so glad! Can I come and live with you? I'll wash the dinner dishes for you while you and Mr. Ives go walking in the park."

"Amourette, be quiet and sit down," Mrs. Gillespie commanded; but Joan's arm tightened about the child yearningly.

"Thank you, darling," she said, and kissed the excited little face.

Mrs. Hollow rose totteringly, steadyng herself by a hand on her chair. She pointed her right forefinger at her daughter.

"Joan Bra-a-den," she began tremulously, her voice rising swiftly and shrilling, "do you me-e-an to te-ll-ll me-e—"

"Sarah, sit down!"

Mrs. Hollow waved her sister aside.

"Dorcas, this is between me-ee and my child-d. It is a sa-a-cred moment. Do not attempt to interfere."

"You'll have one of your spells," Mrs. Gillespie warned her methodically. "I can see you working up to it right now. You're always *inclined* to be hysterical, Sarah. You were, as a child."

"Silence!"

Tragedy claimed its queen, and the family waited—an accustomed and unwilling audience—for the certain end.

"Joan—"

The toot of a taxicab may have hastened Joan's interruption; for interrupt she did, contrary to all the ethics, rules, dignities and stage directions of maternal drama.

"That is my cab, I think," she said. "You heard me quite correctly, all of you, the first time. I *am* going to be married to Robert Ives this morning—at the church down the street. It is not sudden with me. But I have thought it best not to tell anyone till it was practically accomplished—so that there would be nothing to discuss."

"Oh, my poor child! Listen to your mother—"

"No, thank you, mother. There is no time now to listen to anyone. I have listened to Robert, to my own nature and—to God. This way has been opened to me with new hopes and greater aims to achieve and wider blessings than you can understand. I have found out one thing surely in my life with you all, and it is the fact that no human being has the power or the wisdom—or the love—to direct another's actions."

"Joan! You can say that to your mother? Haven't I always loved you and directed you for your own good? When have I ever thought of myself?"

The taxicab tooted importunately.

"Dear mother, you have meant the best always, I know. But you cannot know my duty. Only *I* can know it. It is *mine*. My life is *mine* only, to do my best with."

"Why, Joan! How very selfish!" Miss Gillespie's tone expressed cold condemnation.

"I think this is the only thing I have ever done that is rightly *unselfish*, Pearl. It was a wrong notion of unselfishness that made me carry everyone's cares and work for you all, as I have, and act like the little god Billiken, who makes everything go right. That was putting myself and my labors between you girls and your rightful experiences. I was so busy serving you all in a material way that I did not see how I was dwarfing my own life and hampering *your* mental growth, making you slothful—and selfish—and dependent on me instead of on yourselves. But in the last year I have seen my error, and in trying to see my *real* duty, this change has come—"

"Joan Braden!" her sister Martha interrupted exasperatedly. "Robert Ives is ten years younger than you are!"

"So many women marry younger men nowadays. How *can* they do it?" Mary's tone intimated that the explanation she asked for could lie only in inexplicable depths of infamy.

"I should like to ask Joan if she has considered this fact," Mrs. Gillespie said calmly. She rolled the billiard ball into the heel of another stocking, supplied herself with a smaller needle, silk-threaded, and surveyed Joan over her glasses.

"Oh, yes, I have considered it." Little Amourette Smith heard the sound of something deeply concealed in her cousin's heart, that gave a ring of pain to her words. She pressed her head against Joan's arm lovingly, and said:

"I think he's *nice!*"

Joan turned to the door and paused.

"If any of you care to come—" she began. Her eyes and her voice craved comprehension, craved tenderness, good will, some sign of true lovingness, of spontaneous joy in *her* joy.

"Personally," Miss Gillespie remarked icily, "I do not care to be mixed up in anything so ridiculous. I imagine your sisters feel so, too—only more acutely. It's terrible for Aunt Sarah particularly."

"Joan can scarcely be surprised at our attitude. She did not consult us. I could not say that I consider she is really consulting us now."

"No, Aunt Dorcas, I am not consulting you."

"Why didn't you—oh, why didn't you?" her mother moaned. "My darling child, I'd never have rested night or day until I had dissuaded you!"

"That is why I didn't tell you, mother—why I told no one. Because I feared you would all act just as you are doing. I *hoped* you would not—but I *feared* you would. You have each and all come to regard me as your personal property—or prop, I might say—and I feared you would resent my marriage. Then, too, I supposed you would take up the matter of the difference between Robert's age and mine and discuss it with me—and I wished to escape that."

"Joan!"

"That is a matter which concerns us

two only, and discussion with others would only have hindered us from the right solution. We have been months arriving at our decision; and now we feel that we know what we are doing. We trust—and love—each other dearly; and we believe that life holds greater, deeper and richer joys for us *together* than we could ever reach singly. I wish there were even *one* of you who cared for *me*, for my happiness—and would go with me."

"Joan," her mother wailed, "come back. I forbid this marriage—I forbid it absolutely. What will people say? Have you thought of that? Have you, I ask? They won't only laugh at *you*. We'll all be a laughing stock—your sisters, too—and your mother! What on earth do you want with that boy? You've been perfectly contented at home, Joan!"

Mrs. Hollow screamed in a very foam of ire as she realized that her erstwhile docile daughter was actually continuing on her way out of the room.

"Joan! My heart—your mother's heart! I'm having a spell; you can't leave me now!"

"I knew you would, Sarah. Get me the camphor, Genevieve." Mrs. Gillespie readjusted her glasses higher on the bridge of her nose, and pressed the gasping and gurgling lady firmly toward the couch.

Joan's cheeks went grayly pale, her lips set in a white line and her eyes hardened with pain—and resolution.

"You'll have to get over your spells without me from now on, mother. I am going to be married. I shall not live here any more. You have five other daughters, as well as Aunt Dorcas and Pearl, to take care of you. They all consider my marriage so absurd that not one of them is coming with me this morning to be with me in the church when I marry Robert Ives. They will be here, and I shall go alone, since there is no one who cares enough for me to go with me and stand by me and wish me well." A tear dropped on the upturned serious face of Amourette. Joan closed the door behind her and departed.

"Joan, come back! You're killing

your mother!" Mrs. Hollow shrieked after her. But the taxi now held Joan and would not release her till the door of the church loomed near.

"Well, she's gone," said Martha, looking after the cab.

"Gone?" Mrs. Hollow could not believe it. "Gone, and left me in this condition? Oh, take away that camphor, Dorcas; you're smothering me with it!"

"I never saw you get over a spell so quickly, Sarah," was her sister's unruffled—but ruffling—response.

"Dorcas! You're as heartless as Joan! I'm *not* over it; you know I'm likely to go into a faint any minute now. Doctor Small said once to my husband—poor James was alive then—that some day I might go into a faint and never come out of it. Nothing is more natural than that the shock of Joan's marriage should produce that result."

She lay back weakly among the pillows and closed her eyes.

"Is Aunt Sarah going to die now?" Little Amourette's black orbs were saucerlike with excitement and query.

"No," said Mrs. Gillespie tartly.

"Oh—oh!" moaned the invalid. "If she had only come to me for advice—in time—I could have stopped it somehow."

The child, satisfied that there was to be no demise, slipped out of the room and out of the house. She climbed the back fence of the neighboring mansion and ran round to the side. Here she stood and tossed pebbles at the window screen of the tower room.

"Oh, Billy! Billy West!" she called softly.

A red-headed boy with a dirty face appeared at the open window. He held a hammer, and his mouth was full of nails.

"What are you doing, Billy?"

The boy removed the nails from his mouth with a soiled left hand. "Makin' a airship. What d'yer want?"

"Can I have the loan of your bicycle?"

"Sure. Where yer goin', Amourette?"

"Joan's getting married down at the church to Mr. Ives, and I have to be

there to stand beside her so she won't be alone. It's very important."

"Can't he come?"

"Of course, silly! But I have to be there, too. Aunt Sarah's having a spell, so she can't go."

"Thought she had a spell last Sunday. What's she havin' 'nother one for?"

"I can't talk now; I have to go. Is the bike in the woodshed?"

"Uh-huh!"

"I'll bring it back just as soon as ever I can. And I'm ever so much obliged to you, Billy."

"That's all right. I don't hardly ever expect to use it any after tomorrow when I get my airship done. So long."

Amourette tugged open the heavy door of the woodshed, wheeled out the bicycle and ran down the path with it to the street.

"Say," Billy called to her, "you better hurry. I don't think it takes long to get married. It only took about five minutes to get our baby named."

"Oh, goodness!" Amourette panted anxiously. "I just must be there!" she said to herself as she jumped on the wheel. "I have to stand by Joan and wish her well while she's being married. I just *must*—even if I get 'rested for speeding."

She bent her little black-curled head low over the handlebars, pedaled furiously, set the bell ringing and scuttled down the street—a diminutive cyclone of blue stockings and white starch.

After some desperate and unsuccessful tugging at the front door, which stood firmly locked under its stone arching with the beautifully carved old legend, "This is the gate of Heaven," Amourette tried the other entrances and at last the vestry door, which she found open. She darted in hastily, fearfully, and peered about. It seemed to her that muffled vocal sounds came from beyond the wall. There were two doors in the wall. One, the upper one, set above three steps, was ajar. She mounted softly and squeezed through the aperture, and to her no small terror found herself behind the church rail and beside the altar. Down below her was the broad and surpliced back of the rector;

dimly outlined beyond him the forms of Robert Ives and Joan. She shook with fright at her unwitting sacrilege; but the memory of Joan's tremulous words and fallen tear impelled her forward. She *must* stand by Joan—*beside* Joan, as she construed it—and wish her well while she was being married. Amourette swallowed hard, gritted her teeth, and, daring all possible thunders of heaven and rebukes of clergy, stole down the altar steps toward the group.

Thus it was that Joan Braden, now on the very last edge of the border between maidhood and wifehood, and looking altarward with misty eyes praying as never before for true and tangible sign of a heavenly visitant with calm and blessing in its wings, saw a flushed and perspiring angel with great scared eyes, a broken garter and a most familiar child face tiptoeing to her out of the sacred shadows of the Shekinah. Startled recognition of the small celestial, and amazement threatened with humor, lost to Joan's ears part of the marital promises of Robert Ives.

When her own turn came, however, she had recovered herself. She could clasp firmly and gratefully the little damp, hot hand thrust into hers, knowing that one at least wished her well, and declare bravely and consciously, her whole heart going out to the man at her side: "I, Joan Braden take thee, Robert Ives, for my lawful husband—for better or for worse—in sickness and in health—to have and to hold—until death us do part."

II

"WE have been months coming to this decision," Joan had said to her indignant family on that strange wedding morn.

This statement was not strictly true. Joan herself had spent days, hours, weeks, yes, and months in resisting the great impulse of her nature toward Robert Ives, the deep response in her to his importunate and impetuous demand; but Robert Ives had reached his decision quite speedily, had almost immediately announced it to Joan, and had given her

no peace thereafter until her consent was won.

Joan Braden's home was near the university, and, because of the five girls in it, was bordered on all sides with college youths. So it came about naturally that Joan met Robert Ives, who was taking a special course in English. Ives was not, truly speaking, a collegian. He had graduated from the high school of a small college town in southern Ohio at the age of seventeen, with the ideals of conduct and the solid principles which are the legitimate heritage of a son of worthy parents whose industry and integrity have earned for them a place of honor in their community. A vacancy in the family store yawned for him. Having no plans of his own, and tacitly expecting—even as he was tacitly expected—to go into his father's business after a course at Tenep College, Robert went behind the counter for the summer to minister to the household needs of visiting farmers. For a fortnight he worked there faithfully, but exhibited no startling ability except in the matter of extracting humor from the customers.

At eleven o'clock on his second Saturday morning in the store, he sold a peck of potatoes and a dozen bananas to a farmer's wife from Elm Tree Crossing. She left on the counter an old copy of a Western magazine, which doubtless she had picked up in the station. It was full of pictures of Colorado, California and Washington. There were pictures of railroad construction, bridge building, the spanning of great abysses, the laying of rails through limitless valleys and plains, the iron climbing and grinding of titanic hills, man grappling with Immensity and marking his name on the map of God.

At noon Robert went out for his lunch, and forgot to eat it. The neat, well paved streets suddenly seemed to him a prison walk. They led nowhere. There was no inspiration in their beginning, and no goal at their termination. From force of habit, and because all paths went thitherward, he drifted past Willey's drugstore. At the counter his Uncle Cyrus, a hale and hearty old man, was soughing up a nickel's worth of root

beer through a straw. Half a dozen or more young people were imbibing ice cream and phosphates at the tables. "Fat" Willey himself was killing flies with a wire slapper.

For the first time Robert pondered the group. There was his uncle, who had been drinking root beer at Willey's counter for twenty years or more. There were boys of Robert's own class and their "girls"; in fact, there was Maisie Mellon, Robert's own "girl," in the back of the store giggling over a cherry phosphate with Clem Riggs and Meria Hew. There were older girls, nicely powdered and coiffured and daintily dressed, beaming with the widest appearance of gaiety, their eyes roving incessantly with that habitual automatic coquetry of the tired spinster who will not give up. They were with boys from Tenep College. It suddenly struck Robert that he had seen those same girls in there, stuccoed with frat pins and flirting with Tenep students, ever since he was big enough to toddle down to Willey's, reach to the counter with his nickel and lisp for a lemonade.

When he was twenty-four, would he be buying chocolate sundaes for Belle Agee and Birdie Bailley or some other perennial Tenep "widow?" When he was fifty, would he be drinking root beer at Willey's, content to go on, and to have everything and everybody go on—or stand still—in the same old way?

A stretch of pictured peaks flashed across his mental vision. He heard the ringing cry of smitten iron and the big, deep-throated shouts of strong men building a highway for men through the broad earth—far, far from Willey's corner in Hubblesville, Ohio.

There was more hubbub than Hubblesville had heard in years when Robert Ives announced his intention of going West immediately; more even than when Sue Catney surreptitiously joined the troupe at the Aerodrome. Sue Catney had been forced to reconsider. In the very middle of "No Wedding Bells For Her," her mother had yanked her off the steps of the church scene and taken her home. But Robert Ives could not be "yanked," controlled or dissuaded. He

was resolved to go. They demanded explanations, and he could give them none. He could not explain what had come upon him that Saturday noon as he stood in "Fat" Willey's doorway and surveyed the group within. He could not analyze it for himself, much less for them. He only felt that he must flee from that town as from a slow paralysis.

"How do you propose to get there? I warn you, you'll have no money from me," his father declared.

At seventeen, money is the least of one's troubles. Robert was rather surprised that his father should think lack of money an obstacle to what was plainly a right course of action.

"Oh, that part of it will be all right," he said easily. "I can earn my way. I wish you could feel better about my going, because I've just *got* to go."

And go he did, the very next day. He worked his way, earned it, stole it hidden in box cars, and tramped it along the broad lands and over the highlands that stretched to the Pacific Coast. His eyes and ears drank in strange sights and sounds; his mind expanded to grapple with new problems; and the sturdy, clean young soul of him grew and leaped up and dared to know all things that might be in men and women and earth—dared for all the joy of unfettered life amid heaven piercing hills, on leagues of prairie under golden light and star-smitten bark—Youth marching with the sky's white legions onward to Infinity.

He worked with his hands, lived every moment and pondered living and life; and in a degree he learned that dust of earth is dust indeed. The stern moral principles, the chivalry and the courtesy which had been engrounded in him, remained unimpaired in their essence; but the mind that used them broadened. He did not know that it was the artist, the writer, developing in him which made him feel a fearless and yearning interest in all mankind and all phases of life; which was replacing youthful (and Hubblesville) condemnation with the true charity which is comprehensive—a comprehension forever denied to the man who judges his neighbor.

It was the awakening artist who felt

the throb of a deeper, broader love for earth and man penetrating and permeating his being, and leading him, unresisting, by a way he knew not to an unseen goal. Earth and sky, life and work, youth eternal, reflected their hope and promise upon his soul through that clear window pane of love opening Godward and manward. The very wind that brisked him at his labors in the camp spoke the word of his destiny to him. It was written in his stars—white stars that rimmed the face of God leaning to him over the black night chasms of the hills—that he should tread the hard and solitary path of the artist, that servant of Publicans and condemned of the Pharisee, mock of little minds, shining mark for envy and the lie, willing bearer of the world's sorrow weights and sin burdens, for the sake of his prayer, that where the red drops of his anguish have fallen may come a richer tinge to the pale promise flower of some weaker soul.

Robert Ives was serving his apprenticeship to art in rugged, normal living, becoming first of all a sane, sound man, healthy of body and wholesome of thought, perceiving with sight and sense the surface of life in the external acts of men and women; but he was hastening toward that inevitable borderline between the observer and the thinker—that immovable mark between the photographic realist and the artist—when, because he was truly art's son, he must seek the depths below the surface and the substance of thought behind the acts and learn their interpretation through true and fearless dissection of his own life's experience measured by its highest ideal.

He was in his twenty-first year and was hammering spikes in a new railroad when he discovered that his real desire was to be a writer. The word seemed to come suddenly, but it was final. He did not question it. There was a sun-flooding of joy in his soul at the birth of ambition, at the deliverance of uncomprehended long pent desire, shaped in such tangible beauty. Body and soul as one felt the thrill of it. This thrill and glow of beauty and joy and deep urge of

power were the prelude to cross bearing, though he could not know it in that moment. It was his to declare spring to the wilderness; to wrest balm from poignancy and tenderness from fading joy; to glean hope from woe, as a promise of dawn from the dark; to probe sin and reveal it as no more than a need of God; to prove through unnamable anguish that the place of the greatest need is the place of the Great Answer; to blazon the night of grief with the inspirations of love; to stand, perchance often weary and wounded but ever faithful, before the heart of humanity as its living shield—artist, lover, defeater of sorrow. It was his now to leave the storm clefts of the Rockies for the wind-seared valleys of despair, the waters of the Colorado for the waters of Marah, chasms of earth for a world sin-riven and turbulent with the mock of power; but his, too, to prove that the End of the Way is, in truth, the Vision of the Beginning—white flashing of peaks eternal arrayed in full morning.

III

DETERMINED to supply himself with a good technical equipment, Robert Ives went to Autumn Hill and entered for a special course in English at the university, and also arranged for daily work which should pay for it.

Two months later his Uncle Cyrus died and left him three thousand dollars. He put the legacy away in the bank for a nest egg. Robert had formed the resolve to marry just as soon as he could find the right woman.

On his twenty-first birthday, at a party given by his chum Scott Davis in his honor, Robert Ives met Joan Braden. The meeting was wholly accidental. It was through a series of errors that Joan attended the party where all the guests were at least half a dozen years younger than herself. Her stepsister Milly had a toothache and could not go. Milly's swain was disconsolate, not only because he was bereft of Milly, but because Milly's absence made a hitch in all the elaborate proceedings of the party, which had been arranged for just so

many couples. Half an hour's frantic telephone search for another girl proving fruitless, because of some rival entertainment in the town, Joan was humbly besought to save the birthday party from dire failure. Joan unselfishly consented; and, desiring to do her best for all the young people as well as put her nervous youthful escort at his ease and if possible give him that pleased sense of pride not difficult for a tactful woman to arouse in a young man in his very early twenties, she donned her daintiest frock, pinned a red rose in the thick dark masses of her hair and brought her all—which was much—of charm and wit and distinction to bear upon the occasion.

Robert Ives, merrily celebrating his coming of age, his mind full of his great ambition and consciously asking of life all aid in its achievement, looked into Joan Braden's deep gray eyes lit with warm mirth and smiling tenderness and felt their truth compelling power and profound comprehension penetrating his soul and knowing it as *he* did not know it; and suddenly it seemed to him that all the learning, the wisdom and the knowledge he sought lay in this woman's breast. They were hid in the mind looking at him through those great understanding eyes. He longed to ask her to tell him unreservedly all that she descried in him, to interpret it and make it plain. He felt that she could touch his unformed thoughts with creative life and lift his known desires to a greater glory. He noted the sensitive but strong outlines of the face, the brave and self-effacing womanliness that radiated from it; noted, too, the little lines of weariness—body's weariness and soul's weariness—and the seal of knowledge graved in a faint but indelible tracery of pain; and, glowing through, above and beyond these marks of the years and their weariness—glowing like the blood red rose in her hair—he saw a beauty of spirit, of comprehension, intangible to sense and beyond the reach of decay; a beauty young with immortal youth, love-filled, eternally passionate, forever aspiring.

Prudence whispered to him and bade him think of the difference in their ages,

also of the impossibility that he could ever induce her to listen to wooing from him; but in vain. It was already too late. The artist had divined in her the answer to his need, and the heart of the boy went leaping to her.

How vain and silly sounded the prattle of the fluffy, blonde twins, Genevieve and Clarice, contrasted with the kindly sweet silences of their eldest sister! He discerned her daily life—a selfless ministration to little people who could not perceive her worth. Were all the men who must have passed and repassed across her life dust blind, that not one of them had seen her and seized her for his own? Surely she must have known love. It was knowledge of love, as well as the wisdom of all things hidden and revealed, which shaded those serene gray eyes. It was dreams outlived and desire denied—without bitterness—which lay deeply in those clear lakes of light, like afternoon shadows on shining pools near a wood's edge. Oh, shadows of power and calm on wells of refreshment! Fount of knowledge ancient and eternal, vestal-guarded! He would beg love's cup of her that he might drink—and awake and know. He would enter by the gates of passion where the strong young life in him stood chafing, eager, daring and resolute, waiting the hour to knock; he would enter and seek the all of her importunately, give all of himself forever, that he might come at last with her and be one with her in the twilight hush of her soul.

Throughout the merry supper Robert Ives's keen young brain was concocting schemes whereby he might have Joan to himself for the rest of the evening. There was no chance of it in Scott Davis's schedule of arrangements. No couple could stray out of Scott's careful programme, least of all the man for whom the party was given; but ever since he had defied Hubblesville and gone West unaided, because he wanted to go, Robert Ives had been convinced there was always a way to accomplish his desire. What was more, he could work patiently—briefly or long as the case might be—to find that way. When the frolic was gayest he slipped away to

a distant telephone and called a garage, where one of his chums labored for the price of special work in chemistry.

"I want some big cars, Mack, to take a party along the bluff road and out to Milesi's Inn. Can you fix us up?"

"How many?"

"Twenty-four of us."

"I can send you four cars; that'll take care of you very nicely."

"Now listen," Robert said, "listen carefully and get on to this: I want you to send machines that can only take care of twenty-two any way they try to fix it. See? Two of us have got to be left behind. Get that?"

"Sure. I got you."

"All right. Then have a car that'll take care of two—in some style—ready to send up here as soon as I 'phone for it. And send me the handsomest and smoothest little runner you've got in the shop, and a good chauffeur who can go slow without being yelled at every half-mile. I want this thing to look like a surprise—not like a frame-up."

"Sure. I got you again."

"Good boy; your brain's working," was Robert's cheery word of approval. "It's just half past nine now. Pull this thing off in half an hour—sharp."

Robert realized that his scheme would make a slight hole in the three-thousand-dollar nest egg which he had consecrated—through the medium of a bank—to matrimony, but he argued that, in using the money to pave his road to Joan he was really devoting it to its primary purpose. This woman had aroused a hunger and a yearning and a great unaccountable desire in him, and he must secretly ask some word from her that would tell him if indeed she held within herself that which alone could appease his hunger. Not that he reasoned out consciously the cause and effect of the strain and stir in him which had risen under the deep gaze of Joan Braden. He was too young—and too masculine—for that. He was only *feeling*, and, after his nature, was daring all to find the source and wherefore of this sudden urge, this new, great, glad and poignant demand.

The surprise was an immense success.

The arrival of the automobiles and the sudden information that a moonlight drive and another supper at Milesi's were on the programme for the evening were the signal for shouts of delight. By twos and fours the guests rushed for the cars, and by nonchalant, neat diplomacy, Robert Ives succeeded in holding back Joan Braden until the machines were full and were started off one by one as fast as they filled. There was quite a discussion and a bothering and what-not generally, of course, when it was discovered that the birthdayer himself and Miss Braden, who had only come as a favor to the others, were left out. Polite young couples offered them their own places; but Robert would not hear of it. No, indeed, not for the world. The car was so cramped for space, Miss Braden's dress would be ruined. There were other machines in the land, and telephones.

In ten minutes he and Miss Braden—to whom he apologized profusely—would catch up with them.

"Good-bye. Good-bye. Be on your way." And the last big car departed.

"You'll excuse me while I find a 'phone?" he said to Joan, and left the room.

She noticed all at once how vital he was, how vigorous with youth and intelligence, how alert and sunshiny his eyes, what strength and poise were in his big young body. She was thinking of him interestingly, wondering what he would do in the world—something definite and big, she felt sure—while with the door closed between them, Robert was saying:

"You're all right, Mack!"

"Did I cramp 'em enough for you?"

"You did that, Mack. Sardined 'em—little Norway's brand—and no room for the oil. Come across with your car for two now, Mack. Tell the chauffeur to go easy. Speed is not my object tonight."

"Well, did you succeed in getting just what you wanted?" Joan asked him pleasantly as he returned to her.

He beamed at her. "All the way through!"

She wondered a little at the triumphant ring in his voice, but ascribed it to

that dominant joy and pulsing strength of youth which bubbled from him like a song of spring, and which invigorated and refreshed her. She would have been amazed indeed could she have known the real cause of his victorious happiness.

The ride out to Milesi's was all that Robert had hoped. He told Joan little facts about himself, and she answered him with thoughts. She had never been West, had never seen the infinite plains, the eternal lift of the mountains, never heard wind and waters talking through leagues of man-silent land, never known the strange self-lawed men and women of camp and corral; yet she understood what he told her of these things. She had that in herself to which she could take all things new and strange for interpretation.

Love is the method of understanding. Joan Braden's selfless service to a narrow family in a by no means large-minded town might have been expected—by the superficial observer of life—to have stunted her mentality and limited her reach of comprehension, so that she could not know persons and conditions alien to her own actual experience. But in her the sympathy of a great heart triumphed over the limitations of environment. No city's scope is so wide as charity. No canyon of granite rock, or hard black depth of human sin or woe, is so deep as the penetration of tenderness; and mountain, sea and plain are big only with the same infiniteness which gave light to the wings of the morning and aspiration to the heart of man. Nothing can be wholly foreign to love. Nothing is condemnable or incomprehensible to the mind free from egotism. The petty personal viewpoints of self-justification were no barrier between Joan Braden's heart and the heart of humanity, because she knew them not. In order to be happy in her home and to promote the happiness of the family, she had been forced long since to turn away from the personal, the conventional, the egotistic, the self-righteous, the petty, and probe life for a higher law which should annul personal tyrannies and protect her own nature from the contagion of bickering, dictat-

ing and fault finding. She had found it in unselfed love and glad service; and great riches of understanding, of true helpfulness, of profound education in human sentiments, of broad mental development, of serene and harmonious individuality, were the just and inevitable reward she had reaped therefrom.

"Tell me what you are going to be and to do. What has your West told you to be?" she asked as they glided easily over the moonlit road. It was significant of her that she put the being before the doing.

"I hoped that you would ask me that," Robert answered her, frankly happy, "because I wanted to tell you."

"Tell me," she said simply.

"And it's strange you should put it that way—what has my West told me to be?—because it did tell me; that's how I know. No, it isn't strange that *you* should put it that way. *You* understand things. It was telling me all the time for nearly four years and I didn't know what it was saying; but at last I heard it. It told me to write. That's what I'm going to be and to do. So I came here to learn some more English."

"To write," she mused. "I'm glad—yes, I'm very glad. There is such large opportunity for service in that. To be an artist—truly and devotedly an artist; to grasp life with a strong, clean fearless hand; to paint it all, uncompromisingly, for the love of the truth and your neighbor, knowing—by the very love in your soul—that there is healing in your picture and that the heart that needs it will discern it because truth is the light of your colors. To be an artist—to me, it is the noblest of all vocations."

"Oh!" he exclaimed softly, in delight. "You have said it! I haven't yet been able to express it to myself, just the way I feel it—but, that is it! That explains what seemed to push and pulse all through me the day I found out what I wanted to be. I was up in the Colorado mountains—we were laying the rails of a new road. Suddenly one of those awful rainstorms came up and burst over us. Maybe you don't know, but it is as if a dam had broken and let a river loose

on top of you. We ran for the tent. And it was while we were all sitting in there that it came to me what I wanted to do. Everybody was quiet—just spread out on the ground waiting for the rain to stop. There was a big Welshman—‘Prince of Wales’ we called him—an immense fellow who never talked, only sometimes he’d sing, if he were all by himself. Well, the ‘Prince of Wales’ was squatting in the tent door, almost outside, with the rain splashing in his face, and somehow you just knew, as folks say down home, that he didn’t have sense enough to come in out of the wet, and that he’d have been hammering spikes and singing out there in the deluge and not known the difference if he hadn’t been caught and pushed along in the stampede. He was as big and gray and hard as a boulder, that fellow; water couldn’t soak him. There he was with the rain lashing his face, leaning out and looking over the ledge away down the incline and off into the deep of the canyon, which was choked with mist and gray-black with the rain running up and down its sides before the wind. And it struck me all of a sudden—the bigness and silence of the hills and the canyon, and the miles of gray rain falling past us and on down through four thousand feet of hill chasm—and the ‘Prince of Wales’ taking the rain like a mass of granite on the mountainside—and silent like the mountains and the canyon he was gazing into, because no words were needed to express the big communion between them. Their thought was speech—of infinite things *we* did not know. Browning’s line almost describes it—‘All under God each measured by itself.’ And it came to me then that I wanted to comprehend that deep silent word that can make a man and the earth friends, kinsmen, and be able to speak it aloud and interpret it so that everyone can understand it or at least a part of it. Then I saw that the way for me to do that was to write. It might have made a painter of another man, or a musician. Of me it made a writer. I suppose writing is my line of greatest receptivity.”

“That is all wonderfully interesting and beautiful,” Joan said, after a pause.

“I can see it so clearly, as you tell it. I can see, too, why you had to come back East among crowds to begin your preparation for the actual writing.”

“How do you mean? I thought I came back just to go to college and learn English.”

Joan laughed a little at the frank boyish trust which had converted her into an oracle.

“Tell me why I came back—the real reason, besides the colleges and the publishers,” he importuned her.

“Don’t you think it was because of the crowds in cities, the more conventional masses of people who will be your readers—more conventional and more educated in a booky way, more sophisticated? Because you must know them and love them enough to be able to write so that you will penetrate their shell of self-consciousness, or class consciousness, or pseudo-intellectuality, or self-satisfaction or business materialism, money lust or any one of the hundred other names for spiritual dullness—so that you will penetrate it in a way *they* can understand. First you must learn their need through love of them—don’t you think so?—before you can speak the word of art to them as a command.”

He was silent for some moments. Then he said meditatively:

“You would not consider that being a writer, an artist, is a matter of one’s own wilful choice?”

“I think I should say instead that it is a matter of obedience. There is such profound wisdom—such an immense grasp of the whole human scheme of things—in those words of the Galilean: ‘He who would be greatest among you, let him be your servant.’ Humanity loves and crowns in the present, and, in the future, immortalizes only those who have served.”

“Why haven’t you written?” he asked her. “You have the highest ideal of it—a wonderfully rich and beautiful ideal. I haven’t had the true ideal at all. I’ve felt the desire to write—to do big things; and I’ve taken the way that looked like the best to accomplish it, but I haven’t really known the thing I was trying to do. The time I knew it

best was in that rainstorm while I watched the 'Prince of Wales' looking into the canyon. What you have said about it just now is so clear—and final. It belongs with that rainy hour in the tent, when I *knew*. It seems to me now as if I have been waiting all this year just for the thing which you have said tonight. Do you know how it seems to me? I can only explain it by a parallel drawn from nature. It's like a man alone on the edge of a prairie, just waiting while the darkness melts into a dim gray light and the gray light stays—and he thinks it is day with him. Then suddenly, without warning, the gray turns flame, the dead grass of the prairie runs amber foam across the plain, and the sun is there and it is truly day. And the man sees and understands the glory and completeness of light, because he sees its source. And he sees that this was the source of his former dim gray light, which was dim and gray only because *he* did not see its source. That is what you have done for me with your ideal of art—lifted up the sun!"

"Oh," she said hastily, deprecatingly, "don't say that I have done so much! I—I have only spoken as I am in the habit of thinking about these things. I have never spoken so to anyone before."

"Will you let me come to see you often and talk to me in this way? Will you—please?"

She answered gently:

"I shall be glad to have you come. And if I can indeed be helpful to you in any degree, I shall be happier on that account."

"Oh, thank you—thank you!" he burst out happily; and again she noted the tone of triumph in his voice, as though he were celebrating secretly some great achievement won.

"Don't thank me. It isn't charity. You interest me. I have never known an artist at the very beginning of his career. Once I knew one very well—at the high tide of his popularity. He is still popular, I believe, and content, it seems, to be just that, a worldly success."

"I know what you mean," he said brightly. "A little higher than a 'best

seller,' without being a stumbling block in Maeterlinck's path at that!"

She laughed, then grew grave.

"But his earlier things were beautiful."

Robert was not interested in this shadowy artist from Joan Braden's past; in fact, he rather resented him. There must be only two persons in his world tonight, himself and Joan Braden. He brought the conversation back to her.

"I asked you just now why you have never written, and you didn't tell me. I suppose I didn't wait for the answer, but I'd like to hear it."

"Oh, that is very simple; I have no talent. Nor have I that facility of language, that intelligent selection of words so that both the soul and the sound of them combine to build beautiful images in the mind of the reader, which is the writer's technique. What, write without talent or technique—I? There are too many people doing that already. Oh, no. Let me prove by a discreet silence that I love the art too well to insult it!"

They were at Milesi's gate.

"Will you read some things of mine and tell me about them?" he asked hastily as the laughter of the others reached them.

"Yes, gladly, with interest. But oh, please, please do not set such a value on me in this matter."

They drew up at the door and he helped her out of the machine. Her hand was in his, and the touch of it stirred the heart of the man more daringly toward her.

"I always know when I have found what I need," he said; and though his voice was low there was again that ring of victory in it. "And all my life I expect to get what I want."

She laughed. "It may not always be good for you."

"Maybe not; but I'm willing to be the one to find it out. That's all I ask of everybody—that they will just leave it to me!"

"You'll find they won't," she said with a little sigh of resignation. "It is the one thing they *cannot* do—leave one to work out one's own problems without interference."

"Oh," he said, with the large, easy resoluteness that characterized his whole person and movements as well as his speech, "they'll find I'll make them. I've got work to do in this gay old world. I can't have people bothering me."

IV

THE day following he brought her two short stories to read. They delighted her. They throbbed with manliness. They were human and not superficially conceived. They had a good broad sweep of mental outline. All this was encouraging in a young writer. But what rejoiced Joan's keen artistic sense was, that with all the young man's definite ideas and convictions, there was not a hint of thesis or preaching or lesson teaching in his work. Here at least was one young writer who was not a literary prig or a self-conscious propagandist trespassing in art's domain. Whatever the occasional crudities of style and the other marks of youth, the stigma of the personalist was not on Robert Ives's work. Here was a rugged realist whose realism was based on an idealism broad enough to embrace all mankind in its convictions of truth and beauty. This was the power of his work—a power as yet shackled by inexperience, unproficiency and lack of mental development. His application of language as a vital spiritual force (instead of a beautiful and soulless mechanism with himself a little godlet over it) revealed his work as the emanation of a sturdy mind splendidly talented and consecrated, sanely and sincerely and without sentimentalism, to an impersonal ideal.

Robert Ives would never be a writer for prudes, Joan mused with a smile as she locked the stories away in her desk. He was too fearless in his handling of the things which affright prudes. He swept through the littered lanes of human life like a March wind, blowing them clean with charity. He was as imperious as light which *will* shine to illumine, and *will* not let darkness be. His every line was an unconscious challenge to the

leper minds who, huddled in the dark tombs of their own choosing, shriek, "Unclean, unclean!" at passing life on the highway. He could depict evil and its strife fearlessly and frankly and without squeamishness because, with every succeeding degree of it that he pictured, he measured it against the stature of the human soul and saw it dwindle to nothingness. The boy revealed himself in his work as he could not, consciously, in personal converse.

"What will it be when that strength and aspiration and daring and insight are fully awake and conscious?" Joan queried silently as she went about her daily labors, after rereading the stories for the third time; and answered her own question without reservation: "It will be genius. This boy has greatness in him."

A few months later, as he was sitting beside her on the broad veranda of the Hollow home, he said:

"I've been working out the things you've told me; and I've come to a decision—two decisions—which I'll tell you presently. But first I want to tell you what has been working out in my mind, because you started it. First, there was that idea of service you gave me on the road to Milesi's. I had thought differently about my career. Although I wanted to do good work, great work, first, for its own sake, I thought a lot about the personal success and the glory, too. You know, just being It; seeing the world stand by with its mouth open whenever I happened along! Well, you punctured that gaudy bubble with your interpretation of that line: 'He who would be greatest among you let him be your servant,' and the way you applied it to me and my work—"

"Oh—oh—I didn't mean it so personally," she interrupted. "I wasn't trying to instruct you."

"I know. You applied it impersonally to the artist; and I took it personally and applied it to myself because that is the kind of an artist I mean to be—the real thing—or I'll go back and tend store for father. There are enough 'near-greats' on the bookshelves now.

And when I got that idea of service digested a bit I saw how easy it would make my career. It was really the solution of the whole question for me. With one slash it got rid of the ball and chain, the obstacles of envy and opposition, the strife for personal glory and the awful responsibility of having to make people know you're It. Why, how could I have been so blind as to think I'd ever get any real work done if I had all those things to attend to? Service, that is the touchstone! People will fight you on the glory proposition; but they'll always let you work for them. There never was a servant yet who didn't have plenty of time for *work*."

Joan laughed merrily, as she often did, at Robert Ives's own peculiar method of making concrete the abstractions she voiced. She admired this in him. It was one of the signs of power, she thought, that he instantly sifted all theories for their working principle and adopted or discarded them according as they proved demonstrable or failed to demonstrate.

"So I'll serve as humbly as I can, and get some good work done and escape being a social lion. I'll bet no girl ever asks me for my photograph! Now—there's been a definite result from working out the principle of that ideal of yours. It has revolutionized everything that pertains to my work. It has even got at my English course. When it rid me of my personal importance it did as much for every other man who ever wrote a book, as far as I'm concerned. I think I've been making a big mistake to study other men's works to learn how to write. Suppose, when my course is done, I write the greatest book of the century—it won't be Maupassant but 'Prince of Wales' I'll owe the biggest debt to. Take Shakespeare—what does he really teach me through his works? Not to go to him for my ideas or my inspiration, but to go where he went for his, to the big principle back of all art—call it service or nature or brother love or God or what you will; the name doesn't matter. You know it the minute you reach it, because it is the reason why you write. It is the creative

source of your ability to write. Of course this has always been recognized by artists in all time. You know that Æschylus knew it as well as Browning and that Browning would have known it if there had never been an Æschylus. But the good men who compile English courses don't know it. They confound the book lover with the creativist. They think literary style is a thing you can learn from books. They *say* they *don't* think that; but they do, just the same. They don't understand creation. Of course you can learn a lot about style from books; but you can't learn *it*. It is individual, original expression, and inseparable from the individual ideas of the writer. I'm convinced that, apart from the fine points in grammar I'm getting, I'm wasting my time and cluttering up my mind with a lot of stuff I can't use and which will finish by separating me in a measure from the principle of my work. I don't care whether Washington did simple addition in his head or on his fingers. I go direct to the principle of arithmetic and it gives me a method of my own—the best one for me."

He paused and watched her eagerly.

"I don't know what to say," she said presently. "As you say, personal opinion is of little value when we face the infinite things—of art or of life. Each must follow the leading he receives. At least, that course will give him the experiences needed for his development. And even if it brings him back—as it may—to the place he started from, with the command to begin over again, it brings him there conscious and fit for the new journey."

"Conscious—that's it. I wasn't conscious when I left home and went West. I didn't know I was going to write, and that I needed to get in touch with infinity expressed in such a way that I could understand it. But something told me to go—and I followed the leading. And I spent nearly four years getting priceless things for my future work (without knowing I had such a work) and one day there came a rain-storm, a big silent man and a canyon, and woke me conscious. And my prog-

ress has been twice as speedy since I knew what I was going to do. And I've seen clearly that life has to supply me with what I need to perfect my talent—and I have to take it whether it seems good or ill. There can never be any turning back, not even when the way leads through the furnace of malice—and King World throws me in for not worshiping the image he has set up."

"Lo, I see four men loose walking in the midst of the fire and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the son of God," Joan quoted, in a low tone. The big tenderness of her heart came to her eyes and brought the shadow there that Ives loved to see. She had a sudden woe for him, the virile, purposeful, glad boy at the beginning of his life and art's journey, knowing the pangs that must come.

"The form of the fourth," she repeated softly. "You will not be alone, Robert Ives."

It was the poignancy of the spirit—sudden thought ascension and gratitude piercing like a wound and flowing to its own healing—that quivered in the boy's eyes, brought there a sting of tears, and paled his cheek with a great yearning and a fear and a passionate resolve. He thrust forward, caught her hands, her dress, drawing her even as he precipitated himself toward her and hid his quivering face against her knees and clung to her.

"Oh, Joan—Joan Braden, don't let me go alone! Come with me!"

V

AN hour later he was standing over her, his lips white and tight pressed, his eyes fixed on her with a hard hurt look that pleaded and was stern at once.

"All right," he said. "I'm foolish, and only a boy, and cruel, and ridiculous, and ten years younger, and unchivalrous, and—oh, everything you can call me. All right, I'm all of it. But I love you. I want you. I need you. And I'm going to marry you."

"Oh, how bitterly you would repent it—if I allowed you to make such a ter-

rible mistake!" she cried out, exasperated at him, and alarmed at herself because the idea did not really seem so laughable as she vociferously asserted.

"You can't allow or disallow. I said I was going to make people leave it to *me* to find out if what I want is good for me or not; and I meant it."

"But I refuse you absolutely—unconditionally."

"I don't care."

"You *must* take your dismissal."

"I will not."

"Oh, this is ungenerous—ungentlemanly!"

"You've said all that."

Joan tried cold dignity.

"I have also said that I do not care for you in that way."

"I know it."

"I absolutely do not—*cannot*—love you."

"I'll make you love me."

"There may be someone else in my life—"

"Then he's got to get out of my way."

"Mr. Ives!"

"Joan—"

"Oh, how dare you?"

"Scott calls you 'Joan' and you don't blush and get angry. You *feel* differently when I do it—and you can't hide it. I can make you feel!"

"Oh, you have no *right* to say such a thing to me!"

"I have a right to say anything that is *true!*"

"It is not true! It is not true!"

"It *is* true; and you deny it because you are afraid of me."

She rose, trembling, her eyes flashing.

"You shall not speak to me in this insufferable manner. You shall not come here again. You—"

"I shall come here constantly, and I shall speak to you again in this way—for I speak the truth; and I shall make you love me and I shall marry you because I adore you. I worship you with all my heart and my soul. You are up there—in the light—where my work is. I know it. I know that I need you—that I cannot attain so high a place without you. You are in yourself all that I need. And that is why I'm going to stop study-

ing English and marry you—and study you instead."

"Oh—you're crazy!" she cried out fearfully; his dominance was breaking her down.

"I'm a genius, and I've a right to be crazy!"

"Oh, if you have any real regard for me, how can you distress me so? If you cared at all, you would—"

"Go away and give you up?" he broke in disdainfully. "That is your way of doing. I can see how you have done that all your life; and, because your nature is so fine and big, the sacrifice has only made your character more beautiful. But it's not my way of doing. I won't give up—if I *never* get to be a beautiful character! You have done everything for me already. I was led straight to you. You are the answer to all my questions. In a thousand years I could not tell you what you are to me—what I have found in you—knowledge, refreshment, inspiration. I want to drink at the fount of you forever. Your eyes—there is never a moment that I do not see them; they are all my day—soft gray twilights and calm gray dawns. I need them ever looking on my 'soul—and, by their looking, making it pure and strong. I need you. I love you. Which word is the stronger? To me they are the same. My need of you is the highest love I can offer; it recognizes your soul. Through you, all good shines down to me. I don't care a straw for the world's opinion about us two and our ages. The world is going to hate me, anyway, as it has hated every artist. I can't afford to care what it says. It would take away everything and give nothing. I pass it up."

He thrilled her. He was glorious as he stood there against the morning sunshine, titanic, burning-eyed youth, claiming his man's right of her and casting the world from him in disdain.

"But I—I refuse!"

"You must yield to me!"

"Is this your worship and reverence? Does reverence use force?"

"You don't understand. In all things spiritual and in all wisdom and truth, I acknowledge you above me. I am down

at your feet. But this is different. I love you. I am a man, too, as well as an artist, and I love you as a man loves a woman. And in this I must be master. It can't be otherwise. God made it so in the beginning. The man is master and rules, and he takes the woman he loves for his own. How can I let you refuse me? It would be foolish. What sort of man can he be who lets a woman send him away when he wants her? Is that a time for politeness—when one is seeking one's mate? What nonsense! Once for all, Joan, I mean to have you. I shall persist until you give in; and you shall give in."

"Oh, you don't know what you are doing to me! Leave me alone, Robert Ives. My youth is done; my time of love is past—forever, forever past. Oh, if you knew—if you knew me—you couldn't be so cruel as to try to wake me into a woman again. It would be just a brief hope—then anguish—anguish a man knows nothing of. Leave me alone, Robert Ives. I'm just an elder sister—I'll be just that, an elder sister, and nothing more—to the end."

"You'll be my wife!"

"Leave me alone!"

Tears flooded her eyes. She hid her face from his keen, young, impassioned and pitiful gaze.

He thrust forward impetuously, as in the first moment of his declaration, and drew her swiftly into his arms; but he did not go down to her in worship and pleading as he had done before. Instead he clasped her strongly, manfully and lifted her up to him and held her against his breast.

"Don't—don't cry," he whispered, his lips on her cheek. "It only hurts you because you resist me; and it will hurt till you give in. Oh, give in now, and be happy! I'm going to marry you—I love you. Love knows no age. We are just man and woman, and I am your master in this—because I am the man."

From that hour the battle waged fiercely between them. Her arguments he met with reiterated demand; he would no longer argue with her. There was a disparity of age—ten years, the

world said, on the wrong side. That was a fact, unchangeable. Therefore what a waste of time to argue about it! Doubly so, when it had nothing to do with the one great issue.

"I'll not take a child to bring up!" she snapped at him once.

"I don't see why not," he answered her coolly. "You've brought up two selfish and rather dull sisters and three fluffy-brained stepsisters. I'm a lot better worth your while. There's more to me."

She flew into anger and he met that with stubborn silence. She forbade him the house, coldly, positively and scathingly, and in terror of the look in his face instantly compromised.

"If I go out of that gate never to enter it again, Joan Braden, I take you with me," he said.

"I didn't mean—" she began.

"I wish you did," he interrupted. "It would end this now the only way it's going to end eventually."

"You cannot marry me against my will. I'm not a silly girl to be frightened or forced."

"If you were a silly girl I should not want you. But silly girl or wise woman has nothing to do with the fact—the fact that I can force you to marry me, if I must. A weakling runs from a woman's 'no.' A man chooses his mate and takes her, if he cannot win her. I am a man and you are the woman. I have chosen. I want to *win* you; I don't want to be a bandit. But I am losing patience. I have waited months already—desperate months of struggle and wounding. Oh, never think you have not wounded! I bring the great need of my life and all the passion of my heart to you and plead—and crave—and pray you to answer them. And you mumble over details from your birth register! And more—you tell me a lie."

"Oh!"

"You say you don't care for me—that you cannot love me; and—it is a lie. I know. You do care. Not as I do, perhaps, but still you care a little. Then what am I waiting for? Why should I wait? You do not deserve it—because you are not truthful with me. You

hide your heart from me. Yet you know that I have hidden nothing. I have laid my heart bare to you, and you have struck it again and again! Why should I consider you longer? Why should I wait?"

Then she abandoned her position, seeing it no longer defensible, ceased her mocking and angry cry of "Boy, boy!" realizing that here was more than boyhood to be dealt with, and put herself wholly at his mercy. As an appeal to his chivalry, as the hidden reason above and behind all voiced reasons why he must cease his pursuit of her, she told him of a love past and its dreams made dust, of grief that outlived even love through dreary years, and its havoc in a mind too untutored in the world's lore, too sensitive and too intense to escape wreckage.

"You must understand—and let me be. I am a coward, if you will. I fear sorrow. I fear—love. I do not dare to feel. People talk about first love, write of it, as if it were the great love—as if a girl's love could compare with a woman's! At twenty I could care, and suffer. There were broken ideals, lost illusions, the rending of my ignorant soul through the shock of that forced awakening to the falsity and worthlessness of one man—the man round whom I had woven my dreams. But I never loved him as I might have loved—with the love that surmounts every ill, every doubt and dishonor. That is a woman's love—that gives all, dares all, endures all and is supreme in weal or woe, right or wrong, glory or shame; which can suffer to the death—but never to its own cure, as a girl's love can. If you can make me—care, you bring an experience upon me that I have not courage to face. I know my own nature. Perhaps only sorrow and service could have protected me from it. No man has known it; but I have not needed that a man should interpret my nature to me. The hunger and the yearning and the burning and the barrenness have taught me—what I dare not risk. Oh—Robert Ives, understand, and let me be!"

A new beauty lighted up the boy's face with tenderness simple and deep

and comprehensive as a woman's. All the chivalry in him answered to her revelation, pledging him anew to her service and protection. She was very sacred to him in that hour of her pitiful surrender and pleading; and it was an hour of fear and cruel stress and pangs unspeakable wherein mingled joy at his power over her and humility and woe for her troubled heart and for himself because he must trouble it more ere she would submit and take the healing of his love.

She began to weep, painfully. Loving her, keenly sensitive to her pain, which he must increase, he wept with her.

"Oh, dearest heart, I do understand, but I cannot let you be. Love must do its work in you; and you must yield—*to me*. All the hunger and the yearning and the burning and the barrenness end here, beloved—with your mouth against mine."

She resisted him, almost mechanically, weakly, helplessly, and without hope that her voice or hands could stay him.

"What will become of me?" she whispered dully, her words barely audible.

He answered her, tremulous with victory and awe and spirit worship and youth's hot love all merged in one sea of splendor flooding over him.

"You will be my wife and the soul of me forever and ever, Joan—Ives!"

Two days later he married her in the little church at the end of the street. On the following morning he packed his grammars in a suitcase, willed his Hawthorne and Maupassant to Scott Davis, and took his wife and his three thousand dollars (minus the cost of the automobile party) to New York. They rented a diminutive apartment; and both of them set to work in sober earnest to make of Robert Ives a great writer and a great success. Ere the first book was done there were hardships and fears and despairs and days when there was not meat in the house; and through it all her great love of the man sustained Joan Ives, and she sustained him and shed peace upon his storms, and he drank continually at the fount of her, as he had

desired, and his soul ripened into richnesses of knowledge while he perused the pages of humanity through the illuminating white flame of Joan Ives's love.

The day came at last when the book was published, and swift upon its publication came success—international success; and the letter box at the foot of the seven flights was stuffed with cheques, contracts and commendations. Robert Ives, glowing with pride and joy at the delectable sense of power attained, cried gaily to her one morning as he came to the breakfast she had prepared for him:

"Get your hat on the minute breakfast is over, Joan. We have to go out and buy traveling duds. We are going to celebrate our twenty-sixth birthday in Paris."

VI

A YEAR on the Continent worked wonders in both Robert and Joan. It overlaid Joan's individuality with that softly radiant atmospheric quality in which American women are so deficient—charm. In Robert Ives it produced an upheaval. He wanted to see everything and probe to the why of everything, and he could not grow fast enough to assimilate what he took in. He had acute mental indigestion. He could not tell what ailed him, only that he was in a delirious turmoil, passionately feeling a thousand things he could not name, and knowing only that thought was in abeyance for the time being, and his power of creation nil. Either through lack of recognition of his problem or through a rare degree of wisdom, Joan left him alone. She remained what he had first found her to be, what he had loved her for, namely, a profoundly tender, uncondemning, self-contained woman, peace giving, yet sometimes flaming toward him blindingly with such strange sudden fires that he never emerged wholly from the mystery of her. She was his, yet detached. The mellow beauty of the Old World, which gave her charm, put within her great, gray sphinxlike, comprehending but unrevealing eyes a lure which Latin connoisseurs in the subtlety of beauty

recognized as irresistible. They sought her, not crudely, as Robert Ives had sought her, but warily. They were men who win women in one of two ways —by exquisitely humble attention and skilled elegancies of male coquetry, or frankly with price.

They encompassed Joan Ives, and, as it were, planted a hedge of flowers about her citadel to screen them from those sentinel eyes while they searched with a magnifying glass for a defective spot in the walls. Robert Ives, the youth, earth-taught only in the primaries of passion, had been wiser than all their lore of gilded centuries and musk-scented pages. He had entered by force a citadel which could not fall through surrender nor be overthrown in the dark because there was no defective masonry in its lifelong erections of defense.

Joan's eyes, probing their souls and veiling her own, maddened many a Frenchman and worked no less havoc among the Romans. Her admirers gave her a new sense of herself; but she gave nothing to them. Perhaps they helped her to know what was taking place in Robert Ives—if she were indeed cognizant of his state of mind and its cause. It is more probable, however, that she did not comprehend the exact nature of his experience because it was an experience peculiar to the creativist. Though Joan Ives might gladly have laid down her life for her husband, she could not take this struggle from him nor could she go through it with him. It was not the husband but the artist who had come out upon the hill slope of the "Place of Skulls." Yearning, fearful, misapprehending, she might follow far behind on that Golgotha trail; but the two might not walk it abreast.

It was the titanic struggle between the spiritual and the materialistic conceptions of art which had descended upon the young artist, who had not known that there were two, and that a man must *know* and not merely blindly believe the first ere he can penetrate the second and refute it with power. With the first and its activities of love and service, he had written the book which

had won him fame; and behold, the people who flocked about him ascribed the power of his book to the second! They charged him with their error and smote his eyes with their own blindness. He was artist, irrevocably committed to the service of art. There was no other life possible for him. What was art? What was the nature of that to which he was irrevocably committed? What was this genius the world acclaimed in him—the noblest and purest impartation of divine spirit to man, or the highest attenuation of carnality? If the latter, then the carnal itself was holy! And even if Art were but the veiled face of Lust—as it seemed to him the modernists proclaimed her—even so, he must still worship and still serve her; there was no other life for him but in her service. Only he must *know*; he must be conscious. His soul cried out in torment to heavens of brass its one prayer—to know, to know! If Art were Lust—and Lust were God—then oh, swiftly, swiftly, might he fall into depths low enough for such worship!

The soul disrupting struggle carried itself into the domain of passion. Robert Ives was twenty-six, fiery, strong-bodied, pulsing with life, with intense love of beauty and the challenge and daring of the artist mind which will hazard all for experience; and his spirit, which had seen Joan Braden clearly and read aright the message of rain on a silent canyon, was darkened with doubt and with the dust of alien dreams. It was at this time that Robert Ives met Paula Mollecky.

VII

It was the old Marquis di Marini, one of the prehistoric social figures of Roman drawing rooms, who enlightened Robert Ives on the subject of Paula Mollecky. Paula Mollecky had flattered the boy by demanding of Grelicino the poet that he bring the famous young American to her house.

"Paula Mollecky—well, you have no such type of woman in America. But in Europe we have them. Sometimes, very rarely, like Sand, they are bril-

liantly intellectual, and ugly, as well as wicked. Sometimes they are wicked and beautiful and witty like Paula Mollecky; sometimes they are beautiful and stupid and wicked like Dina Vasteri—but always they are wicked, but with a sort of distinction. Not often are they of old family, however, like Paula.

"Paula is about twenty-five, perhaps less. She was hatched from a golden and genealogical egg by a limelight process. Her mother was an American-Hibernian, of strong and sound pavement laying stock, who purchased—in the marriage mart—a dissolute Frenchman of pedigree and later exchanged him for one more expensive, more dissolute and more pedigreed. On her mother's account Paula's pictures began to be in the papers at the date of her christening robe. For twenty years I have had her pictures with my morning coffee. A photo of Paula in her first short frock (all lace, and the gift of her aunt, Miss Jessie Monahan) standing on a gold-lacquered chair which had been a tribute of an ambassador to Madame Pompadour, accompanied the announcement that her mother had refused to pay a baccarat debt for the most noble Count de Luny, her father. A reproduction of her portrait at the age of five in velvet and ermine feeding sugar to her canary, painted by the famous Dorin, helped to illustrate the first printed rumors of divorce. It was side by side with a likeness of Mlle. Aimée d'Albert on whom her father had spent several hundreds of thousands of her mother's money, and just above the portrait of the Duke de Taille, who might be named in a counter suit. The breach was reported healed; then another Mademoiselle de Somebody opened it with diamond points. The divorce was applied for; the Duke was named; there was warfare over Paula; and photographs of Paula were published daily to add zest to these details. A reproduction of Paula in the white veil of her first important creedal observance accompanied the announcement of her mother's marriage to the Duke de Taille, with a pungent resumé of the scandal. Then began another series of

diamond loving mademoiselles, and rumored counts and petty princes, who desired to follow De Taille's significant example and make a legal snatch for the golden ball of the Monahan fortune as De Taille's fingers let it slip in the divorce court. But De Taille had a cleverer head than to let the same trick be played on him that he had played on De Luny! The Duke and Duchess de Taille have remained married!

"At seventeen Paula finished her education. There were pictures of her debut. There were rumors of her betrothal and more pictures. She was acclaimed the most dazzling young beauty in Europe. At eighteen public announcement was made of her engagement to the newly made and middle-aged Baron Feibleman, a German-Semitic who is neither wealthy nor distinguished but who seems to wield power in certain circles. It is said that the Baron held secrets relating to the Duke de Taille which if breathed aloud might rob the Parisian smart set of one of its most conspicuous members! If that is true, the Baron could be considerate—for a consideration! So the match and the dowry were arranged. Paula took up her position on the front page of the Sunday supplements and in all the social weeklies in two hemispheres. The Monahans gave her a jewel box as large as a hand organ.

"The night before her wedding, Paula de Luny gathered up the Monahan gift and sundry notes and valuables and departed with Jan Mollecky, gipsy handmaster, who was one of the recent Bohemian pets of the women of the De Taille set; and the Baron Feibleman, in the words of a poignant ditty they play at the American hotel in Paris, 'waited at the church.' Ta-la-deedle-deedle-dee," he quavered croakingly, and laughed.

"It is not known how definitely and bindingly Paula, daughter of the Count de Luny and the Duchess Monahan-de Luny-de Taille, was married to Jan Mollecky; but since then she is known everywhere as Paula Mollecky. She gipsied through Spain with Mollecky and sang and danced with the band. She had no

talent, but her beauty was transcendent. The most famous Spanish artist of the day painted four pictures of her. The Marquis of Cadoga bought them all. Paula was at his country lodge with him, Dolcino the tenor, Duval the painter and half a dozen other congenial spirits when word was brought her that her husband had departed this life by a misstep which took him over the edge of a Swiss mountain. It is Jean Augarde who tells me. She was lighting a cigarette for the Marquis, who was drowsy with wine and taking interested note of the eyes of Duval as they gazed upon her, when Jean Augarde (he was traveling with Duval) stuffed his paper in his pocket and said:

"Madame Mollecky, I am grieved to inform you that you are a widow."

"No!"

"Yes. Your gipsy husband has broken his neck."

"Augarde says she singed the Marquis's mustache in her ecstasy. He awoke and was furious. His beauty was ruined for days.

"Do not be angry with me," she laughed. "I am a widow. My tears blind me."

"But it seems he, too, caught the glance of Duval, and his anger could not be mollified.

"She came here with Duval and Augarde. I do not know how she lives here so well—unless she makes her duchess mamma pay what you authors call some royalties. Of course there is Prince Gucky—this fat old wineface—but he has not great fortune. He has known too many Paulas! Duval soon went back to Paris to paint some *bourgeois* who would pay him enormously. There is Grelcino, always with his gray gloves on and his painted mouth; and Roeder, who plays well; and Favard—but his day is done; she completed him altogether, as your slang says it."

Robert laughed. "Finished him, we say."

"Oh, is it not the same? None of these littérateurs has much money; but Paula has plenty always. She is peculiar in her type. I think she is perhaps the most interesting study in the Mod-

ernists' distorted conception of art that there is. I cannot think of her as a woman. She is never a woman for a moment."

Robert's interest grew apace. "Please, Marquis, explain. I want to hear. It is all so new to me. Why do you say she is not a woman?"

"I should say that Paula Mollecky—magically beautiful of flesh—is the most perfect imitation ever delineated by the hand of artifice. Wilde, in his study of Salome, has not turned nature more subtly away than did the parents and instructors of Paula de Luny. All her life the only air in her nostrils has been the atmosphere of gilded unrealities and epicurean vice. Her childhood was rendered precocious through knowledge of the immoralities of her parents. Her girlhood was frankly a preparation for the marriage market, and she was well lessoned in those wiles which are calculated to catch what is best worth catching. She has no affections." The Marquis chuckled. "She has a malicious wit. Oh, these stories of her mother and her father and the Duke! And this trick she played on Baron Moses!"

"She must have loved Mollecky to throw away everything for him."

"Piff, paff, poof! She cared nothing for this fatuous goggle-eyed peasant. He offered a conspicuous way out of a tiresome life. No one can blame her. She is true to her education. She was tutored for refined wantonry within the marriage state; she chooses to employ this education outside the golden circlet. She is most destructive in this: she desires to be worshiped by talent rather than by title or wealth. It is her boast that she takes genius captive and inspires its swan song; that a man pays with his genius for her love. It is the life blood of his art she takes like these bad bats—the English word is gone."

"Vampires," Robert supplied.

"*Si, si*, vampire. She has not real temperament. She is neurotic—very inquisitive—always seeking novelty. Her great danger is she is so consistently false she seems true."

"She interests me. I will go to see her."

"Beware! She will fool you. You cannot understand her. There is no other woman of her day to whom I can compare her. She is so subtle one must seek her parallel outside the human. She has the beauty of Annunzio's literary form—delirious wine of words perverting the soul and sense of life. Lippo Lippi would have painted her, ay, and sainted her, too—on a church wall for sheer deviltry. She is as insidious as the perfumed poison of the Borgias. She is the complete expression in human form of that perverted sense of art which is in Grelicino's verse—abominable stuff it is—in Annunzio's prose, in Strauss's music, in Favard's poems to her. I detest these erotics—the 'Moderns,' they call themselves, as if viciousness were not as old as night! It is bad! They say 'soul' and mean flesh! Everything is the same as its opposite! It is all falsity, conceit. It tinges and corrodes the whole of modern estheticism with materialism and a self-consciousness—no, a self-delusion—so supreme that it is constantly mistaken for genius! Genius? There is not one! Favard promised; but now he is worse than Grelicino."

The Marquis had wondered concerning Paula's income. It was the result of all her chief qualities combined—her wit, malice, subtlety, heartlessness. On her arrival in Rome with Duval and Augarde after the Spanish tour, she had written the following letter to her mother, the Duchess Monahan de Luny de Taille:

MA TRÈS CHÈRE PETITE MAMAN:

How do you do? As for me, I am well and in the best of spirits, though there are many things that I need which I have not as yet. I am most anxious to hear from you, dear little mamma. How are you? And how is my little papa? How are my two little papas? It is possible that I may see you soon. I am invited to spend some time with a friend in Paris. He is a very distinguished man and lives in your quarter of the city so that we would be meeting constantly. This is the chief reason why I will come unless I receive very soon some word from you to set my mind at rest.

How is the dear Baron? He was so clever, Baron Moses Feibleman; such a shrewd financier, like all his intelligent race. I often think how it would amuse the good American grandpapa, Mr. Michael Monahan, to know how this clever baron from Judea and my loving mamma and

little steppapa arranged the marriage of his little granddaughter. I remember with surprise that he has never cared deeply for the Duke de Taille! I am almost afraid to come to Paris because I may prove an embarrassment to some of those charming ladies, your dear friends, on account of Jan. They were so fond of him before his marriage to me. But I am not of a jealous disposition, which is fortunate, because he had no secrets from me, but frankly told me everything! You yourself, dear mamma, were so very kind to him, but not so kind as some others. Oh, well, Jan was a naughty gossip. You notice that I use the past tense? Yes, dear little mamma, I am a widow. Jan fell out of Switzerland and broke his neck. And I was not with him—for which I thank St. Joseph! Now I would have to wear black for a year and go into retirement with some kind friend, were it not for this good peasant woman, who says that Jan was her husband before he married me—Jan was such a gallant, as *you* know! And since she will pay for his burial, I believe her. So I am still in pink. Now adieu, dear little mamma; I send you my respectful greetings, and the same to little papa—to my two little papas, if you should perhaps see the other one. Do not forget to give my greetings to the Baron Moses Feibleman. I fear that I caused the clever Baron some embarrassment; but I was helpless to prevent it. I could not be in two places at the same time. Oh, how anxiously I look for your letter! I will wait for it, to know whether to accept or to refuse the invitation of my friend who so wishes me to come to Paris.

With respectful expressions of my devoted esteem,

Your little daughter,

PAULA DE LUNY MOLLECKY (?).

P. S.—Should I adopt the interrogation point permanently as a part of my signature, or does it look disloyal to Jan? Advise me.

To this communication was returned an immediate answer—from Rambault and La Ronde, attorneys for the Duchess de Luny de Taille, née Monahan. Paula's income was assured to her, and she established herself comfortably in Rome.

Robert Ives obeyed her invitation and went to her house; perhaps because the Marquis had told him that she was the embodiment of the, to him, new conception of art which he sought to penetrate. Perhaps, however, it was his instinct leading him again unerringly to the thing he most needed, namely, the experience that enlightens. Be that as it may, he met Paula Mollecky and went mad because of her, as she intended he should. He was a new sensation to Paula Mollecky, used to the men who

win subtly and the men who buy. She called him "*Mon sauvage*" and "*Mon Apache*," because, after his nature, he forewent all courtesies of approach, brushed aside the pretty fads of virtue she assumed while calculating, and took possession. At twenty-one he had said to Joan Braden: "All my life I expect to get what I want."

He had found out early that the quickest and surest way to get what he wanted was to take it. Paula frothed with fury and was more interested than she had yet been during her eventful young life. She was ecstatic over this splendid youth of the New World, who was two years her senior in age and a hundred years her junior in knowledge of the world. It was because his Hubblesville principles were still active that Robert Ives, finding—after his first disloyalty to Joan—that remorse on his wife's account was not making him want to relinquish Paula, decided that in order to preserve his self-respect he must be divorced from Joan Ives and be free to sin, if sin it was. He could not give up Paula Mollecky. He was fearless concerning his own soul. In the game of experience it was impossible to be a loser, he argued, since knowledge must result no matter how the cards were dealt. But he could not endure to have Joan involved. The mute reproach of her presence was torture to him; and he was already tortured past bearing by the wrecking struggle in his soul which had culminated in his affair with Paula, but which had not begun with her. Its cause lay deeper than in false or true love of a woman.

VIII

ROBERT IVES stood before his wife one morning on the *loggia* of their villa and said:

"You know—but you will not speak."

She looked at him in silence.

"You know that I have no right to be here—to stand beside you—to speak to you—to touch you—"

"You are my husband."

Her lips closed with a tighter line than of yore. The faint pink that formerly

tinted her cheek and added a suggestion of transparency to her white skin had faded months ago. Her eyes and the dark shadows beneath them were the only color in a face pallid and calm with a disciplined sorrow.

"I have forfeited all right to that name. I am not fit to come where you are. I am disloyal to you. I have broken every vow I made when I married you. And I am going to go on being disloyal to you. That is the reason why your silence—I cannot bear it. This thing must be spoken of between us. You must understand it. At least you must understand that I am going through with it. I must. Even if it is my destruction, still I am going through with it. I am not your husband any longer. It is a mockery of all that has been between us to call me so now."

"I am your wife."

"Not now! Not now!"

"I am your wife, Robert Ives. I am not disloyal. I have broken no vows. Do you think any act of yours has the power to take my wifehood from me?"

He stared at her blankly for a moment. Her condemnation and her scorn, which he was prepared for, which indeed he sought, as the flagellant of old sought the lash, she withheld. He was never prepared for resolutely opposing viewpoints in others, for determined individuality notwithstanding his—least of all in Joan. He had taken it for granted that his view of the present matter between them was the only possible view, and that Joan would acquiesce in his determination once he had positively voiced it. Presently Joan continued quietly:

"You say that you are disloyal, and that you mean to go on being disloyal; therefore you are no longer my husband. Well, that is for you to deal with. That part of it is wholly your concern. You must face it. I am not governed by *your* disloyalty!"

"What do you mean, Joan? I don't comprehend! You know that there is another woman in my life—that it is known—that I am publicly committed—and that I cannot give her up. You know these things. You have known them for two months, and you have said

nothing. That is what I do not understand. That is what has been so terrible. You have said nothing. Not a word. A dozen times a day I have come into your presence and gritted my teeth and waited to hear you demand of me when I am going to give up Paula Mollecky. I've waited to hear you heap scorn and anger and bitterness upon me, as I deserve; to hear you say that you will leave me, divorce me, blacken my name and fame in two continents and brand me as a cur and a libertine unless I give up this woman. And you have said nothing. You have not come to me with one reproach, one plea, one demand. I've waited for it—in torment. Now I can bear it no longer. So I have spoken."

"It was not my place to speak to you about this thing. Why should I come to you with scorn or reproach or demand? Why should I take note of your act? If it must be spoken of, it was your place to come to me. It is your affair entirely."

"My affair? Yes. But you are concerned equally—"

There was a passionate note, instantly restrained, in her voice, as she broke into his speech.

"No, I am not concerned—not with that. I refuse to be. I refuse to accept it as part of my experience. You might have waited forever—if you were waiting for me to speak of this affair of yours. For yours it is. I would not have intruded. I am your wife, but not your lawmaker. When you took me and forced me to love you, you yourself said that the man is master, and that you would be mine in all things that pertained to us as man and wife. And I obeyed. You have ruled, as you desired, and I have obeyed. This cannot change in a moment. Nor can I—just because your sin tortures you in my presence—suddenly become the ruler and judge, and interrogate you and condemn. That is no part of a wife's duty as I see it. And that is what I am to you, Robert Ives. I am your wife."

He sank down into a low chair opposite her, his hands clenched together, and stared at the floor.

"You must—divorce me," he said huskily.

There was silence for several moments. Joan had known instinctively that he would make this demand soon, unless he gave up Paula Mollecky. She knew him well enough to understand, even better than he understood, the impossibility of his continuing in his present status toward his wife and his mistress. She had expected it; yet when the word came it shocked her cruelly, struck her dumb with its hurt.

"You must divorce me," he repeated in a tone she remembered to have heard from him only once before. That was when he had reached the middle of his book and been halted by the suddenly discovered profundities and complexities of his subject. He had cried out to her: "It is too big for me. It has defeated me. I can't go on with it. I haven't the power!" She was thinking of that now.

"Why don't you speak?" he said. "You must see that there is nothing else to do. You must divorce me."

"I shall not divorce you." She was wholly mistress of herself again and spoke clearly and deliberately.

"You will not? You must! It is inconceivable that you yourself should wish to continue like this; and for me it is impossible! I must be free to see this thing through to the end."

"You are free. And you will *have* to 'see this thing through to the end,' as you say—and see it through alone. It is your problem. It has come upon you by your own act. And you must solve it—alone. I have no part in it. I can neither help nor hinder. I would help you if I could; but I know that I cannot. So—I keep my hands off. But when you say I must divorce you, you demand that I take definite action because of an affair of yours which does not concern me. You demand that I change, disrupt my whole life because of a sin—for it is that—a sin of yours against yourself, your work, your genius. And I refuse absolutely. I am your wife. I have done nothing to forfeit that title. It is unspeakably dear to me. It is mine. You gave it to me by force; but you can-

not take it away from me by force or by any subtler means. I will not divorce you. I will not take one step toward helping you to throw your life away. I will not of my own act or volition cast what I hold dearest and holiest in the world into the hands of an evil woman."

The individualist rose chafing in him at her deliberately, incisively made statement.

"Oh—is she to be condemned for what she is? Or am I? I have condemned myself before you—for the hurt to you—the sin against you—if you will—"

"I will *not!*" she interrupted. "I do not accept this as a sin against me."

He went on tempestuously:

"As you choose. I do not understand your method! But when you call this woman whom you do not know 'evil,' you condemn her and me. And I'll speak as I feel now, and you can call me, too, what you have called her! For I tell you that in the depths of my heart and soul, I feel free to do as I am doing. I feel that I have a perfect right to probe life to its core—to take any experience that comes to me—to follow my desires to the end and find for myself whether or not they end in dust. Knowledge—knowledge—that is what I must have! It is my one need. I am willing to suffer for it. I am willing to sin for it. I will pay for it the whole price demanded—to the last drop of blood in my body and the last ray of hope in my soul. If these be the price, still I will pay it gladly. No one can restrain me. If I err—if I sink down forever—then I sink! No one—not even my wife—has the right to interfere!"

"Your wife has not interfered."

He cried out:

"You interfere now—you crucify me—if you do not set me free!"

"I set you free—as free as I can—from any loyalty or consideration for me. I suffer beyond words to tell you, but I will neither rail at you nor plead with you. I do not understand what has come over you in this place. I have seen only that you are in the throes of a great struggle. It is like a strong man's struggle with death. I have stood by

silently. It is all I could do. You blame my silence—but what could I say? If I gave advice, it might be wrong—because it must be short-sighted—I cannot see the end for you. If I turned on you with censure and condemnation, I would be thrusting for your enemy, who has weapons enough, it seems, without my aid. Oh, my heart would have cried out aloud—prayers and curses, too, because you have taken its all of love and faith and service and passion and then broken it under your heel! But I would not let it speak. You wrong my silence. Loving you, how could I speak when God gave me no word to say?"

He looked at her haggardly.

"I must go on this way—with you looking at it?"

"You must go on as you can. I will never hinder you by word or deed. But I will not divorce you. I will not divorce myself. I am your wife, and your sin has no power over my life whatever. That is final. There are other reasons, too; and I will tell you some of them so that you may understand how useless it is to speak to me of divorce. You forced yourself into my life. I resisted with all my strength, but you conquered. I told you a story no one else in the world knew. I told you I feared love—and sorrow. I was ten years older than you. And I knew all the world was against us from the first. My family and my friends literally cast me out in contempt for marrying a boy. They have waited daily to hear that you have forsaken me for a younger woman. I told you all this many times but you disdained it. You compelled me to love you and to marry you. You brought me a boy's first love, impetuous, insatiate, ignorant of life and of itself. I gave you a woman's love, fully conscious and deep as life itself, deep as the life you did not know. There can be no change in my love. And I think that there can be no healing of its wound."

"Don't—don't!" he pleaded. "Don't punish me with that thought. It is that which rends me—but does not hold me back."

"I love you. I have the right to love

you. I am your wife. Strange—all my life people have expected me to sacrifice my own desires for theirs. They have always expected me to relinquish—to be their faithful servant and to give up to them what was dearest to me. And you take the same view, without questioning. Again I am to be 'noble'—and give you up because you desire to go to another woman! I am to be 'noble' toward her, too, I suppose, and yield up my husband to her—to Paula Mollecky, the young—to Paula Mollecky, the most beautiful and famous" — she paused — "wanton in Europe!"

"Joan!" he exclaimed involuntarily, startled by the sudden change in her face and voice which came with her last words. Her eyes, downcast till that moment, suddenly lifted, widened and blazed at him. Her tone flashed to his heart like steel as she flung the world's true word of his mistress in his face.

"Oh, no, Robert Ives! I am no longer a silly sentimentalist, asking people to rob me that I may have opportunity to pretend that I enjoy having nothing! Whoever robs me now must bind me first. I give up nothing."

"You can make my wrong greater, and my agony greater, but you cannot hold me back. I would abandon everything in the world today for the lure of Paula Mollecky—everything but my life; and I would not yield up life for the greatest love I could know. I would not give up life till I had fathomed the utmost deeps of life; and then I would yield it only to penetrate the secrets of death."

The lines of havoc round his mouth, the clouded depths of his eyes, which had once brimmed with light, the tone of helpless resolve, indeed of fatalism, all suddenly appealed to Joan with irresistible pathos. She put self aside then, and finally; and the heart of her wisdom rose to his help.

"Listen to me, dear. I understand more than you think. And first I want you to understand this—that I have no bitterness against you for what you have done to me. I freely and utterly forgive you. You cannot sin against me, be-

cause my love will instantly wipe it out."

"Joan, I can't—don't—"

He faltered, was silent.

"You cannot make me a reason for suffering—nor a cause of sin. As far as lies in my power I absolve you from all duties toward me. I leave you as free as it is possible for me to make you, without committing a wrong myself. You are not just a man, Robert. You are an artist—with the artist's need to know. I realize that as clearly as you do. Life planted that need in you, and life must supply it. I can only love you and stand by. I cannot spare you one experience needed for your development. There's a better way of knowing, a way of honor and peace and strength. You do not need to learn through sin and suffering and the passions that are Dead Sea fruit. But—something has come over you here that has made you forget the lessons and the higher way of knowing that you learned on a Colorado hillside with the miles of rain falling into a canyon and the vast earth silence vocal with God. So you must take the other way—and no one can save you the cost of that way. You came to me straight from your canyon. You cried out to me joyfully that I was your greatest need—your man's need and artist's need; and you gave me your youth's glad, grateful, faith-lighted, triumphant love. You took me for love, for service, for inspiration, wisdom, peace, courage, for all your need in the great struggle that was before you. And you declared that you found these things in me. You have claimed for me that I was your 'builder,' but I have never claimed so much. I say only that I was the silent partner in your building, waiting, loving, knowing. Yet let me take your statement, so often made, and say I am your 'builder.'"

"I say so still," he interrupted her; "but it changes nothing now."

"Then—I am your builder, because through love I discerned God's plan of a man in you, and encouraged you, and served you while you shaped to that plan. And I will not assign, with my own hand, that priceless building to

wanton wreckage. I have built you; then I will not give what I have built into the hands of an evil woman to destroy. Not with my will, nor leave, nor assistance, shall Paula Mollecky tear down your life, smirch your fame and snatch your genius for her charnel house."

There was a pause. At last he said slowly:

"I see how you look at it. I never thought of your opposing me when I came here to ask you for my legal freedom. I supposed you would see it as I did, and agree. But, of course, I see that you have a right to your own view of it, and to decide for yourself what your own course of action shall be."

"If I were to divorce you, I should be saying that I do not believe I ever discerned in you God's plan of a man. I should be denying every truth I know of you. I should be declaring publicly that I estimate you as Paula Mollecky does—as a carnalist who can never rise higher than his lowest passion! It is unthinkable that a wife should so brand the man she loves before the world! It is unthinkable of any wife toward any husband. But with us! I divorce you? I, who have served you, man and artist, gladly because you were so well worthy of it? I—I—who have gone through the hard years with you, hand in hand, who know your soul to be truth and faith and high desire—shall I accede to this hideous lie about you? And repeat it loudly to the world through a divorce court? It is for you to prove now—since you have taken this road, the road through the furnace—if there is God's man enough in you to survive the fire."

"And you?" he asked simply. She had taken all rancor and conflict out of the situation between them, had impersonalized it, so to speak, detached it from herself; and his tempest toward her was stilled in a measure by her spirit's profound serenity, which would not permit his sin to penetrate it.

She did not answer, but looked past him where he stood on the steps and out over the city eastward to the misty morning melting and breaking under a flood of yellow light.

"What will you do?" he asked again. "Your life was all for me—in service to mine. And that service is over. I am going to Capri—with Paula Mollecky."

And now she answered him.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Her eyes followed the lifting light above the gray, feeling its way through the clouds to the clear infinite heavens. She did not see Robert Ives as he descended from her *loggia* on the path to Paula Mollecky. He went heavily, knowing that he alone carried all the weight of the sorrow and the shame and the sin which he had brought to her, and which she had refused to know. And he also knew now that he could not lay down any part of that weight in the place whither he went. Yet he may have caught unwittingly a faint gleam of the light she saw lifting above the mist; for there glimmered again for an instant in his heart the dim hope that once more, somewhere, he might know peace with power.

IX

JOAN returned to America, and speedily found that this move was one of the worst she could have made. In the midsummer season, when news is generally slack, it is matrimonial suicide for half of a married couple to return from Europe without the beloved life partner; a half column "Rumor of Divorce" and a column interview denying the rumor fill space so nicely! Before leaving Rome, Joan had written that she was coming home for a visit. When she reached New York she found a letter from her mother, one from her aunt, one from Pearl Gillespie, and one from the twins, Genevieve and Clarice. She also found the daily papers teeming with stories of Robert Ives and Paula Mollecky, and telegraphed interviews with her mother, Mrs. Sarah Hollow, who practically stated in so many words that her daughter was coming home to divorce Robert Ives—whom she had rashly married against Mrs. Hollow's wise maternal instinct and tearful prayers—and to spend the rest of her sad and disappointed life in the family nest.

The newspaper stories pictured her as a colorless, simple-minded little old maid, who had never had a romance in her youth, and who had fallen in love with a boy twenty years her junior and married him.

"After a brief honeymoon experience with her brilliant boy husband in Bohemian Paris, Joan Braden, the little old maid who married a genius twenty years her junior, returns, a divorcée, to her little country home in Michigan." . . .

"Does it Pay to Marry a Genius?" . . .

"Cleopatra's Triumph. What was the secret by which the middle-aged Siren of the Nile held the young military genius Antony?" . . . "Famous Boy Writer, Robert Ives, Forsakes Elderly Wife for Notorious Paula Mollecky." These were some of the headlines and newspaper story beginnings that met Joan Ives's eye. Someone had blue-penciled the papers and mailed them to her New York address. Her mother wrote:

MY POOR DARLING CHILD:

I know the whole terrible story. We read it in the papers. I was afraid of it all along, especially when you wrote that you were going to Paris. Oh, why did you go? Such *dreadful* things happen in Paris *constantly*! I truly believe it is the most wicked city in the world—far, far worse than New York because more immoral. Did I tell you we saw Sarah Bernhardt in "L'Aiglon"? I can only say I was disgusted. No modest woman would appear in public, before men, in such a costume. She could very easily have worn a long cloak buttoned down to her feet, with large boots and a boy's hat, as Martha's friend, Miss Hammer, did when chosen to appear as a young lad in the school play. Of course I feel dreadfully about your divorce, but I shall not oppose it under the circumstances. Quite a number of people from the newspapers have been to see me to ask for details. I have had to be guided entirely by common sense in my answers since you yourself have told me nothing. Oh, if you only had! I cannot imagine why you didn't. Well, it is all very sad, but I could foresee it from the first. Not that I blame you, dear child. You shall never hear a reproach from my lips, though it was strange indeed that you could leave me as you did. However that is all past. Come home to your mother, my poor darling. You should never have left me.

Your loving mother,
SARAH O. G. HOLLOW.

Her aunt, Mrs. Gillespie, wrote briefly:

MY DEAR NIECE:

I am stopping for a few moments in the midst of putting up cherries to write you these few lines and send you my sympathy, which would not now be needed if you had asked my advice before taking so unwise a step. I refer to your marriage. Pearl has just informed me that one of the jars has cracked, and the juice is escaping. It must have been defective, so I will close now with much love,

AUNT DORCAS.

Pearl's letter ran as follows:

DEAR COUSIN JOAN:

Of course we are all very sorry for you, though hardly surprised. No doubt you are much pained at his behavior, as I dare say however infatuated you were with the boy, you believed him to be well principled. After perusing his short stories in the magazines and also his novel (which I admit shows literary gifts although no spirituality or fine ideals) I may say I am not surprised that he should desert his wife and prove unfaithful to the marriage covenant. He has written of these things as one thoroughly familiar with them, as indeed the sequel proves. He has sought to make money by holding up pictures of sin to attract the public mind, which, alas, is most impure, and he must reap the consequences. Every refined and pure woman, especially an unmarried woman, must feel as I do on reading such books with their frank depiction of certain emotions which should never be mentioned. I do not care to read of these things except when dealt with *educationally*, as in Dr. Bedelia Tuffle's "Talks with Women," which I have attended recently. I can only say I am not surprised at the way Mr. Ives has turned out. With much love,

Your affectionate cousin,
PEARL LINCK GILLESPIE.

Joan, like her great namesake, saw only her kingdom in danger and herself the sole human being strong enough with love and brave enough with faith to do battle for it. She felt that the painful operation of interviewing must be gone through with in order to refute the false reports given out by her family. She made arrangements to see the reporters in a mass at four o'clock on the afternoon following her arrival. In pursuance of the custom she had adopted abroad, she brewed coffee at that hour in a grotesque and fascinating old urn. She met the newsgatherers with her charm and her coffee, both of which were excellent. They had come to see a wizened, sentimental little old maid with a broken heart who ought to prove good copy. They found a woman who looked about

thirty years of age, who had undeniable beauty of a rare type, not a striking beauty but a loveliness that dawned gradually upon the senses and lingered there as a spell. Her dark brown hair, soft and abundant, parted at the side, followed somewhat its own natural waves and framed her head in one large coil. A dull silver antique collar bound her throat. Her gown was a floating chiffon affair in a unique shade known as olive leaf green, olive green with a dull silver bloom; and above the silver stuffs was the living gray of her great eyes, radiant with deep inner soul completeness. There was the unexpected arch lifting of the lids, the tender smiling play of the mouth, and there were the simple clarity of expressed thought, without the encumbrance of an unnecessary word, and the few direct meaningful movements, which denoted the thinker and the woman of discipline.

She was lovely, womanly and a lady, and the reporters were willing to take her word with her coffee, her courtesy and her charm. The prevailing impression was that no man but an utter fool would leave Joan Ives, and that Joan Ives would never have married an utter fool or a man without some character. It was remembered that Paula Molleky was publicity mad; the probabilities were that she had started the story. There might be some foundation for it, and there might not, but one fact was plain: there would be no divorce. Joan Ives almost inadvertently gave them a phrase which kept the feature story writers, and some of the editorialists, who run to emotionalism, busy for weeks. She said, during abstract discussion of the theme involved in the international gossip:

“I do not consider that infidelity is a legitimate cause for divorce.”

The press forgot Paula Molleky in the excitement of collecting varied opinions on this subject from important artists, society and club women and judges of large divorce court experience.

Joan allowed the papers to precede her home by several days. The reporters had made a humorous touch of Mrs. Hollow's sublime faith in news cables

and her excited interviews about her daughter's supposed divorce suit before she had received a line on the subject from Mrs. Ives; and the atmosphere was decidedly strained when Joan arrived. Joan's dignified calm was impenetrable to darts of pettiness. There were thoughts longing for utterance in that household that never dared be said. There were tiffs and tempers among themselves, but not a word to Joan. They circled her serenity with sulks for a week, then gave a party for her to show off to Autumn Hill society the beauty and charm and fine clothes and Europe-crowned distinction of Joan Ives, née Braden, wife of that charming fellow and famous novelist, Robert Ives.

Joan had already decided that Autumn Hill was now impossible for her; where prying, under the guise of love, was constantly at her and her affairs, and she saw that her American trip had been a mistake except in so far as it had enabled her to clear Robert Ives's name in his own country. Within the month she returned to Europe, taking Amourette Smith—now a tall child of twelve, all limbs and eyes—with her.

X

JOAN IVES went bravely back to her Roman villa, carefully chaperoned by the old Countess Fracieri, and concerned herself actively with the development of Amourette, who had originality, a kind and courageous heart, immense inquisitiveness and the beginnings of dramatic ability. About her quickly grouped her old satellites. Some of them believed they had brighter hopes now, since the public defection of Robert Ives.

Among them was Georges Favard, the young Frenchman who had written the sensational play of Paris at the age of twenty-one, and had written nothing of value and very little of anything since. He was twenty-five years old, slim and bronze-haired, with a head too large for his body, and big hungry gray eyes that matched Joan's in color but lacked their comprehensive tenderness and radiant peace. They were feverish eyes, and they

blazed dangerously whenever Georges Favard dared to look at Joan Ives. Joan was neither allured nor afraid when she perceived that Georges Favard was possessed by an insane passion for her. She was only pitiful. The antique Marquis di Marini said to her, in deft and graceful warning, perfumed with a gallantry not of this period:

"Favard, dear lady of peace, is a Modern. He is *fin de siècle*. That is to say, his heart is an exposed nerve. His sentiments are consumptive. His mind is a mechanism—oh, very complicated—of which he seeks always the key. He comes to *you* now and says, 'Wind me up.' But I advise you—no. It will never keep time. When you depend on it, it will stop. It will strike you, you never can tell when. And perhaps it is not a clock at all, but an infernal machine, and some day—piff, paff, pooff—everything explodes!"

She laughed.

"The Modern—he should never be anything but a nerve specialist by profession. That is all he is in art. The Modern is the curse of art. A nerve specialist is art—mother of Saint Catherine! It makes my false teeth ache. Always he is looking for himself in everything. Egotist! Egotist! The Modern! He says—it is written, even—yes, in the poems of this abominable Grelicino:

"In every face 'tis mine own face I seek;
Oh, my Soul Face, shall I see thee as thou art?

"Bah! If he could once see this 'soul face' as it is, he would give it a good slap! Tasso and Dante I read, yes; like the day, they are ever new light. But these morbid sick boys—no. I do not read them. Georges Favard is a morbid sick boy—and his mother was a Pole. You do not know this Slav and Latin combination. It is dangerous. Guard your heart well, gentle lady."

"I need not do so, dear Marquis—I am a wife."

The Marquis waved his kerchief gracefully.

"*Patatata!* A wife is a woman; and feminine virtue is like the highest and most shining ornament on the Christmas

tree. All the children look at it and wonder which will get it; and one climbs at last. The two stars God gave you for eyes reprove me. But why? I have not tried to climb. Do you know why?"

"Respect for womankind, dear Marquis."

He made a comically wry face.

"Respect for my own years. I am seventy-five and I have the gout. My climbing days are done. So here I hobble daily at the coffee hour that I may sit at the foot of the tree in the friendly shade of virtue. But I warn you that Georges Favard is counting the branches to the top! And it will be twenty years before *he* can expect to have the gout!"

"I am dauntless, Marquis. I have a hope that guards and guides me, so I fear nothing, neither life nor man. And I have a great pity for this boy with his boy life so scarred, and his buried talent."

"The scarring touch of a woman; ah—yes—you know, then, that it was she?"

Joan looked at him for an instant mystified.

"She? Who?"

Surely for the first time in forty years the Marquis di Marini was embarrassed. He flicked his handkerchief nervously.

"Pardon me—pardon me, madame. I forgot myself strangely. Let us close the subject. Even if I knew the name of this woman—one does not mention such women in your presence."

He bent over her hand and kissed it with a profound respect which covered up in a measure his almost childlike alarm at his narrow escape. Gently she detained him.

"It was Paula Molleky?"

He looked at her in acute discomfort.

"Dearly loved lady, I—I—may have heard so."

"It was Paula Molleky?"

The brave bright eyes met his steadily. The Marquis di Marini surrendered. There was the sympathy of a chivalrous and tender-hearted old man in his face and voice; he patted her hand softly.

"Yes, child, yes."

Georges Favard also came every day at the same hour, and often twice a day;

yet he never intruded. Even while Joan and the Marquis discussed him, he was drinking his coffee on the steps of the *loggia* with Amourette. The two were great friends, although theirs was mainly a silent friendship; for Favard spoke very little English and Amourette spoke no French and her Italian was as yet very halting. They sat on the steps of the *loggia* and stared at each other—the slim child with the precocious black orbs, always saucer size with wonder at the sights along the way, and the slim young man with the big burning otherwise gray eyes.

There were those who said that Joan's coffee and rolls were Favard's only meal, which was a slight exaggeration, though not a great one. He lived alone in an attic on a back street; and spent days and nights in self-torturing introspections and in morbid writings on the subject of his wrecked life and lost genius. Lately the torment of his wholly uninvited and unauthorized passion for Joan had been added to the other anguish, and it threatened to unbalance him completely. He was poor because he had spent everything on Paula Mollecky. She had consumed all his substance, mental, physical and financial. She had lured him to her in the first glow of his young fame, and he had gone to her under the erotic delusion that, because she could make havoc of his intelligence and cast his whole being into a state of chaos, she must prove a sublime source of inspiration for his genius. Such had been his instruction. He had drunk too deep of the poisoned well springs of the little artificers of Europe—those whom the Marquis called the "Moderns," and held in such high disgust. His art had been bitten with artifice. He had abandoned the spirit of his genius for the veiled face of Lust; and in service of Lust had tried to grow with the same divine greatness which had hallowed his first work with such rich promise. He failed utterly and knew not why. His later work, contrasted with his first play, was but the ashes of power. He had ceased to adore Paula Mollecky, but his talent had not been restored to him. He went from one emotional extreme to the other

seeking it, and never found aught but self—sick, morbid self.

From the first moment of his meeting with Joan Ives he worshiped her. Her unselfed tenderness, her peace, her comprehension, he, too, felt them dimly, helping him; and he responded in the only way he knew, with an all-engrossing passion. Not yet had he dared speak of it. He frequented her house and kept aloof from her immediate presence. He sat on the *loggia* or walked in the garden with Amourette, keeping by choice to those walks from which he could see the outlines of Joan Ives's form through the windows.

Sometimes when Joan opened her doors in the early morning, she found wild flowers, fresh picked, scattered on her threshold, and still wet with the dew of the hills. He must have started out while it was yet dark to bring her those early blossoms, fresh and damp with their first dawn. She was unspeakably touched by them. White and scarlet and blue, lying at her feet and exhaling their fragrance, they seemed a type of that pure service his blind heart yearned to give and knew not how to give.

One Sunday morning, a week after her conversation with the Marquis, Joan rose as the first faint flicker of light wafted cityward from the eastern horizon. Her eyes were sleepless and her soul heavy with doubt and woe because of Robert Ives, her husband, and his youth and genius still fast bound by Paula Mollecky. She drew her curtains and stood at her open window. One large white star, risen seaward, gleamed alone in the gradually lightening sky. She gazed at it and her doubt and woe dissolved in a flood of hope.

"O star of morning," she whispered, "do you stand over Capri? Do you rebuke my world's wisdom of doubt with your shining word—'Here in this unworthy inn see God's son and no other'?"

She flung her doors wide and stepped out into the strange, cool, balmful dusk of early morn. Her threshold was white with flowers, and Georges Favard lay prone among his offering, his face hidden, while the light wind took from his loose hands scraps of written paper

finely torn and tossed and scattered them over the walk. Her one star over Capri broke into myriad lights as sudden tears of tenderness and yearning filled her eyes. Here, too, was the unworthy inn, the stable; and here, too, God's son and no other.

She knelt down by Georges Favard and took his hand and lifted up his face.

"Don't touch me," he said presently. "I'm not fit." And he clung the tighter to her hand. She drew him up from his wounded flowers to sit on the step beside her.

"What have you destroyed there?" she asked gently.

"Nothing," he answered blankly. "Nothing. That is the terror of it."

"It was work of yours? A play? Poems?"

"Yes, poems. The play—I burned it last night. For hours, for days, for nights, I have worked. I had an idea. It was big and beautiful. I saw it as it could be! So I began to write. But, oh, the struggle! She was there, mocking me. I could hear her say: 'You can never do it. You gave me your soul to inspire and I put death into it.' And I defied her. I defied Paula Mollecky with your name! It was your name—yours—I cast in her face, and without shame or reverence. I said: 'My blood was ice to you compared with my desire for her, my Jeanne d'Arc. You have put death in my soul, but it is at her feet I will die when my desire is fulfilled.' You hear me and you do not banish me?"

"No," she said tremulously. She was thinking of Robert Ives.

"And I wrote. And I racked my soul with my passion for you that I might have inspiration enough for the great work. And when the first act was done I was in triumph. I wrote a poem to you. Then a change came. The great idea—the big conception—ah, it dwindled. The soul went out of it. There was no power—power—power! Now I sought it again! It had been my gift. I called to you to inspire it through the fires that consumed me. Do not they all say this is inspiration? And you—I felt your rebuke. My passion for you

was no longer inspiration. It was remorse. I wrote mad poems to you, and they increased my misery. When I had finished the second act I knew that you had taken my great play from me because I had insulted you with the clamors of a beast."

"Oh, my poor boy!" she said, the tears running down her cheeks.

"I had no longer any hope for the play. It was useless now, but I went on desperately. I loved you still, but I was ashamed. I saw that there was such a thing as purity, and that I had adored it, but with lust. And for this sin my last hope had been taken from me. There was no way I could make amends. There was nothing I could offer you because there was not one desire or thought or feeling in me that was not tainted. I am only twenty-five, and I have not one clean thought to give to a woman or to work. I came to your house daily because I could not stay away; but I have never touched your hand since the night of my repentance. I have sat at a distance and looked at you, while others came near to you and spoke and laughed. And I have laid flowers before your door—flowers from the hills that I gathered in the dark, dewy with the night's healing tears—because they are the earth's pure desires which no man's puny vice can sully. Such desires once grew in my heart before life laid waste the soil."

To Joan there was something pathetically grotesque in the heartbroken tale of Georges Favard—the boy with his cynic's experiences and premature harvesting of world sophistries, with the sturdy young tree of his genius throttled by the poisonous sinuosities of an egotistical and artificial self-analysis, which must inevitably end in self-hypnotism, perhaps in self-destruction, but never in the self-knowledge he sought. At twenty-five to be so sure the world held nothing more for him! It might have been humorous but for the childlike clinging of his hand to hers.

"I have understood your flowers," she said. "And the desire to give them was as pure as the flowers—and as the service which gathered them. And these desires grew in your heart; and you say

rightly that no man's vice can sully them."

The word of kindness, the breath of forgiving charity, which would not ascribe power to the evils he confessed, but turned his tortured thoughts away from them toward beauty, even as her own eyes had turned from her night of woe to the white seaward star of morning—these broke the boy's heart utterly and swept away in a flood of tears the dust of that "foreign substance" called despair. All age and ancient dignities of sin and world lore, proud egotistics of self-analysis and sophistries of the Moderns slid from Georges Favard like the burden of a bad dream from one who wakes. It was a lonely-souled, heart-hungry, life-frightened boy, all humbleness and prayer, who put his face in Joan's lap and cried.

"It was the verses to you—I tore to pieces here this morning. They were bad, wrong; yet I clung to them. They represented so much suffering and struggle and what had once been hope. But they were not true, and they were an offense against you. And at last I was able to come and destroy them on this step, which is my sacrificial stone. But I suffered so it seemed I could not live any longer. Then you came and took my hand."

She stroked his tawny hair back from his temples and soothed him as if he were a child; and he grasped at her tenderness with a large hungry gratitude.

"I see Angela carrying coffee to the breakfast room," she said presently. "You will come now and eat like a rational man—or a healthy, sensible boy."

His lips parted in an uncertain smile.

"That is a good first attempt," she said. "Now gather up your flowers, which will drink pure cold water and be revived, while you drink good coffee and revive also."

He obeyed her in silence. Scraps of paper fluttered out from among the blossoms and branches over the steps and the grass. He looked at her with a comical expression of apology on his face. "I have spilled paper all over your garden!"

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She laughed softly, and presently his laugh joined hers spontaneously.

"Pietro will sweep it up and grumble much over it, and he will take it to Maria and Maria will burn it and grumble over it; and all your follies will be smoke. Maria's stove shall be your sacrificial stone."

He kissed her hand with a sudden boyish impulse of thankfulness.

"What shall I do?"

His face was serious again.

"Write your play," she said simply.

"You know that my power to write has been dead for three years. It was taken from me by a woman. It is her boast that no man's genius survives his passion for her. You know who she is."

"Write your play," she repeated gently, with a finality in her tone that disdained his superstitions. A sudden pang for her pierced him. For the first time he saw dimly what the sojourning of Robert Ives in Capri must mean to this woman. The mystery of her spirit's greatness touched him with awe.

"It is you who give back to me the power which Paula Mollecky took from me!"

She shook her head slowly.

"No woman gave you that power and no woman can take it from you. That is what I give you, Georges Favard."

Marquis di Marini was having coffee with Joan Ives two weeks later. He had made a brief visit to Paris, and was regaling her with tidbits of news and gossip of noted personages when he was interrupted by lusty boyish shouts of laughter from the garden below. He ceased speaking, made a sign calling her attention to the sound, and listened with a smile lighting up his kindly old face. He polished his glasses and peered out of the window.

"Ah," he said, "the boy laughs well. But I do not see him. It is someone you find to play with the little one?" He referred to Amourette. "This sound of youth, it is very pleasant."

"That is Georges," she informed him.

"Georges?" he pondered. "Not Georges Favard! Mother of Saint Catherine, it is he who laughs? A laugh on that soul face hungry from bad food? It

is you then who work this miracle? You make a Modern laugh? What will be next?"

She laughed happily.

"He writes another play, and I think it will be big. Yes, I know it will. It is already almost completed, and his young talent bears everything before it. It is like a river that has been dammed and breaks its dam and sweeps along its course in a torrent of power."

"Ah, that is worth something."

The Marquis nodded, pleased and sympathetic. Presently he laughed with malicious joy.

"He writes again. *Patatata!* But this is superb! How furious she will be!" He coughed quickly to cover up his last statement, and immediately was in serious trouble between cake and crumbs and coffee gone awry. Joan did not put the question he feared.

An air of jauntiness and the same sparkle of malicious humor gave ten years of youth and twenty years of wickedness to the appearance of the Marquis di Marini, as he kissed Joan's hand in farewell and said:

"Dearest lady, I do not see you again for several days. I go on a little visit to —Florence. I have a cousin; you understand—the General Ossoli. Yes, I anticipate much amusement from this visit. At once, when I return, I come for coffee."

In the evening the Marquis di Marini departed for Capri to plant thorns in the velvety flesh of Paula Mollecky.

One morning when Joan Ives opened her doors she found roses and a note on her threshold.

BELOVED LADY OF MY RESURRECTION:

The play is accepted. I leave today for Paris, long before you are up, so this is my *au revoir*. Because of you I go heart whole, care-free, sane as a French Slav can ever be (especially when he is also artist) and with an ideal of which not even death can rob me. Gratitude has compelled me to perform an act of faith. The world will call it a play. I will write and send the criticisms. *Ora pro me, thou Builder of Men!*

FAVARD.

XI

WITH the serpent's wisdom, the wisdom of self-concealment, and the apparent guilelessness of a brainless dove,

and a box of confections under his arm, the Marquis di Marini paid his respects to Paula de Luny Mollecky at Capri. There were guests at the house, among them Grelcino, the poet, author of "The Search of the Soul," which the Marquis had quoted so scornfully to Joan Ives. He detested Grelcino no less than his verses. The poet was a sleepy-eyed person with pouting red lips which were artificially colored. He wore his ink black hair clipped close to his peculiarly shaped head, and never appeared in public without gloves. His reason for this was the shrinking of the nerves of his hands from the contact of personalities. The Marquis gave this sensitive creature no chance to suffer through handshake of his, but with a curt nod to him surveyed the rest of the company.

There was Roeder, one of the best known younger German musicians. There was Duval, lingering for a day or two on old coasts of enchantment, Monetta the dancer, Prince Gucky, browsing and drowsing on the lounge as usual, and various lights of talent as well as sundry others, such as Di Marini himself, who were merely frequent tourists through Bohemia.

It was Ives whom the Marquis surveyed most keenly. He had not seen him for a year at least. Indeed, it was now nearly two years since Robert Ives had taken Paula Mollecky to Capri. During that time they had traveled occasionally, and had only recently returned from Russia. Robert Ives had changed subtly. His boyishness seemed to be erased. His face had lost its light. His jaw advanced and his mouth receded more. His nerves were taut, his eyes reckless. He had a dogged look, the look of one who fights a continuous battle, not with the sublime hope of conquest but solely for his own life.

Paula Mollecky was the same opulently beautiful creature with the same dangerous yellow brown eyes; "tiger lilies," Grelcino called them in his latest poem, "She the Undiscoverable"—if the poem really did relate to Paula, as everyone supposed. If possible, her figure was more perfect, her face more

magically alluring than when Robert Ives had first become a slave because of her. She exuded that fleshly counterfeit of power generally called magnetism, which is the chief weapon of women of her type. She was still, as she always would be, the true daughter of an aristocratic house in every outward seeming.

Robert Ives was the only one of the party who cared much about the water. He had a tricky and suicidal little boat which constantly threatened him with dissolution by explosion or upset. He played about in it recklessly and he also swam a good deal.

"That boat will surely kill you," Paula often declared. "I feel it."

The Marquis chose an hour when his host was sporting in the bay to introduce the subject of Georges Favard. There were several reasons for this. In the first place, he did not wish to experience the possible unpleasantness that might accrue from mentioning Joan's name before her husband in the presence of Paula Mollecky, especially when he must ally it with Favard's. Also he knew Paula Mollecky's mania of vanity for wrecking artists; knew that the wreckage of Favard had been her most sensational episode and that she plumed herself upon it; knew, too, that to wound Paula's vanity and make her a jest of men and women was to arouse in her a fury of malice which drove all her caution to the winds. Therefore subtly and with deliberate foreplanning he would tell her that Favard's genius had been restored to the world through the ministrations of Robert Ives's wife, and he felt that he could confidently leave it to Paula Mollecky, under sway of the emotions his tale would inspire, to inform Robert Ives. Further, he relied on her to embellish the facts with hints and innuendos and baldly stated falsehoods such as the Marquis—being a chivalrous gentleman and a friend of Joan Ives—could not possibly have stated even if they had been true (and must have denied had they been stated by another in his presence) but which would certainly be of a nature to stir up everything in the man's composition that his wife had ever touched. There

was yet another small detail which the Marquis di Marini had not overlooked: the mistress would commit the offense generally considered unpardonable when she spoke of the wife. Altogether the old gentleman felt very happy when he watched Robert Ives's tall, sturdy form swinging down the path to the sea.

"There will be a storm," said Roeder; "the sky turns yellow." He tossed on a side table the pistol with which he had been shooting out of the window at pigeons.

"Yellow with storm like the spotted eyes of Paula Mollecky; yellow with storm like the hair clouds of Paula Mollecky—death is in all their strands," Grelicino chanted in impromptu poesy.

"Your every breath is art, Grelicino," was his reward from Paula. The poet poked out his painted mouth and lifted languorous lids upon her.

"So—so!" thought the Marquis. "He looks for his soul face in her now, eh? Well, this time he will find it!" Aloud he said: "How you adore art, you beautiful creature! It is one of your most ravishing characteristics."

"She is the inspiration of art. Because she lives, I write. My next volume will proclaim it to the world. The mouth of my soul drinks from her pools of fire, but my hands touch her not. Every pore of my skin is a nerve. If I were to touch love with my bare hands, I should suffer inexpressibly. Yet when the great love arrives I shall sacrifice all for it."

"You always wear your gloves, Grelicino?" the Marquis inquired innocently. "Do you not take them off when you sleep?"

"I never sleep," the poet declared.

"You do not dare to touch me," Paula said. "If you touch me the artist in you will die. It has always proved so."

"It is true," he answered with his burning pit look. "You are the inspiration of art only until the artist loves you. He buys your love with his genius, and it is death you give to him."

"If that is true," Duval remarked cheerfully, "it is well for me you once refused to come to Paris; for art pays me well. I paint the rich *bourgeois*, and I

lead a pleasant life and hope for a long one."

"It would be better that your art had died and your life also, for Paula Mollecky, than that you should live and paint the *bourgeois*."

"Well, that is your opinion," said Duval. "It is not mine."

"Some women are so, it is true," Roeder remarked. "There was George Sand. She made quick end of both Musset and Chopin. They could not recover from her."

"Has not Paula Mollecky done the same with Robert Ives and Georges Favard?" Grelicino demanded, as though he resented the claims of Madame Sand. "Robert Ives has done nothing since he came to Capri but consume with love for this goddess of his fate who has taken his art from him. As he walks about Capri or seeks death daily in the sea, one can see that his soul is dead in him. And Favard! He had great genius; now he is a wreck. One meets him sometimes in Rome. He will never write again. He knows it. He tells everyone: 'Paula Mollecky took my power from me.' He will brood over this a while longer. Then he will kill himself. It is his fate. And she cannot give back this power of art once she has taken it, because her touch kills."

"I, too, am helpless," Paula said fatefully. "It is my nature to demand all. And I love only power."

"Then," said the Marquis, "the thing is to find another woman who can restore the talent."

"That is impossible," the poet asserted. "Was Marc Antony or Musset restored by another woman? Such a woman does not exist. She would be impossible. She would be without vanity, which mirrors the world's soul for a woman's eyes. She would have no temperament, which in a woman feeds on the sufferings of her lover. She would have no love of power, which is natural to all women, but which is not fully developed in a woman until she has destroyed one man. Power is power only because we fear it will destroy us."

"Then you will listen with much interest, I am sure," the Marquis began,

polishing and adjusting his glasses so that nothing should escape him, "when I tell you that the impossible woman exists—nay, more, she is discovered."

"You jest," Grelicino exclaimed.

Paula Mollecky's eyes widened suddenly. She scented danger.

"Oh, *you* will be especially interested, Inspiration of Death, because my tale relates to someone in whom you once confided your affections—Georges Favard."

"Favard!" she cried out involuntarily. "There is nothing to tell of Favard. The world knows him no more."

"On the contrary, he is restored. He laughs. I have heard him. He sings. He broods no more. He writes—Favard writes."

"It is impossible. His power is fled."

"It flies back to him on angel wings of a woman—the impossible woman. She has healed him. She has closed his wound. She has wiped away the memory of his pain. And your memory, too, enchantress. Does it not seem impossible?"

The dumfounded look and the gathering tempest in Paula Mollecky's face were the beginning of his reward, which he saw would be rich.

"He is in all things as he was before he met you. It is as if he had never met you. He writes. Immediately under the influence of this woman he began to write. He has written a very great play—ah, what a play! You will see. All the world will see. It will be produced in Paris immediately. It is already accepted. It is greater than his first."

The Marquis did not know whether Favard had submitted his play as yet, did not even know if he had completed it, but did not allow ignorance to deprive his narrative of effective details.

"And *this* 'inspiration' is *life*! Favard will live to a good old age, and he will write a great play every year."

"Who is the woman?" Paula Mollecky's tone was as hard as wood.

"Yes," said Roeder, "tell us who the woman is; for I confess that with my bad habits it interests me more to hear of a woman who constructs than of one who

destroys. If I keep on as I am doing I shall soon need a constructor, whereas with almost no trouble at all I can be my own destroyer."

"Do not tell the others, but tell me," said Duval. "I wish to paint her. Who is this woman, Madame l'Impossible—who has a beauty so rare that it makes the mad Favard forget Paula Mollecky's—the woman who has such graces of mind, such inspirations, such character, such charm, but above all such power? For I do not agree with Grelincino that power is destructive. The power of water—steam, for instance—it builds the world. Where is this woman, Marquis?"

"Such a woman could not move me," Grelincino insisted.

There was indeed "death in every strand" as Paula demanded: "What is her name? That is what I want to know."

"Ah, her identity will be of absorbing interest to you, Invincible One. It is the wife of Robert Ives."

The Marquis had not misjudged the strength and quality of his explosive. Metaphorically speaking, he saw Paula Mollecky fly high into the air and then land on ground as uncertain as an undermined cliff, with the breath taken out of her. Duval, fat, forty and sane, saw the humor of the situation, and shouted. Roeder joined him. "Let me paint your face with that look upon it, Paula, and I will do your portrait for nothing! This moment should be immortalized." And Duval blew off in another gale of mirth.

"This is very pleasant, yes," the Marquis crooned, feasting his eyes on the discomfited beauty.

"It's a lie!" she shrieked at him as soon as she could get her breath. "You torment me with your evil jests! She is an old woman."

"Old? Thirty—perhaps thirty-five."

"Forty-five!" she snapped.

"Is it so?" The Marquis preferred to concede the point. "Well, it is impossible to guess at her years from her appearance. There are such women. After twenty-five they do not change. Their beauty has a divinity not of the

flesh. It is eternal. It knows no age but the age of power."

"She takes another boy for her lover, eh?" Paula's laugh was brittle. "It is then a kindergarten she conducts?"

"Oh, I said nothing of lovers," the Marquis said deprecatingly.

"Eh? You do not claim that she is virtuous, this old lady? Is she old enough for that?"

"Enchantress—how can I know? I am seventy-five and no longer attractive. It is Favard who should tell you this."

She dealt him murder with her eyes.

"I am thinking, what will Ives say to it?" Roeder said presently.

"I have long been considering that," Grelincino answered him, in his customary tone of languid superiority. "It is the only point of interest. You understand that, for me, I care nothing for the facts. These are only gossip. Favard—if he writes or does not write"—he shrugged—"it is as the wind blowing. I make nothing of it. This woman also does not interest me. But Ives, the lover of Paula Mollecky to whom he has given his genius, for whose sake he forsook this woman who restores the genius of Favard that Paula Mollecky took from him, Ives—there is the psychology! So now I consider the matter, whereas before it did not interest me. I detest facts; but psychology is almost a passion with me—the search of the soul!"

"It is Ives's soul face you look for now, eh?"

"*Si, Marchese.* And already I have found it."

"So? What does it look like?"

"Like death."

"You think he will die of jealousy, because his wife makes one more genius to outwrite him? He is Anglo-Saxon, and they are tough."

"The psychology is too subtle for you. Only a poet, particularly a poet of the soul, can analyze it correctly. To me it is clear, you understand. He will think: 'There is a cord of life and death coiled in one passion which binds us four together because the two women to whom I am forever equally bound have met in another man's soul and fought there a battle for power; and it is my genius, the

genius I have lost, that my wife has wrested from my mistress and given to Georges Favard. My soul is now in him. Why should my body live longer?" He will not know that he thinks these things. He has no psychology. But he will kill himself out there in the water."

"This is indeed profound," said the Marquis. "This is as Annunzio talks in 'La Citta Morta.' Evidently you read as much as you write." Grelincino glared at him.

"I feel that it is true—I feel it," Paula declared. "Robert has been very strange for two months. He suffers. Yet he knew from the first that no man can hold my heart. Indeed, I have none."

"That which is perfect cannot feel." Grelincino kissed his gloved fingers to her.

"Well," said the Marquis, as he picked out a chocolate almond, "it is fortunate Ives is not present and therefore knows nothing of this. Not for kingdoms would I have my little news make a tragedy."

Paula gave him a sour look.

"How is it possible he should not hear of it?" she demanded.

"Ah," he murmured, "I fear I have been indiscreet."

The footsteps of Robert Ives ground on the path below.

"Now comes the storm!" said Duval, who was leaning from the window. He was not speaking symbolically. The storm clouds had loosened their winds, which now swept in a hurricane over the bay.

XII

ROBERT IVES had spent two mad years with the most beautiful and gifted *amouriste* in Europe—among the Moderns, or the "Erotics," as they were designated by the elder critics. Knowledge was his need and his right, as he had declared defiantly on the *loggia* of his Roman villa; and he had sought it with fierce desire. It was to serve his art, and he was willing to pay for it with all he possessed—that is, with all but his art itself.

His art was his lodestar; it was supreme. It stood above his life, large,

pure and radiant, like Joan's dawnstar over Capri—a conscious principle infinite, and, as such, beyond his formulations; a power that outlined his life and his work and led him on toward the perfect service through blind days and hours of vision alike. The conviction was in him that he must bring every thought and feeling, every experience and its fruitage, eventually to his art for judgment. It would accept the true and reject the spurious and would allow nothing unworthy to come into his work; even if that unworthy thing should be the most intense desire of his man's heart, its deepest love or its bitterest sorrow. Art was perfection; and perfection's purity was inviolable. It was not possible that unworth could enter that domain; it was barred out by art's very nature. If he himself proved unworthy, art would cast him down.

From this mental position he had been dislodged, temporarily at any rate, by his experience among the European Erotics. He could have found somewhat similar cliques in New York; but Robert Ives had not waited long enough in America after his first success to find its art colonies, real and sham. If he had, he might have been spared much; for without the mellow glow of Europe, the glamour of its imagination, which invested the foreign counterfeit with such charm, it is doubtful if he would have been deceived. At the crassness of New York's little group of Erotics he would have laughed. The purple-volumed poets who wrote with red ink for passion would have lost his interest after the tenth page. Studio teas among weird women on Oriental divans with a tea-gowned man at the samovar, in a skyscraper among the practical hustle of Manhattan, would not have trapped him a second time; and he would not have troubled to sic a dog on an American man who rouged his mouth! Furthermore, no amount of critic's praise and studio fame could have made him believe that there could be a particle of real value in the output of such vitiated mentalities. He knew the standard to which an American man should approach. The standard for an Ameri-

can artist could not be less high, since artist was man God-crowned.

It was not in the Place of Easy Escape, however, that his great temptation came to him. It was no crudely made counterfeit that was offered him. His ignorance of European standards helped the tempter to overthrow him. The wide liberality of viewpoint he did not understand as such, because he did not comprehend the standard on which it was based; therefore he could not make distinctions. He did not know languages well enough to form an estimate of the work of the modern Europeans for himself; nor did he really know how Europe classified them. Because such men as Grelcino, Henri, Heisel, Fornari were conspicuous and successful, he supposed they were accounted great. Theirs were the names the correspondents cabled to America.

He was led to doubt his standards, because he seemed to be alone in holding them. He listened to the Erotics and investigated their way, and Paula Mollecky opened the gates for him. He flung himself, with almost a calculated madness, into the affair with her. She set him a-burning; and Marini had said to him that Paula Mollecky was the human epitome of the Modern's conception of art. "She is wicked," the Marquis had warned him; but he had not been frightened. He did not gauge the full meaning of the word. Perhaps only an experience with Paula Mollecky could have revealed it to him. For sixteen months he was drunken and drugged with her; then inebriety began to pall on him. His mind awoke starved, and hothouse fruits did not feed it. He began to search more coolly for this "inspiration" which the Erotics declared was in the being of Paula Mollecky; and thus he discovered what wickedness meant. The real wounding of his soul began when he learned that he was indeed in a "charnel house," as Joan had expressed it, and that his infatuation for the woman who companioned him there would not let him depart from it.

He had written very little since he left Rome. That he had written at all infuriated Paula.

"Why do you write?" she said. "Your work will not be good. It will have no power. Favard still writes, but it is rubbish. He no longer has the power."

"Then he never had it," Robert answered. "And don't talk to me of my predecessors. Why should you imagine that you can affect my work?"

She was furious, but secretly Robert discovered that something *had* affected his work. In searching for the cause of his retrogression as a writer, he discovered another fact which flung him anew into chaos. It was that, of the thing he most desired, knowledge, he had gained no part in all those months. He had been crammed with artifice, but not for a moment even had he touched the soul of life. He had learned nothing of art's verities; not once had his mind been touched with creative inspiration by the persons and codes of his environment. Sometimes the serene deep gray eyes of Joan Ives, shadowed with eternal beauties, came upon his blankness and there rose in him the stinging desire to be again a doer. What was the sum and summit of the knowledge he had gained in these mad months? Why, that a man can be an utter fool because of a woman—a fact he could have learned from the daily press and at less cost. If Paula Mollecky was indeed the human epitome of the Modern's conception of art, then he had fathomed that conception. "Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!"

"Inspiration of art," Grelcino pronounced her in "She the Undiscoverable," with its depiction of her "tiger lily" eyes. Ives detested the poem, and called it "Grelcino's Tiger Lyrics." "Inspiration of death," Favard declared her in his faulty verse. This was nearer the fact, Ives thought, though he despised Favard, chiefly for the reason that he himself was duplicating Favard's experience, and the end of that other youthful genius was always before his mind's eye. He, too, had cast away everything in life for ashes of power. Paula was convinced that the *Crab*, as he called his boat on account of its uncertain going, would take him to the bottom of the bay some day; and he felt that he was

willing to spill from life's urn and scatter his "ashes of power" on the waters. "Inspiration of death"—yes, he had found that, at least, in his search for knowledge where no truth was!

XIII

HAVING done his day's work well, the Marquis Sebastiano Todero di Marini retired to his chamber to chuckle in peace and delight unfeigned while the storm raged downstairs as well as out of doors. Roeder and Duval also absented themselves on some pretext. Prince Gucky was fast asleep in his chair, as usual in the daytime, and emitting his customary sounds of contentment. Nobody took him into account. Grelincino the psychologist, searcher of souls, remained to feed his buzzard brains on the corpse of Ives when Paula Mollecky should have death-stricken him with her news and her telling of it.

As he would have expressed it, Robert Ives felt her steel claws in all his flesh when he entered the room. She stood by the window, her Diana poised figure in one of its most graceful attitudes of invitation, the light falling on her luxuriant dull yellow hair and adding luster to her yellow-brown eyes which gleamed with the brilliance of cut glass. Even so had she stood and smiled upon him on the day when she discovered the chapters of his new book and destroyed them. He stood still in the doorway and looked her levelly in the eyes. His bearing was quiet with forced control; his eyes strained with a deep unrest, his whole being sick with the strife of lingering intensities and opposing will, which tormented him in this woman's presence, and hopeless concerning alike today and tomorrow.

She read him—her work—artist defeated who would not surrender; and her fury, already almost past her leashing, broke loose and swept away all memory of her planned diplomacies of approach and subtly timed deadly stabs. Through him and his accursed wife she, the "inspiration of death" and the "undiscoverable," had been made the joke of Europe!

"Your wife has a lover!"

He turned deadly pale, and stared at her. She laughed.

"Your wife has adopted another little boy."

"Have you gone crazy?" he asked huskily. "You do not speak of my wife, not at any time."

"But all Rome does!"

"You do not know what you are saying."

"Yes—I know what I am saying. I say your wife has adopted another little boy to warm her old heart, and it is the talk of Rome."

"That is a lie."

"Ask the Marquis. Ask any man in Rome. Read the journals. Do you think you are the only 'little boy genius' in the world, egotist? Oh, no; there is another also. His name is Favard."

"You are raving."

"Favard! Favard! I tell you it is Favard!"

He strode forward and grasped her wrist.

"Now," he said, "you will tell me the truth quietly, or you will confess that you are lying and make an end of this scene."

"Why should I not tell the truth when all the world knows it? Your wife, it seems, has a *salon* in Rome. She gathers all the artists about her, but especially the young ones. She seeks to rival me! She—this old lady who is so rouged that she looks like twenty-five—she would be the 'inspiration of art' and dethrone me! Oh, yes, she will pay me back for taking her boy husband away from her. So she makes me a jest, a laughing stock! She makes slant eyes at Georges Favard and he is mad about her. And she gives him back his genius that I took from him! She puts power again into him!"

"This is insanity!" he broke in. "She does not know Favard!"

"Maybe not, when you were there. But it is two years since then. And she knows Favard. I tell you, she has restored him. She, your wife, has restored the man I made as nothing, and given him back his power of genius. He writes again. He has written the

great play. Paris goes mad over it! It will run forever! It is about their affair. All the world knows it. And you stare and stare like a fool, and know nothing!"

The Marquis, straining his neck over the stairway in vain to catch some words which would add fuel for his humor, would have rejoiced fondly if he could have heard how Paula Mollecky's malice surpassed even his highest hopes of it.

For a few moments there was dead silence in the room except for the muffled trumpeting of Prince Gucky. Robert Ives was more shaken than he had ever been in his life. Even the *Crab* had never turned him so topsyturvy. That Joan had accepted any man's love, he did not consider for a moment. In all his wrongdoing he had never lost knowledge of her. He had recalled her last words to him often with anguish. He had thought of her sitting patiently, waiting, sad and alone with only faith for company—waiting for the return of him who perchance would never come; and the picture had moved him deeply. But Joan, the sought and courted lady of Roman society, with the talent and genius and wit of the day gathered about her, paying homage to the rare, rare beauty of her being; Joan, reaching out those tender hands, which had once soothed and sustained him, to lift Georges Favard from the gutters of sensualism, heal and restore him, and lead him again through gates of hope into the fields of creation—this was another picture truly, and it moved him more—it shook him to his foundations. Joan building new temples, Joan binding up what Paula Mollecky's heel had broken, healing it with that same mystical charity and comprehension which had refused him the power to sin against her, which indeed denied to sin any power to be at all—the wonder, the rebuke, of it silenced him and racked him with emotions too intense and conflicting for analysis. He stood, wordless, and gazed at Paula Mollecky without really seeing her at all. Grelincino focused upon him, so as not to lose an expression.

"Now, now it begins to work!" he exclaimed. Ives seemed not to hear him.

"He feels it, but he does not see it. He does not know he thinks it, but it is there!" the psychologist continued. "I will make it plain. This is the thing that shatters you in this moment and whitens your face as if all your blood were leaking from a secret wound. Listen! It is the fire and soul equally creating that once were yours, your genius, that your wife gives to Favard. It is now his power, through her; and you are destroyed. And Paula Mollecky is in this, too; because a part of her soul is in all tragedy. She is now your 'inspiration of death,' and Favard takes your life to live. Can you understand?"

"Do you go to sleep there staring at me?" Paula shrieked at him, because he still stood motionless, with a stricken look she could not interpret. "It is now we part, *mon sauvage*. I have finished with you, and I cast you out!"

Grelincino was hunting about the room.

"Where is it? Where is it?" he cried excitedly. He tripped over Prince Gucky's foot and awoke him snarling.

"Pig of a poet!" His Highness muttered. "Ah, here it is—Roeder's pistol, with which he shoots pigeons! How fortunate that it is here!"

He thrust it into Ives's hand. "Now shoot!"

Prince Gucky's red face appeared over the back of his chair, his little eyes blinking with sleep.

"Do not shoot this way," he said; "I am here. My uncle, Prince Michael, died from a bullet that hit him in the war. It was in the leg."

Nobody paid any attention to him.

"Take the pistol," Grelincino went on, "and, oh, like Hedda, I say: 'Do it beautifully—beautifully!'"

Robert Ives pulled himself together like a man recovering from a blow. He lifted the pistol and regarded it.

"What is this for?" he asked blankly.

"She casts you out!"

"*Oui, mon sauvage, I cast you out! Go!*"

Robert Ives burst into laughter that was violent and mirthless and bad to hear. He thrust the windows open and hurled the pistol into the garden. Without a word he rushed from the room and

they heard the front door bang to with the wind so that it jarred the house. They saw him running down the path as they struggled with the heavy-hinged windows in the storm. The fury of the wind sweeping through the room sent books and papers flying and slammed two doors along the passageway.

Grelincino and Paula looked at each other, struck with the same thought.

"The sea!"

"The boat!"

"The storm!"

"That is *his* way!"

"I have always known it!"

"Br-r-r-r! What is it you do here that you let the wind tear down the house?" The Marquis di Marini shivered, closed the door carefully and peered about through his glasses. "Where is everybody, eh? Ah, Gucky, you snore as well as ever." He examined Paula and Grelincino, saw the devouring looks. "*Patata*," he muttered. "Where is Ives?" he shouted at them. They came back as from a long journey. Grelincino waved his pearl gray, suède-clad hands dramatically.

"In the sea," he answered. "He threw the pistol away. He prefers to drown. Even now he does it."

"I have told him to go." Paula's beautiful face was malevolence itself. "Let us see if she can pluck this man from the sea as easily as she took the other from the ditch where I threw him!"

The Marquis sank down in his chair overcome.

"No, no," he assured himself in his distress. "It is not possible. Take courage, Sebastiano! Your little news could not work such harm. He is young and strong. The love of life is there. Remember that it is not possible that he should drown."

His self-communings were invaded by another outburst from the poet.

"O tiger lilies by a tomb! O inspiration of death! I adore you. Take me wholly! Be my art!"

"You know that I will take your genius from you?"

"I sacrifice everything. I am ready to suffer everything for you!" he cried. "See!" He tore off his gloves in an

abandonment of emotion and cast them on the floor, and, wincing in advance at the anticipation of the contact, reached his bare hands to clasp hers. "I know that the touch of you will torture me through every pore. I know that you will take my genius from me! I know that after you, I, Grelincino, shall never write again!"

"Well, that at least is very pleasant to hear," the Marquis muttered to himself, as he peered anxiously through the window pane. "It is one good thing that has been accomplished.

"Remember, Sebastiano, it is quite impossible that he should drown," the Marquis was informing himself for the hundred and twentieth time, when Robert Ives silently appeared in the twilight shadows of the room.

"Are you a ghost?" Paula screamed at him. "You are not drowned! But your hair is dripping!" she added in exclamations.

"Someone has rescued him!" Grelincino's poetic and psychologic soul was rent as a garment by the crudity of fate. "What bathos!" he cried.

"Yes, someone has rescued me." Robert Ives's voice had a new ring. "Did you think I went down there to drown myself? No, I fled from this place that stifled me—stifled me with shame. I fled to Nature—great Mother of Art—to save me; and she has. Artists! You're just a pack of morbid hysterics—the lot of you; you never *hate* created a thing of value and you never will, because there's not a normal true fiber in you! I've been a fool. I've been living in a sty and didn't know it. But I'm *out*, and I've washed some of the dirt off—in the good old sea—thrashed it out, with the wind and the waves pummeling the breath out of me. Oh, it was great! There's nothing like a swim."

Even Paula's lips were blue-white.

"I cast you out, and you go swimming!" she fairly panted, and struck her hands against the table. "*Canaille!*" she shrieked at him.

He laughed and turned to the door. "Good-bye. I'm going where a man belongs. I'm going to my work. Mar-

quis, will you give that message to anyone in Rome who may ask about me?" And he went.

"What did I tell you, Sebastiano?" The Marquis spoke gleefully, tears of kindly joy in his eyes. "The boy grows a man in a minute! Someone will be happy. Oh, but this is very pleasant." He wiped the moisture from his *pince-nez* and surveyed the countenances of Grelincino and Paula Mollecky with the keenest enjoyment. "And the touch of comedy also is good!" He chuckled happily.

Three months later, from the Carpathian mountains, Robert Ives wrote to Joan.

I have lived as you would have me live, for these past three months. I have worked incessantly. My book is completed. I want to tell you that the moment I came to myself I desired to come to *you*. But I would not. I know you would have held out your hands to me and lifted me up, without a word of reproof, with only words of forgiveness and encouragement and love. I begin to see dimly what love means, and at present it is my punishment and my penalty—and my hope. If I did not love you, if I had not been your husband, I might be willing to let you lift me out of the depths as you raised up Favard and worship you only with humble gratitude forever after. But I do love you, and the primal man in me demands that I prove myself worthy in some degree before I come to you and seek again those rights which I relinquished in a fit of as insane error and madness as ever blinded the heart of a fool. In another month the book will be out. The last part of it has gone in the mail, chapter by chapter, daily. When you have read it, I will present myself at your door for your verdict on it and on me. Till then I stay here in the hills—where sometimes the gray rain falls, and I remember. And I have a word of yours for my hope and my consolation. You said it more than once, and very positively the day I went to my chosen disaster: "I am your wife, Robert Ives; and your sin is powerless to take my wifehood from me." I feed upon that word!

It was that soft-glamored, yellow-lighted hour which the poet calls "gol-

den afternoon." The Marquis was enjoying his coffee and cigarette in the music room where Amourette was dancing to Favard's playing.

"Good! Original! She dances well, the little one. Now come away, Georges, and I will play a *czardas*, and let us see what steps she will take!"

Favard watched for a moment; then he left the room suddenly and came to Joan, who was just descending into the olive walk. She held Ives's book in her hand.

"How old must Amourette be before you will let me speak of love to her?" he demanded.

"You silly boy! She is only a child; and so are you. You will both change in a hundred ways before she is twenty."

"Nevertheless, I desire to marry her. She has a heart like yours—and the temperament of a witch. I shall certainly marry her." And he ran back to watch the dance.

With a smile in heart and eyes, Joan continued her way into the garden, where the silver green branches made long cool shadows on the path, and met Robert Ives at the first turn of the walk. He saw the open book in her hand, and saw new-old fires leap in her eyes and the hue of love flame in her cheek; saw her stand still, leaning her hand on a tree trunk, and look at him in one of her mystic silences of love more eloquent than poet's speech. Presently he said simply:

"I have come—for your verdict."

"It takes long to form verdicts," she said tremulously, "and perhaps longer to pronounce them. And what is it worth to speak of good or bad—when my heart is calling to you and saying: 'I am just your wife, Robert Ives, and my house needs—its master'?"



SOME newly rich manifest their appreciation of education by adorning their libraries with books that are "bound" to please.

A BALLAD OF LONELINESS

By Archibald Sullivan

“**W**HAT will milady take to wear?”
“The little new moon for my braided hair,
And the shadowed dawn on the castle stair.”

“With what will milady bind her feet?”
“The summer stars that are silvered sweet
And the leaf of a lily to tread the street.”

“Where will milady lay her down?”
“Mid the beach leaves yellow, the oak leaves brown,
Where the day rides up to the gates o’ town.”

“What shall we plant at milady’s head?”
“The love of a rose that is kissed with red,
And a branch of willow uncomforted.”

“What shall we lay on milady’s breast?”
“The cool brown earth that the dew hath blest,
And a sunset cloud from the crimson West.”

“What shall we speak on milord’s return?”
“Tell him each day had a fever’s burn,
That the missal of life was hard to learn.”

“Whom shall we set at the eventide
To guard the sleep at milady’s side?”
“The ghost of my babe who hath lived—and died.”



MR. HUFF—Well, did you manage to get a hat to suit you?
MRS. HUFF—Yes; but I had a very trying time.



MANY a fellow who finds that he can’t get to the top compromises by placing himself on a pedestal.

THEIR SENSE OF HUMOR

By Pearl Wilkins

IT was morning on hill and tree and stream, and morning on young Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott's wedding silver, as they sat at breakfast before a sunny bay window overlooking a garden filled mostly with blue flowers.

Mrs. Scott wore a bridal white lace-trimmed morning dress and a blue ribbon in her hair. Mr. Scott wore light gray clothes, tan shoes, lavender hose and a lavender tie with an amethyst pin in it. The coffee was brought in and Mrs. Scott poured out a cup, added to it three cubes from the sugarbowl and handed it to her lord without having to ask, "How many lumps?"

They had been married three months. The honeymoon was over. All the letters of congratulation had been answered. They were in "their own home." The fair young creature in white opposite him was Henry's wedded wife. The handsome young man in gray across from her was Rosamund's lawful husband.

Months ago, before they were even engaged, their brightest mutual dream had been of just such a scene as this. Now the dream had come true.

Mr. Scott dug into his portion of grapefruit with a gloomy air. The gloom was partly because he liked sliced oranges better than grapefruit, and partly because only a few days before he had made a certain discovery. The discovery was that he no longer loved his wife.

And though his fruit was not half as tart as on several previous mornings, the smile on his lips was exceedingly bitter. He had proved the truth of those old saws: "when a couple settle down after the honeymoon, love flies out of the win-

dow"—"when a man marries, his disillusion begins"—"Cupid is a bungo steerer, marriage a gold brick."

The fair young creature at the head of his table was the same fair young creature whom in his visionary bachelor days he used to picture there. Yet now he had not the least desire to let his coffee grow cold while he strode round to her side of the table to seat himself on the arm of her chair and press a long kiss on her white brow.

Though he called himself all kinds of a cold, unfeeling brute, because such were the facts, the facts remained the same. His love had vanished. He had fought against acknowledging it for almost a week, but it was better to be honest with himself. He recalled how in the past he had always flattered himself that his was one of those deep, strong natures endowed with a supreme capacity for an intense, lasting passion. Well, he was a sadder, wiser, more cynical man. He understood now the jokes in the comic supplements. It was like opening his eyes and finding he had become a member of a great secret order, every member of which was pledged never to give away the others.

Then he happened to glance over at his wife and his heart smote him. He even blamed himself because she did not seem to have much appetite, either. There was a pensive droop to her mouth, and her cheek seemed a little less pink than usual. Poor, dear little Rosamund! She was so young, so inexperienced, so utterly in love with him!

Well, she should never know. He did not love her now, but he had loved her once; and because of that, and because of what he had sworn at the altar in the

presence of witnesses, he would, if worst came to worst, enact a living lie to keep the knowledge from her. He—but when you're a benedick of only three months or so, it is not good policy, to say nothing of good manners, to think your own thoughts too continuously at the breakfast table. So, in order to have some sort of conversation, he asked casually: "What did your big brother have to say in his letter?"

"What is it?" Rosamund glanced up with a rather startled expression, as if she, too, had been somewhat obviously pursuing her own thoughts. "Oh—what did Billy have to say?" she inquired in the clear, sweet voice that only a few short months ago had had the power to thrill him through and through. "Why, his letter's all about the glorious time he and Jack Burns and Dewey Templeton and Tom Peacock are going to have up at Jack's father's logging camp. He says they'll live in a shack on the top of a hill and make flapjacks in an iron skillet; and he says to ask you if you don't envy him."

"I? Me?" exclaimed Scott. "I envy him?" He glanced around his buff dining room with its copper and brassware, out at the garden of blue flowers and then at the pink-cheeked girl across from him. "Does he—does anyone dare think that for the society of four low-browed cubs, whose idea of something humorous is to wake you at five A.M. with a pail of cold water dashed into your bunk, and the privilege of washing dishes three times a day, I would give up all this and *you*?"

After all, he did have to go round to her chair, seat himself on the arm of it and kiss her smooth forehead. "Tell Bill I wouldn't envy him if he'd shoot two bucks, seven does and a bear!" he said. He kissed her again and returned to his own chair.

But what a farce it was! He ate an egg in desperate gloom. The egg had no more taste to it than so much wood, but if he did not eat she would notice and want to know what was the matter. So, as he had to go through the motions, anyway, he helped himself to another egg, several slices of crisp bacon, two

buttered muffins, two spread with marmalade, and was just reaching for his fifth when her question arrested his hand.

"Henry," Rosamund asked wearily, "why do you think you care so much for me?"

"Why?" He seized a glass of water and hastily gulped it down. "Great Scott, Rosamund, do you have to ask such a question as that?"

"Yes," she answered firmly. "And I want you to tell me the truth."

His punishment was beginning. Oh, these women who have to be told over and over again how much they're loved, why they're loved and that they'll always be loved!

Feeling the cold sweat bathing his brow, he began: "Well, then, sweetheart, I care so much for you because—because—because you're the dearest, sweetest, most loving little wife in the whole world!"

The recording angel, putting down that noble lie, must have spattered the page with warm tears; but it did not seem to suit Rosamund.

"But that's just your ideal of me," she objected. "I'm really not like that at all. I'm cold and selfish and heartless."

"Sweetheart, I won't have you apply such adjectives to yourself."

"But they're all true, Henry. It makes me feel dreadfully uncomfortable to believe you think so much of me. I wish you didn't!"

The young man stopped in the act of buttering his sixth muffin. "Why?" he demanded with a smile. "Because you think you don't deserve such great good luck?"

But there was no answering smile on Rosamund's lips, and her face was quite white.

"Henry," she said steadily, "you'll have to know it some time, and you might as well know it now. I—I—oh, Henry, I—please forgive me, but I don't love you as a wife ought to love her husband!"

Her coffee spoon clattered in her saucer; her fair young head went down upon her arms; her sobs echoed through the

charming room overlooking the blue flowers.

"Oh, you don't know how ashamed I am! You don't know how I despise myself!"

There was no sound from her young husband's lips. The sixth muffin had dropped from his nerveless hand. He stared across at her stunned. He simply could not believe her.

"Rosamund! I never dreamed—"

"Oh, I hate myself!" she sobbed.

"Rosamund, for heaven's sake—for heaven's sake stop crying and listen to me. I'm not angry. I'm not even heartbroken. I'm—I'm overjoyed! *It's too good to be true!*"

Her head came up. "*Too good to be true!*" Her wet astonished eyes regarded him through her tears. Then she wiped them dry with her lace handkerchief, believing that they deceived her.

For there were no drops of "perspiration standing out like beads" on his brow, no veins "swollen like whipcords"; his face was not "putty gray"; his hands were not trembling, "strong man though he was."

"Henry Scott," she stammered incoherently, "do you mean to say that you—that you feel that way, too?"

"I do," he avowed; and his voice was as exultant as on an occasion, hardly three months ago, when he had said it in answer to an entirely different question.

They regarded each other with startled eyes.

"I suppose it is a terrible thing to say," breathed Rosamund, "but I never was so relieved in my life. It will seem so good not to have to pretend any longer." And with a rather watery smile she stretched out her hand across the table. "'Since love is dead,'" she quoted from some "best seller," "'let's shake hands and be friends.'"

The young man looked a little taken aback. "Good heavens! Is it as bad as that?"

"Isn't it?" Rosamund changed abruptly from gay to grave. "Does my touch, my voice, or even my kiss, thrill you as it used to? When you meet me on the street nowadays, is it as if a great

light shone around you?" She drew a long breath. "Ah, there were two people who tired themselves with too great a love. For them came the inevitable wreck. It was too beautiful to last!" The white damask-covered table between them might have been a flower-filled grave.

There was a regretful silence; then the young man thought of a question he had once heard asked by the hero of a play: "How is this going to end?"

"Heaven knows!"

It was very sad and tragic.

But suddenly Henry looked up from his coffee cup as if struck by a startling thought. "Look here," he began abruptly—"you've not fallen in love with someone else, have you? You're not wishing yourself free to marry Sam Bennet, for instance?"

"Sam Bennet!" Rosamund sat erect, her cheeks pink with anger. "Henry Scott, you insult me! But since you're so quick to be suspicious of me, perhaps you—"

"Rosamund," her lord and master denied sternly, "you know there's no question of that. You know there never has been anybody else for me but you from the first day I saw you, and never will be. If I can't love you I can't love anybody!"

He flung his napkin on the table as if for emphasis, just as the little bronze wedding présent clock on the mantelpiece struck ringingly the hour of nine.

"Great guns, is it that late? I'll have to break all speed laws to catch my car."

They both rose hastily.

"What'll we do about that invitation to dine at your Uncle Peter's this evening? Shall we go?"

"I suppose we'll have to, or Uncle Peter'll never forgive us. But it will be an ordeal, feeling as we do."

Her life partner nodded gloomily. "Will you 'phone, or shall I?"

"Oh, I won't mind," said Rosamund; "I'll do it."

"Well, good-bye, then." He stooped with an obvious intention, but she drew back, flushing a beautiful pink all over her face.

"Oh, you don't have to do that *now!*"

she reminded him. But she walked to the gate with him, at any rate, and waved her hand to him when he reached the corner, and he politely raised his hat. Anyone watching him as he swung briskly down the pleasant suburban street, his tie, his pin, his silk socks all in gorgeous lavender accord, would never have suspected that the taste of life and love on his lips had grown stale as Dead Sea fruit.

As for Rosamund, she stayed out in the garden, played with the expensive brood of white Orpington chicks that Uncle Peter had presented them to grace their backyard, picked a big bunch of sweetpeas and planned a new dress, before she remembered that years ago, in her carefree girlhood before she had ever met Henry Scott, something had warned her that if she ever married she would live to regret it bitterly.

By the time Henry returned that evening her mind was made up about two things: one, that she would wear her lavender marquisette to Uncle Peter's dinner, the other that a separation must be arranged immediately.

"Henry," she began, as soon as he had hung up his hat, "things can't go on as they have been. We can't let them. It would be wrong. This ghastly mistake of ours must be corrected. If one of us were in love with the other, even though the other didn't care at all, you see it would be different—or if either of us were entirely dependent on the other; but, thanks to my father, I'm not, and, thanks to yours, you're not. If you needed me to help you—help you carve out your career, or—or—if we had any children, there would be a good excuse for our staying together. But as it is there is absolutely none. So I've been looking up some of the advertisements in the paper this afternoon, and they all say, 'easy, quick, quiet and in every case successful.'"

Her husband had sunk down on a hall chair. Now he raised a very serious face from the contemplation of the hall carpet. "Rosamund," he declared solemnly, "at three o'clock this afternoon I thought the same as you. I was even thinking the same thoughts.

At four I had completely changed my mind."

"Wh—what changed you?"

"Grandmother, grandfather, your Uncle Peter and Sam Bennet."

"I don't understand."

He explained patiently. "They all visited me at the office this afternoon. Your Uncle Peter asked if he could expect us to be present at his reunion tonight, and then *apologized for asking us!* He said when he and your Aunt Jane were first married, some thirty or forty years ago, and went to housekeeping in a two-room cabin, they were so wrapped up in each other they didn't even care about being invited to a chicken dinner at the minister's house. He said he knew how it was!"

"Oh, poor Uncle Peter!" Uncle Peter's niece exclaimed pityingly.

"That started grandmother and grandfather off," went on her husband, "and for a whole half-hour they related adventures of their own six-hundred-mile honeymoon in a canvas-topped wagon. They said it was the best time they ever had. And they said in the future you and I would treasure the memories of these days as the happiest of our lives."

"If they only knew!"

"Then Sam took his turn. He began by jeering at me about being 'domestic,' and 'settled down'—said the come-on-in-the-water's-fine attitude of newly wedded couples couldn't deceive *him*, and then wound up by taking back everything he'd said and calling me 'the luckiest dog in the world.'"

"Dear old Sam!"

"Grandmother said they were all so happy in our happiness."

"Happy in *our* happiness! If they only knew!"

"But they don't know. They fondly imagine we're two of the most ideally, blissfully, beatifically happy young people who ever survived a honeymoon. As for telling them what we told each other this morning, we might as well tell them we'd contracted smallpox! You see, they have their old-fashioned notions and they wouldn't understand. They'd grieve and worry and fret their hearts out."

"It would kill them," said Rosamund. This self-sacrificing young pair looked into each other's eyes and sighed.

"So for their sakes," declared the noble young husband, "we'll have to go a little slow about taking the paths that lead apart. *We* have no illusions concerning ourselves, but *they* have. Considering what they've done for us, we owe them something. For their sakes we'll have to go on with the farce, though we're both tired of our parts. It'll be a case of, 'fool others—ourselves we cannot fool.'"

"Oh, Henry, you're so noble and so good!"

From force of habit she held out her hand, and from force of habit he took it and pressed it warmly.

"Of course you understand, don't you, Rosamund, that I admire and respect and like you more than any other girl in the world? Of course we're the best of friends?"

"Always."

He lifted her hand to his lips in a most friendly fashion. Then the little clock in their dining room chimed the hour.

"We'll have to be dressing for Uncle Peter's dinner," sighed the young man. "In another hour we'll have to sit and appear radiantly happy while we're dubbed 'turtle doves,' 'spooners,' 'honeymooners,' 'blushing bride and stalwart bridegroom'!" Then, as they both laughed, "Thank heaven," he exclaimed, "whatever else has deserted us, we haven't lost our sense of humor!"



THE IMMORTAL KISS

By Henry Eastman Lower

OFT have I dreamed of that immortal kiss;
The Syrian youth gave to his goddess frail;
Of how his earth warm love could not avail
Against his doom for that one moment's bliss.
And from no more than such a dream as this
Sprang Nineveh and Babylon, pale
Myths of hanging gardens, and many a tale
Of the purple passion of Semiramis.

What matter toil and tears and endless strife
And death, when one chance touch of love can ope
Such glorious vistas to the mortal eye?
So out of dreams comes forth mysterious life,
To decorate the world with golden hope
And paint love's radiance in the eternal sky.



WHEN to pop the question is a question.

OLD ENCHANTMENT

By Clarence A. Bate

MY heart is hungry for the sight
Of June in old Japan,
Of days that, purpling, stain the west
And mellow into night,
Dim, soft and silent,
Of pale wistarias that span,
Reflected, o'er the silent lake
Where goblins in the twilight make
Witchfire—is hungry for the distant hills
Blue in the east where Fuji fills
The farthest gateway to the Blest.
My soul is tired and is bent
To old remembrances that rest
Like those past moonlight misty nights
Near iris pools, flower-phantomed, still.
My soul is longing for the lights
Of moving lanterns up the hill,
And the deep peace within the shrine
Of Buddha's Sacred Self divine.
My soul is weary for Japan.



OUTRIDERS

By Helen Hamilton Dudley

OUTRIDERS of the day come from the sea
Pallid of face, with silver cloaks a-flow,
Creeping across the spray-kissed, dreaming sand,
In ghostly ranks they go.

With muffled hoof and golden spurs at rest,
In solemn file they march: the shadows flee
Like trait'rous spies, before their quiet tread—
The world arises, of night's bondage free.

Outriders of the day come from the sea.

A WHITE MOTH

By Laetitia McDonald

CORNELIA leaned a little farther over the balcony rail, far enough to see the candle-lit tables on the terrace below where late diners sat drinking coffee and toying with cigarettes and liqueurs. She was glad to see them, glad to be near human beings apparently enjoying the hour in which they were living. Being alone with the stars and the ocean, the insidious perfume of wistaria delighting her senses and dulling her understanding, the end of the first act of "Butterfly," beautifully rendered by the hotel orchestra on the terrace, carrying her emotions on waves of melody across fifteen well lived thrill-less years to a springtime when for her there had been a "night of rapture, stars unending"—all this had made joy in the present seem very far away.

"Never have I seen such glory," she was saying to herself, and then it was that she pushed back the wistaria and leaned far over the balustrade. It was, after all, in this world that she must live, in this world with men and women who drank liqueurs and smoked cigarettes. She could make them do other things, she reflected, not without some pride. She had a right to be proud. She had accomplished a great deal in the years since stars had seemed unending.

She had never lost an opportunity. She had stifled all emotions which cried within her for existence, save those which in rare cases might, ably displayed, carry her point. Sometimes she had forced issues by clever simulation of feelings she had not but knew she might well have entertained. Was she a hypocrite? Perhaps, in small things; but her loyalty to her chosen object had never faltered. She had let the fine

statesmanlike brain which lay beneath her heavy dark hair carve her life to fit the channel which she, hand in hand with ambition, had chosen for it to flow in. She was a woman of the world, she told herself, and stars and sea, perfume and music were only beautiful things which she fully appreciated because she was mistress of herself and of any situation into which fate might throw her. People—she looked over those below her—people were things which she used without their knowing it—used to further her chosen design, to help make her what she decided to be—a woman of the great world. Which of these below her, if any, she wondered, would she ever employ, jerk about on a string till they formed a lever to boost her one more round on the ladder she had chosen to climb?

Perhaps the pretty woman with the unmistakably British cast of feature—she would find out about her. Perhaps the boy, whose fine head betrayed gentle birth. Perhaps the man next him, whose—

Everything was dark. She stood very straight and grasped the rail tight. Some strange force was pricking her all over with red-hot needles. Now she was cold—she was unsteady on her feet; those stars were fiendishly bright. That cursed music! She summoned her strength and turned—for she was mistress of every situation—turned and walked to the end of the balcony where her husband sat sipping Curaçoa. As she neared him, the last glorious phrase of the first "Butterfly" finale crashed about her ears.

"Oh, why—why—" she muttered inarticulately, as she slipped into the big

wicker chair which stood empty beside the table holding the coffee service.

John Warden looked up. He rose and made pretense of adjusting cushions for his wife. He had not heard her approach. "What is it?" he asked.

"That music—that 'night of rapture, stars unending'—oh, how I hate it—hate it! They play it wherever I go."

Her husband looked at her in surprise and admiration. Surprise, for her poise was rarely disturbed; admiration, for she was beautiful at thirty-five—beautiful in a calm, statuesque way that maddened him. Her gown of sea blue velvet suited her perfectly, matching her eyes and making her fine white flesh seem to gleam. He had never seen that fair bosom heave as it did now beneath the folds of jeweled tulle, nor did he remember so much fire in the big, heavy-lashed eyes.

He was curious, but he was a diplomat. "It is the most beautiful passage in the opera," he said—then watched his wife keenly.

"It is the most beautiful passage in the world," he heard her say intensely, averting her head. She stared at the sea for a moment, then she looked toward him and smiled, showing her very white teeth.

He concentrated his attention on a cigar. He felt that she was piqued, though there was no sign of it in her almost classic face. He watched her covertly as she poured her coffee, noting the finely made, well-kept hands. They were graceful hands, he thought; and the free movements of her lithe body, as she swayed from her hips to reach sugar or a spoon, possessed for him rare charm. John Warden worshiped his wife; he had never indulged himself in believing that he understood her.

She looked at him, and he leaned forward to pour another liqueur. He believed that she was waiting for him to speak, and, as every diplomatist knows, that is the time to be silent.

Mrs. Warden crossed her knees. She watched her husband sip his Curacao. She heard the waves splashing on the beach below.

The light from their apartments

streamed through a French window at the angle of the balcony, gleamed on the Oriental rugs, and found high lights on the chintz and wicker, played about in the tropical plants and ferns hanging in baskets from the walls, filling corners or dividing spaces in handsome jardinières. It was a picture of luxury and rich indolence. Mrs. Warden realized that it formed an excellent setting for her mature, brilliant beauty, and that she was a fitting crux of interest for the tropic splendor about her.

Except for the dull, gentle roar of the sea, there was no sound. The orchestra had stopped playing. She did not wish to speak, and yet the silence irritated her. She shifted the chintz cushions at her back, and set the coffee cup she had drained on the edge of the table, then she recrossed her knees, considered the jeweled toe of her slipper and looked at her husband.

He was worth looking at—a big man, tall and broad, with a strong, clean-cut face. His brown eyes were kind, his large nose straight with sensitive nostrils. It was the clearness of his skin, the firmness of his flesh, the general big cleanliness of him, which struck an observer. One felt that the muscles which showed under his clothes were hard and ready for action. He was staring off to sea now, comfortably settled in his chair, blowing smoke rings into the still air.

"Must we really be in Washington on Friday?" Mrs. Warden spoke brightly; there was interest in her rich, cultivated voice.

"I must. You can stay on here if you like."

"No," she said quickly, abstractedly; then she was all animation. "Not share your triumph? When it is what we have worked for for twelve years? Oh, John, if you knew how proud of you I am, you would dance, even if you *are* fat. And you are, oh, quite fat! Do you know, John—"

John had risen from his chair and set his glass on the table. He was walking about, and when his wife paused, as she always did when she was going to tease him, and looked at him with a dazzling smile, he interrupted her.

"Do you know, Cornelia, your talk of being proud of me is the veriest conceit! Don't you know that I know that you have done it all, or very nearly? I furnished simply the raw material." He stood directly before her looking into her vivid face, and speaking in a tense, husky voice which betrayed real feeling. Then he went on more evenly.

"But your wisdom and tact have put me where I am today—an ambassador at forty-five. It's a good job, Cornelia."

Cornelia leaned forward. "Oh, I knew—knew you would make good!"

"I—it's you, Cornelia, you know—"

"Oh, John, don't; you make me feel so foolish. If I have helped you to succeed, I am glad—no, not proud, for, after all, I have done only a part of my duty."

She turned, clasping her hands, and leaning heavily on one of the broad arms of her chair. John sat on the other one, and bent over in an effort to see her face.

"What do you mean, Cornelia?" he asked tenderly. She rose quickly, slipping past him, and walked to the top of the steps that led down to the public terrace. She stood there, her back to her husband, who had followed her, and spoke softly.

"Oh, don't you think I know? When I promised you my loyalty and the devotion of my intelligence and energy to your interests, you thought the rest would come. I knew you thought so, and I knew it wouldn't. I cheated you, John." She felt his hand on her arm.

"Yes, I did. I know how much you have wanted what I could not give you, because I hadn't it to give. And now that our schemes have succeeded, that the future we planned to make is a fact, that the Government realizes your splendid work and has rewarded your services so magnificently, I feel—"

John laid both hands on her shoulders, and put his cheek close to hers. "Don't dear, don't."

She wrenched free from his hold, and turned to face him.

"Yes, I will." She was terribly in earnest. "I feel that I am a pretty poor sort to have urged you on and through

you to have gratified my own ambitions, and never to have given you what you had a right to demand of your wife." Her voice sank. It was her hands that sought his now. "And the fact that you were too noble to demand makes it worse even. I almost hate myself." Her lovely face was on a level with his own, and her tragic eyes looked calmly into his. It was hard for him to speak. But he did, a hand on either cheek, that she might not turn from him.

"Dear, you've given me all you promised. If it had not been for you, I should never have made the Philippine investment, should never have received the appointment which gave me my chance. I could never have got where I am now but for you. Why, Cornelia, we are to represent our country abroad, and all because you have had the brains to make capital of your beauty, your charm and your husband."

She took his hands from her face and stood away from him; there was a trace of humility in her usually proud face.

"You are too good to me, John." She spoke very simply. "But you are not quite honest, and you know that not being honest with me is not worth while. I have done all I contracted to do, *but I had no right to make such a contract*, knowing as I did that you thought I would change and knowing that I couldn't."

"Couldn't?" He spoke wonderingly. Couldn't? What is it, Cornelia?" He came close and took her hands again. "What makes you say these things tonight—tonight, when you should be jubilant, when all we have worked for is ours, when our dreams have come true?"

There was silence for a moment. Cornelia's voice was very low. "Our dreams, yes—your dreams, no. My dreams"—with a sharp sigh—"no!"

"Tell me, Cornelia," her husband said firmly.

His wife looked in his eyes and answered simply: "The music took me back fifteen springtimes, and I saw him."

"Saw him! Saw whom?"

Cornelia steadied herself with the high back of a chair, and spoke with diffi-

culty. The man watched her, not a muscle twitching.

"When I married you, John, I was twenty-two. I told you that a man had once made me unhappy, and that you must not ask me about him. You remember?"

She looked at him and he nodded. Then she looked to the sea, and continued:

"And then we went away, as far away as we could go. I used the fine, clear intellect God had given me and filled my life full. You were wise and kind and good. The hurt died. And then tonight I saw him, and the 'might have been' has roused sensations I thought dead." Once more she looked straight at her husband. His face betrayed nothing.

"Where is he?" he asked finally.

Cornelia crossed to the balcony rail, and John followed her.

"There," she said, "at the table with two other men. No, the other table, the one where the moths are hovering."

"His name?"

"Morris Holton," she said very slowly; then she turned and walked to the far end of the balcony where she had first looked over the wistaria. She stood staring out to sea, feeling numbly that this was the climax of her life's curious drama.

John was standing by the table. He took a card from his pocket and wrote a few words on it. Then he struck a bell. A servant came through the French window.

"Take this card to Mr. Holton on the terrace."

The man had got only as far as the staircase when Cornelia caught her husband's wrist in a fierce grip. "What have you done?" she was saying, her face white and terrified. "What have you done?"

"Sent for him." John spoke with obvious effort for the commonplace.

"John, this is madness! In the mood I am in tonight, I can't see him—I mustn't—don't make me! God knows what will happen! John—John, don't go! You mustn't! Don't leave me to

see him alone! Please, John, stay—don't go—"

But he had gently unfastened the fingers which clutched his arms, and was gone. "I sha'n't go far. You will call me when you want me," he had turned in the lighted opening to say, and then passed on to a room beyond. She noted that he shut the door.

"John!" she called feebly. She had started after him, and stood, her hands outstretched, a queer, fearful joy making her heart beat fast—the disapproving, orderly brain contesting with the long chained, just freed, exultant emotionalism. What would happen? She didn't know; she didn't care. It was life; it was fate. A thousand pictures, chimera-like in their vivid ephemeralism, swept through her mind. And then came the voice she had not heard for fifteen years, vibrant, virile, dearly sweet:

"I was informed that Mr. Warden wished to see me here."

Cornelia was calm. She turned slowly, with the easy languorous grace which marked her movements. She raised her jeweled fan, letting it fall open, stick by stick. "I beg your pardon?" she said.

"Cornelia!" The man's voice sounded as though he were pronouncing his own doom. She stepped forward with show of examining his face.

"Oh—Morris!" she cried in apparently pleased surprise. "When did you come?"

"Just this evening. I did not know you were stopping here—else I—"

"Surely, surely," with her friendliest smile, "surely after all these years you need not avoid me. I'm an old lady now"—in a tone which said: "I am radiant; I am beautiful; I am in my glory. Look, and be subjugated." Holton looked and saw what he was intended to see.

"Thirty-four in November, isn't it? And this is March." A white moth had found its way across the wistaria, and fluttered in his face as he finished speaking. His expression changed entirely. A look of grim displeasure held his mouth in a hard line. He brushed the moth away, watched it disappear and

looked again at Cornelia, standing with her velvet draperies as they had swirled about her in her sudden turning, interested, vivid as he remembered her.

"You haven't changed much, have you?" He was thinking that she was even more alluring than the girl he had known.

"Quite a lot. I have gained weight." Her *double-entendre* was not lost.

"Your spirit is the same," the man said, remembering.

"It has yet to be afraid." This with the old proud lift of the head.

"You didn't invite me to your wedding."

"No."

"Why not?"

"I thought you might come."

The bright smile he knew so well was on her face. As she had turned her head, he could see only the contour, edged with a living line of light, but his reawakened admiration filled in the shadow. She had always been pretty. Now she was— But he must speak.

"I am flattered." It was an easy remark, with sufficient meaning.

"Yes, I suppose it was flattering. But I didn't wish to be diverted from my chosen train of action—or thought. Besides, I love to flatter; I do it so nicely. You haven't married?"

"No."

"And you are forty-three in December. You've lived, haven't you?"

Morris Holton's face was grim for a moment. His beautiful mouth was a firm, narrow line drawn far in at the corners. His eyes, so strangely set below his high, intellectual brow, were almost glassy. His square jaw seemed squarer. He took his glasses from his pocket and placed them carefully on the bridge of his rather insignificant nose, which projected suddenly at the base.

"Yes," he said slowly and smiled, showing his singularly even white teeth. "And, I am afraid, not entirely according to the ideals which you set up for me."

Cornelia watched him closely. The sensual nature, indicated when she had known him by the lobeless, faunlike ears set low, almost on his jawbone, was

now traceable in every feature of his ardent, ugly face. He was even better groomed than he had been of old.

"I knew that," she said.

"Knew? How?" Holton was interested. She had always interested him, he reflected, even when she had displeased him.

Cornelia did not say what she had read in his face.

"I knew you hadn't married, and—"

"But that does not necessarily mean that I have erred, does it?"

He walked the width of the balcony twice before she answered him. She noted that the limp which she had fancied she imagined in days gone by was easily perceptible now. But his shoulders were still broad and his back still very straight.

He paused close by her, and looked up a little to meet her eyes. "Does it?" he repeated.

She smiled and spoke deliberately:

"When a man of action reaches forty-five without marrying or accomplishing something to distinguish him, there is usually something of which he is not proud."

Her resort to generality had always irritated Holton. Also the cap fitted sufficiently well for it to rest, at least, on his head. But the argument was worth while.

"That perhaps is true," he agreed, but continued: "Even so, there may be nothing of which he is ashamed."

"Yes, but I hate to see rare silks made into dishcloths. I'm still frivolous, you see." And she laughed the low, infectious laugh which always came when she thought she had scored. But it was Holton's turn next. He did not waste it.

"You are happy?" he said.

"Happy?" Cornelia thought a moment. "I don't think so," she announced quite cheerfully. "I have led a busy, useful, untroubled life. There has been much satisfaction, but no rapture. And you—you have been happy?"

Her inquiry came from her rarely used heart. She wanted to know. Holton did not have to consider. "I don't think so," he answered immediately,

then paraphrased her speech: "I have led an idle, useless, untroubled life; there has been rapture—much, and of many kinds—but no real satisfaction. I have seen every corner of what we call our civilized world, Cornelia." His voice acquired a note of seriousness. "It took that to make me understand that the only corner worth lighting up is one's own home. And in the learning I have become unfit for the lighting." The white moth again brushed in his face, circled about his head.

"You could have been so fine," Cornelia said softly. And the man answered earnestly, looking at her intently: "I needed to be pushed."

The moth came close by his eyes. He struck at it, and it flew away to trace larger circles about him, but circles which, however large, seemed never to include the woman who stood so near him, leaning on the high back of her husband's chair, playing with the lights caught in her fan and her rings. She was smiling to herself, heeding Holton not at all. His face was dark.

"I am growing superstitious about this thing. Everywhere I go, it seems to me, a white moth flies in my face, hovers near me. Is it a sign of death or riches?"

Cornelia laughed. "You would welcome either?"

"Equally. The monotony of continued variety is palling."

Cornelia laughed aloud, and stretched out her arms into the night.

"Oh, you are just as you were," she said; and then, in a different tone: "There is your moth again." For the little white-winged intruder had returned, and once again was flying in circles around Morris's head. He struck at it, and it flew out of sight. He watched it disappear with a strange expression which interested Cornelia.

"It is a pretty, innocent little thing," he said presently, "but I hate it, somehow. It has come to have a sinister association."

Cornelia lifted her fan and once more let it fall slowly open. She watched it attentively, and then said crisply: "There is a Hindoo superstition that

brown moths are the souls of wronged women come back to earth to haunt the men who made them happy and let them be wretched." She looked hard at Holton's face. He laughed uneasily.

"Thank God," he said, "I've nothing like that on my conscience. But then," with seriousness, "my moth isn't brown."

"No," Cornelia answered slowly, her voice very low; "it is white."

Her tone startled Holton. "And what does a white moth mean?" he pursued.

"Would you really like to know?"

"Why—why, yes."

She did not speak for a moment. She looked to the sea and up at the stars, then she stepped closer to Holton, so that he had to turn his head that his cigarette smoke might not blow in her face. She looked in his eyes and spoke very low, her hands clasped behind her, her head very high.

"Do you remember one March afternoon fifteen years ago? I was twenty then. I suppose you have forgotten. It was about dusk. I wore a blue satin gown, as near the color of my eyes as I could get it; you said it matched exactly. You came in from the office. Oh, but you were gentle and strong. You took me in your arms; I remember now what you said to me—'And now that you have me so pleasantly attached to you, what are you going to do with me?'

"And how your voice sounded! Sweeter, I think, than anything I have ever heard. 'What do you want me to do with you?' I asked you. I stroked your hair, your dear curly hair. It's all gone now, isn't it? There was such a lot of it then. And I prayed for you to answer as I wished. You said, 'What you will.' And I answered, 'I will always love you.' And you kissed me. Then, you remember, the telephone rang. It rang five times. Finally I left your arms to go. It was Nannie and Steve, our young friends who had eloped. They made a mess of things, didn't they? I felt then that we, you and I, were soon to be married, and that I was yours, body and soul, for always. We dined with the bride and groom—you

remember? I spilled my coffee. And then you and I went to the park. It wasn't at all proper, but I didn't care—I loved you so. And you kissed me and kissed me and kissed me, until I was afraid and ran away from you. I stood with my back against a great tree, and looked at the stars and prayed—prayed God to send me a son to inherit the glory of the love I felt for you and the godlike qualities with which my love endowed you. Then you called me, and I came back to you. You did not mention marrying me. I thought you did not think it necessary. You kissed me and kissed me, and the stars shone on and on. And then I remembered to go home.

"I could not sleep for happiness. In the morning I realized things: that you had not asked me to marry you, and I had made you know I loved you. 'But he will,' I told myself. You never did—never did; and you neglected me and I grew ill. I went away, and when I came back you did not come to me. And I, time having punctured the thousand reasons my loving heart found, realized you never would—and grew up. My youth died. I gave it to you—and you starved it.

"But I was a strong woman, so I 'bucked up.' I cultivated my mind, every side of it. I met John. He loved me, and I promised him loyalty, affection and devotion. I have kept my word. We have not had children, because I could not feel as I felt that night. 'Night of rapture, stars unending'—that part of 'Butterfly' always makes me sad, for I dream of that night, of you and the son I wanted so. He would have been so handsome and strong, and—"

Holton had stood motionless during this speech, finding it hard to meet the eyes which never left his face. Her voice sank until it was so low that he could hardly distinguish the words. But he knew what she said. He stood all he could, then he caught her wrist.

"Cornelia, this is frightful—stop!" The woman's voice ceased, and the man's, low and husky as hers had been, went on:

"This is frightful. You must not say

such things. I never quite knew—but, oh, God, what might have been!" He looked in her eyes a full minute. Then he realized that he had dropped his cigarette. He lighted another with hands which he feared trembled. He glanced at Cornelia, anxious to see just what indication of her curious mental state there might be in her face.

The white moth flew between them. "Cornelia"—it was hard for him to speak—"is that—what you meant?"

"Yes," she answered him, her eyes no longer on his face. "The spirit of my wronged youth;" and then, breathed in a sigh: "the ghost of my life's magic."

Morris Holton turned from her and slowly paced the balcony, his head bowed. The moth followed, flying round and round him. Cornelia watched him. How she had loved him! Then she laughed, for the verb was in the past tense. She saw him look helplessly at the moth. Pity surged in her soul. She went to him, standing with him in the shadow, while the little white-winged ghost thing flew in circles, now in the light from John's door, now in the shadow with the man she had loved. She stretched out her arms into the light; the moth flew round it—once, twice—and then hovered, settled on her forefinger. Quickly she threw over it a lace scarf that had been around her shoulders. She stepped into the light and looked toward Morris.

"It won't bother you again. I have it now."

He said nothing.

She unfastened a long diamond bar, her husband's wedding gift, from the front of her corsage, holding the moth securely in the lace. Then, having carefully disentangled her prisoner, she ran the pin through its body. She seemed to feel the death shiver when life left the frail little organism.

"See," she said, "it can haunt you no more. I have it now, powerless but still beautiful, an innocent, lovely thing—quite dead, for you to look at when you like. I killed it without breaking a wing."

She held it toward him. He did not take it, but opened his arms, and when

he stepped toward her into the light, she saw that his face was alive with longing.

"Cornelia, I—"

"No, no," she cut him short. "Don't."

He dropped his arms and looked at her in amazement. Her face seemed illumined. There was something uplifting behind her shining eyes.

"Listen," she said. "Just since I have seen you, and have learned what you have done with your life, I have realized what is the true heritage which we women hold for God in trust for our children. It is the sound health, clear intelligence and fine spirit of normal womanhood." She looked very proud, and then a playful, fanciful smile hovered round her mouth. "Youth's rapture—a foolish, exquisite, elusive thing—a white moth to flutter and die on the point of a pin—a spirit to spoil our dreams until it is destroyed by real man-and-woman love." She looked at Holton. He read triumph in her smile, and felt weak and small.

"John," she called softly, and then again, and louder, "John!"

Morris Holton stood with his back to her. "Don't you want to know my husband?" she said close by his ear. "He's coming."

"No," he answered, and turning, held out his hand. "I shall take the pretty thing and go. It stands for something you think should have been John Warden's. But it is mine, and he can't take it from me—this innocent, lovely thing, which I may look at when I like. But he has—God knows, he has enough—has what should have been mine—what *would* have been had I known enough to seize it when it was in my grasp. Good-bye, Cornelia—you are a wonderful, wonderful woman." He raised her hand to his lips and kissed it reverently, then laid in it the pin which had killed the moth.

"Good-bye," she said, and did not turn to see him go down the steps and

away forever. She was looking toward the doorway through which John must come. And when he came she went toward him and took his hands and kissed him.

"You called me, dear?"

"Yes."

"You look so happy."

"I am. He has taken away the thing that was between us."

John Warden was a clever man. He gathered his wife in his arms and kissed her many times.

"John," came presently in a muffled voice from his shoulder.

"Yes, dear."

"John. Have them play 'Butterfly'—the glorious part, the 'night of rapture, stars unending'—"

"I thought you hated that."

"I did, but not—not now."

John put her from him to look into her face. Then he walked to the edge of the balcony, never releasing her hands, and called to the musicians. He turned and sat in a big chair, and tried to pull her down onto its broad arm. But she slipped to her knees on the floor before him, and her arms went round his neck.

"Not now?" he repeated, when her face was close by his own, and the love music came to them across the wistaria.

"Not now," she whispered—"not—not when the arms about me are real, and the mouth that I kiss is yours, John—my husband."

John, still grasping her hands, let her sway far back till her head almost touched the velvet train lying heaped behind her. Then he drew her to him again, and held her close in his strong arms.

When Morris Holton reached the last of the steps which led from the balcony, he dropped something white and small. Then he ground it beneath his heel.

"Damn fools, women!" he said.

That night he drank a great deal.



CARBOLATED CAROLINE

By Harvey Worthington Loomis

“GOOD morning! Have you used it,
The disinfecting spray?”
‘Twas thus denatured Carrie
Gave greeting every day.

She held in detestation
Bacteria and germs,
And had a firm conviction
That most of them were worms.

She feared to harbor microbes,
Regarding them as pests,
Submitting all her actions
To hygienic tests.

So when she handled subjects
She wasn’t sure were good,
She used an antiseptic
As quickly as she could.

She bottled her emotions
In jars of listerine,
So all her meditations
Were chemically clean.

She held with many others
That all that was was vile,
And turned on all her doubters
A prophylactic smile.

But laughter was contagious—
She knew this very well;
An antidote was handy,
A chloride caramel.

Miss Carrie kept at distance
Inoculated swains;
As most of them were lobsters,
She feared they had ptomaines.

THE SMART SET

The honey of her accents
 She always analyzed,
 And took piano lessons
 To have them sterilized.

'Twas always such a comfort
 When every piece was through,
 To know that every measure
 Was sanitary, too.

Before this maiden enters
 Her mansion in the skies,
 She'll have it "health-inspected"
 And put Saint Peter wise.

She'll vaccinate the angels,
 And fumigate their wings,
 And put her rubber gloves on
 To thrum the golden strings.



NOCTURNE

By Pierre Vivante

LONG twilight shadows and one star that shines
 Low in the sky, and through the darkness croon
 Sweet winds of night among the steepled pines,
 And in the west hangs, silver-horned, the moon.

Deep down within me speaks unfilled desire,
 The striving of my soul to break its chains,
 The low-voiced chanting of the forest choir
 A haunting minor melody sustains—

And then your face, like a pale flower, seems
 To bend o'er me from the soft purple sky,
 And fills the imagery of those dear dreams,
 Ah, God, that are too sweet, too sweet to die!



HUNGRY HARRY—Ma'am, I'd like a square meal.

LADY OF THE HOUSE—All right; here's a soda biscuit and a lump of domino sugar.

IVY'S CHANCE

By Patience Bevier Cole

SADE was tired, very, very tired. In all her thirty-eight years she could scarcely remember a time when she had not been tired; but tonight she was especially so.

Sade sold woodenware in a department store basement. She had held that important post for several years, and was counted a faithful and competent person. She could tell you offhand, without turning them upside down to read the mark, the exact price of every rolling pin and ironing board and potato masher in her section. But there is little of inspiration for one's finer moments in woodenware, and Sade, footsore and fagged, lacking the vivacity to become a demonstrator and the looks requisite for the more attractive departments upstairs, continued to preside over section H in the basement, for a weekly wage of six dollars. Could the proprietors have been thinking of the payroll, when they worded the great sign which hung over Sade's head, extending the width of the building? "Underprice Basement," read the sign.

Now the air in a department store basement lacks much of that sweet freshness we are wont to associate with April; and when it's an early spring, and April is piping hot; and when the management ordains a special sale of ladder chairs (a neat contrivance that doubles itself over backward and forms a wobbling ladder, or, if you choose, obligingly doubles itself over forward and forms an impossibly uncomfortable chair); and when an April downpour adds the reek of dripping umbrellas and wet skirts and soaked shoe leather to the hot stench of the throng who desire to possess themselves of ladder chairs, you can see for

yourself that the effect is not wholly bracing to the clerk in charge. So Sade was extra tired. And she was worried about Ivy.

Ivy was her sister—a slim, frail, pretty thing, nineteen years old, a neat, stylish, discontented little piece, of a scornful elegance that very nearly awed even Sade, set her absolutely aloof from the three boys, her brothers, and estranged the few old family friends that Sade occasionally visited on Sundays and holidays.

Ivy had been peevish and blue of late, and Sade felt a vague uneasiness which she could not explain but could not escape. Since Sade had spent the whole of Ivy's nineteen years in shielding her from the sordid drudgeries and pinchings of their station, she naturally expected the girl to be happy.

Sade alighted heavily from the cross-town car at Third Avenue, hoisted her wet umbrella and hobbled to the sidewalk. She half paused before the corner drugstore. Her feet were killing her, and her liniment bottle was empty. But she had decided upon a new suit for Ivy to cheer the girl up, and she went on resolutely. At the delicatessen shop she did the day's marketing, purchasing a quart of potatoes, a string of frankfurters, a chunk of cheese and bread for dinner, besides a dozen sticky and bilious-looking rolls for tomorrow's breakfast. She half sat, half leaned against a barrel, while the slovenly clerk tied up her purchases. The whole store was dirty and the foods far from tempting. Sade patronized the store because it wasn't out of her way. When your feet ache, you don't willingly go out of your way. Anyhow, this store was as clean as any in the

block. A child came in to get a quart of milk in a pitcher and some dill pickles. As an afterthought, Sade added five cents' worth of dill pickles to her menu. Ivy was fond of dill pickles.

It was four flights up to the Peterson flat. Sade had to rest on every landing, sagging wearily against the wall and panting. At each stop she could hear and smell the evening activities of the two families on that floor—phonograph and boiled cabbage second floor front; baby crying and chopping (probably hash, perhaps slaw) second floor rear; family debate and fried onions third floor front, etc.

There were no sounds nor pleasant dinner odors issuing from the fifth front. Sade laid her bundles down on the stairs that led up to the roof, and dug her key out of a rusty leather handbag. It was half past six, but the other members of the Peterson household always remained discreetly away until about seven. By that time Sade usually had dinner ready.

It was dark and close in the little four-room flat. Sade stopped in the first room, laid her bundles down on a bed and lighted a feeble flame of gas in the hall. It was expensive, this burning a hall light, and foolish, when the hall just goes straight along and you couldn't possibly run into anything, because there isn't anything except the two walls to run into. But Ivy railed at poverty and Sade and darkness and life in general if the gas wasn't lighted. So Sade lighted it, turning it low.

The dill pickles had trickled their brine down over Sade's skirt, and she had to wash the wet spots and hang the skirt over a chair to dry. Even a department store basement demands something of one in the matter of dress. Then she got off her corsets and shoes, donned a kimono and some old slippers, gathered her bundles from the bed (where the dill pickles had done their worst for Sade's pillow) and sluffed along the hall to the kitchen.

It was not an attractive spot. The breakfast table stood as they had left it. Sade had never been successful in getting the family up to breakfast in time for her to wash the dishes before

starting to work. She found a pan and a knife, and sat down to peel the potatoes. Every night she bought a quart of potatoes, and every night, as now, she set them boiling as soon as she got home. Buying potatoes by the quart isn't an economical way to market, and boiling them three hundred and sixty-five and a fourth times a year isn't exactly the way Mrs. Rorer or the Teachers' College young ladies would go about it to achieve variety. But it was the only way Sade knew, and it was a matter of virtuous pride to her that no matter how tired she was, she "set 'em down to a good hot meal once a day."

When the potatoes were on the fire, Sade leaned perilously out of the one window and hauled in the clothes from the pulley line, where she had hung them that morning. Ivy was wearing white waists now, and it made more washing. The clothes were wetter than when she had hung them out in the morning.

"F I don't have the darndest luck days I wash!" grumbled Sade, festooning the dripping garments about the little kitchen on a rope which she stretched from window to doorway.

By this time Ed and Elmer had come in. Ed worked in a factory, and Elmer was a ticket chopper in a downtown subway station. The third brother, Charlie, dazzlingly arrayed in white duck jackets that Sade "did up" nights and Sundays, served at a drugstore soda fountain and did not reach home until about midnight. Ed went on into the little parlor to finish reading his paper. Elmer stood in the doorway of the kitchen to tell his woes to Sade.

He was younger than Ivy by a year or so, a sullen, shambling boy with whole baskets of chips unsteadily balanced on his sagging shoulders. Poor Elmer had arrived late in Mrs. Peterson's long and strenuous maternal career, when there had seemingly been left no place nor money nor love for another small Peterson. Sade, the oldest of the family, had patiently tended a long procession of baby brothers, some of whom waxed fat and strong and harder to tend, others of whom grew thin and weak and easier to

manage, until they ultimately relaxed their feeble hold on life altogether. Then, when that seemingly endless string of male infants had reduced poor Sade to the last extremity of overworked, round-shouldered, bitter-hearted despair, along had come Ivy, pink and plump and adorable, golden-haired, curly-haired, sweet-tempered—and a *girl!* Life took on a new aspect. Here at last was an infant worth slaving for. During nineteen years Sade had worshiped her, worked for her, skimped for her, petted her, spoiled her, with a dogged determination that Ivy should "have a chance" of youth and joy, as she herself had not.

Elmer, arriving just when the radiant Ivy had reached the zenith of babyhood, and, with unexpected charms and cunning, adorable ways that none of her brothers had ever shown, had reduced the entire family to a delighted and willing servitude—Elmer, then, squalling, peevish Elmer, had found small favor in the eyes of his family, and had been regarded as nothing less than an intruder and a personal grievance by his unwilling nursemaid, Sade. Of course she had long since ceased to blame him for his involuntary presence in a world and in a family where there seemed no place for him. But she had little sympathy or understanding for his boyish notions and grievances.

Elmer was garrulous and ugly tonight. He had had a quarrel with the ticket seller at his station, and that individual had vowed to "lose his job" for him.

"For the land's sake, keep civil to 'im!" entreated Sade, adding a little more coffee to the morning's dregs and filling up the pot at the faucet. "I can't have you loafin' around outa work two or three months like you was last time you lost yer job."

"Aw, I c'n find plenty more jobs," asserted Elmer loftily. "I ain't goin' ta stand anybody's back talk, let alone that ole Dutchman." He launched forth once more into a voluble recital of his wrongs.

"Well, I kin tell you they's *one* party that'll give you back talk if you dare

show yer face here without a job, an' you can jest keep that in mind. I got all I c'n do now to keep the rent paid on this here flat. You ain't earnin' so much, as it is!"

"Whatta we got to have a front flat for, anyway?" demanded the boy sullenly. "We ain't never home much, 'n' that front room ain't no use."

The "front room" was the pride of Sade's heart, next to Ivy. Ivy, indeed, was its *raison d'être*.

"Shame on you, Elmer Peterson, for a stingy brute," cried Sade indignantly, "if you begrudge yer young lady sister a decent place to receive her gentlemen friends in! I guess we c'n do that much fer the pore child. A girl that woiks has a hard 'nuff time any way you fix it. Makes me so mad to see girls not half so pretty as Ivy with rich folks to support 'em an' nothing to do but dress an' gad. 'Tain't fair!' Sade, dodging about amid the festoons of dripping clothes, glared at Elmer and fell to slicing the bread with unnecessary energy.

"Plenty girls better-lookin' 'n Ivy has to work, an' nobody pities 'em ner pets 'em to death at home, neither," returned Elmer resentfully.

"That's right, Sade," chimed in Ed, coming from the parlor. "You do make a nawful fool o' Ivy, an' she's so lazy an' stuck-up she makes me tired. Lotta good she is here in the flat! Every button she gets she spends on her rags, an' all she thinks of is to fix up an' chase around nights to shows an' dances."

"She's gotta have some pleasure," cried Sade. "Do you want 'er to git to be a nbole wore-out tack like *me!*?" Sade's scorn of herself was magnificent. "Every young kid oughtta have a chance. I never had none, cause they was allus you brats o' boys to tie me to home, with pore maw most workin' herself to death, an' paw allus drunk's a lord. I never had no clothes, ner excursions, ner gentlemen friends, ner pleasures that a girl wants. It uz allus stay home an' dig fer mine. But I set out quite some years ago to give Ivy a chance, *an' she's goin' to have it*, without any o' yer put-in."

Sade jabbed a potato vigorously with a fork, to see if it was cooked, and glanced

anxiously at the clock. It was long past time for Ivy to be home.

"All right; 's your funeral, not mine," returned Ed, drawing a chair up to the table. "But take it from me, yer a big fool to do all the woik an' let her run the streets. The more chance you give 'er, the more stuck-up an' smarty she'll git, an' then likely not turn out so good, after all. They's a piece in the paper jist tonight about a millionaire girl that's went an' ran off with the shover. Lot a good it done *her* folks to give her such a good chance an' money an' all. Disgraced 'em, that's what *she* has! Why don't we eat?"

Sade set the food on the table, and the two boys, eager to be off for their evening's recreation on the streets, fell upon it hungrily, while Sade went into the front room to lean from the window and look for Ivy. It wasn't like Ivy to be late for dinner. It would make her late in dressing for the evening, late in starting off. Ivy hated to spend an evening at home, and only did so when the construction or renovation of her wardrobe made it absolutely necessary. But usually Sade was left alone, to wash the dishes, clean the flat, sew and iron, while Ivy, charmingly attractive in her cheap little duplicates of the suits and hats and neckwear that she envied on the patronesses of the ribbon counter where she clerked, rushed away from the sordid noisiness of Third Avenue to the feverish delights of Broadway. Sometimes she went alone, often with some girl chum who would ring the Peterson bell and wait below, sometimes with a "gentleman friend." Sade knew little of Ivy's friends, other than what she had been able to observe as she leaned from the fifth story window and gazed down upon their unconscious headgear as they departed with Ivy.

The boys, scraping back their chairs in the kitchen and noisily banging the outside door of the flat, roused Sade from her weary drooping in the front window. She came back into the kitchen. It was half past seven o'clock. She poured herself a cup of the murky coffee and sank into her chair by the table. A dozen vague fears began to clamor at her heart.

She buttered a slice of bread, dejectedly folded it around a piece of cheese and munched the clumsy sandwich. The boys had left a few potatoes in the dish. They were cold and soggy, and Sade eyed them apathetically. If Ivy came, they would have to be fried up for her. Ivy was so touchy about her eating. Maybe somebody had taken Ivy to a "swell" café uptown for dinner. Sade hoped so. But she set the cold potatoes away on a saucer, along with the cheese and bread, in case Ivy *should* come. Then she washed the dishes, swept the kitchen floor, made the beds in the two close little bedrooms and ironed a blouse which had, luckily, been washed and dried the day before. Sade herself wore mere waists, picked up at bargain basement sales for seventy-nine cents or thereabouts. But Ivy, daintily measuring off ribbons in one of the most exclusive shops, wore blouses, of a simplicity which Sade could scarcely understand, considering the prices, and a delicacy which made her downright uneasy about ironing them.

In spite of her vague alarms, Sade persuaded herself that Ivy had been invited somewhere to dinner and later gone to a "show." By half past eight she gave up listening for Ivy's key in the door, and settled down to work with less anxiety. At eleven, when Ed and Elmer came home, she was mending Ivy's thin little shoddy silk stockings, that fell into holes with one wearing, and actually feeling happy that Ivy was having a nice evening, and that the rain had stopped. The boys tumbled into bed, and Sade presently sought her own dill-pickled pillow. If Ivy were with a gentleman, they would likely stroll a bit after the "show" and have a bite to eat somewhere.

Charlie, coming home about twelve, wakened Sade, and she lay for a time on her lumpy mattress, listening for Ivy. The girl ought to be in soon; she was very careful of her looks, and always tried to secure herself sufficient rest to keep her skin fresh and her eyes bright. She rarely went to dances, partly because they robbed her of too much sleep, partly because she scorned the cheap

crowd to be found in public dance halls. Ivy had a taste for aristocracy. Sade hoped Ivy was having supper at some very smart restaurant.

A milkman in the court awakened her, hours later, and she was horrified to find, upon consulting her alarm clock, that it was past three o'clock, that the gas in the hall was still burning and that Ivy was not yet home. There was a possibility that she had gone to spend the night with some girl, though guest chambers are not common in Third Avenue establishments. Sade's fears came trooping back, the whole ugly pack of them. She lay awake till morning, with a splitting headache and the heaviest heart she had ever known. It seemed dreadful to suspect Ivy—but Ivy was so young and so pretty, and so discontented—and she hated poverty so—

In sober daylight the terrors of the night lessened somewhat, and Sade made ready for the day's work without imparting her fears to the boys. Indeed, when Charlie inquired, "Where's Ivy?" Sade calmly wiped up the yolk of her fried egg with a bit of roll and answered carelessly: "Oh, she stayed all night with one o' them girls she runs with all the time." "Which girl?" pursued Charlie, all pleasant interest. "Oh, that girl at her counter—Moitle, I guess 'er name is," returned Sade, rescuing the last roll, to serve later as her luncheon.

At ten o'clock she left her counter in temporary charge of a friendly neighboring clerk and slipped away to telephone to Ivy's store. With thumping heart she waited in the hot little booth for Ivy's voice to reassure her that all was well. The operator at the other store, a mile uptown, presently reported glibly that "Miss Peterson has not been at the store for two days," and rang off. Poor Sade reeled out of the telephone booth and found her way gropingly back to her counter. Two days! It was almost a shock to find, after all that gigantic revolution and crash of her whole universe, that the same washboards and chopping bowls and clothes bars were there in their same places, and that the same girl at the next counter was demonstrating her silver polish with the same

sprightly enthusiasm. Two days! She couldn't have run away—she hadn't taken any extra clothes along. . . . "No, madam, the glass rolling pins are at the glass counter, five aisles over. Only wooden ones here." . . . There were the hospitals—why hadn't she thought of that before? "Them ottymobiles are always runnin' folks down." . . . "No, madam, the high chairs are in the furniture department, on the fifth floor." . . . Two days! That meant yesterday, too, yesterday when it rained. Ivy hadn't even gone to work yesterday morning, then. . . . "It not only cleans your silver, but replates it as well." . . . And Sade had actually gone to bed last night, and *slept*, and Ivy hadn't been at work all day yesterday! . . . "Yes, certainly it does, madam—*plates* as well as polishes. Sure; it says so here on the box." . . . Ivy was so little and quick it wouldn't be like her to get run over. . . . "No, madam, ladder chairs are a dollar twelve today—the sale was just yest'day." . . . Still, maybe Ivy was dying now at some hospital—why hadn't she looked at Charlie's newspaper to see who was run over yesterday? . . . "My lands, Sade, 'd'you notice that dame's transformation? Say, it was certainly swell! I seen 'em in the fashion supplement Sunday—they're the very latest. Wonder what she's doin' down here, buyin' kitchen stuff?" . . . Oh, God, where was Ivy?

Sade somehow lived until noon. Then she reported at the desk, and regardless of "docked" wages, got excused for the remainder of the day on the plea of illness. In truth, she was ill, from apprehension and worry. All during the hot afternoon she searched, going the round of the free hospitals, where the city's injured are cared for. She found no trace of Ivy, and at last, late in the afternoon, she went to Ivy's store to inquire of the girl's friends. It came to her with a shock that she didn't know any of Ivy's friends; that, in spite of her patient efforts and savings to furnish a suitable "parlor," the girl had almost never entertained any one in it. Whisking in and out of the little Third Avenue flat, remaining there only long enough to sleep,

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dress and eat, Ivy had remained a stranger in her own home, an alien in her own family. And now Sade was utterly at a loss as to whom to turn to in her search. She was stubbornly determined not to appeal to the police, for such an appeal would involve newspaper publicity, and that would spoil Ivy's chance of the respectable life that Sade coveted for her girl. Poor Sade! She had not many aspirations beyond holding her job and keeping the rent paid, but she craved quiet respectability as much as Ivy craved excitement and luxury. But oh, she *must* find Ivy! And before night! It would be dreadful to have to confess Ivy's absence to the boys, who were always so down on the poor child, anyway.

At the handsome Thirty-fourth Street store, Sade wandered, timid and deprecating, until she found the ribbon department. She felt—and was—out of place among the crowd of fashionably dressed shoppers. She wasn't used to this sort of store at all. She felt as though she had intruded upon some smart social affair. The elegance of the shop furnishings, the lordly looks and manner of the floor-walkers, the faultlessly attired girls behind the counters, all filled her with awe. No wonder Ivy wanted fine clothes! Stores weren't like this down on Fourteenth Street.

Sade sank down, a limp, dowdy figure, upon a stool before the ribbon counter, to await the attention of the two princesses in charge. They glanced at her carelessly, and after their customers had been served and there was a temporary lull, drifted down to the other end of their counter, where they stood preening themselves daintily and gossiping. Sade dragged herself from her stool and followed them. They turned to regard her coldly as she leaned across the showcase of gay ribbons and put her question: "Do either one o' you girls know Ivy Peterson?"

"What?" demanded the taller princess indifferently.

"Do you know anything 'bout Ivy Peterson, that works at this counter?"

"Oh, Miss Peterson. What about her?"

"Are you girls her friends? D'you go places nights with 'er?"

The girls rolled their eyes at each other and laughed amusedly.

"What's it *to* you?" asked the short one. "You her mother?"

"No, I ain't her mother," snapped Sade. "I'm 'er great-great-gran'father, an' I want to know where she's at. *Do you know?*"

The passionate suffering appeal in Sade's voice was quite lost upon the two shopgirls. One draped herself gracefully upon a corner of the high showcase, supporting her chin upon very pretty hands with very pink nails. The other stood with her hands lightly resting on her slim hips, her hard, appraising eyes scornfully taking Sade in, from the top of her rusty last year's hat to the point where the somewhat drabbled black skirt vanished below the counter. Then she spoke, icily.

"Say, madam, don't get gay to *me*. 'F you wanna be waited on, all right. But this ain't no witness stand. I guess you better beat it."

The tears came into Sade's tired eyes. "Oh, Lord, girls, don't be so mean! Don't you see? Ivy's *lost*, I tell you—I jest gotta find 'er. Don't you know where she might be? Don't she run around evenin's with you?"

"Well, I should hope not—that kid! She ain't got the clothes, fer one thing, an' she ain't got the friends, fer another, to go with *us*! She hangs around the doorways o' places we go in at. She's stage-struck, that's what she is—always hangin' round them vaudeville houses. S'pose she'll be goin' on with an ac' of 'er own one o' these days." She laughed at her wit, raising a loving hand to touch her immaculate and magnificent coiffure.

"Then you don't know where she's at?" faltered Sade, gazing from one to the other.

"Sure we don't. We don't run no kindergarten to look after fool kids, do we, Lou?"

The tall princess moved off to the other end of the counter where a customer had stopped. The other carefully removed herself from her position on the showcase, flicked delicately at the lace of her smart jabot and cocked her shapely little head at Sade.

"I don't know where she's at, but I know this: she's lost her place, all right. Mr. Sweeney was hot w'en she never showed up here to work yest'day, you c'n believe me. Nothin' makes 'im so mad as to have a saleslady in his department lay off without leave. She's fixed *herself*, all right, you c'n tell 'er. . . . Velvet ribbon, madam? No, I can't give it to you in a coral; would a pink do?"

Sade turned dejectedly away. Outside, in the gay afternoon throng on the avenue, she stood on the curb and wondered despairingly what to do next. It was after five. Newsboys were calling the evening editions—"Join'l, *World*, *Globe* 'n' *Sun!* Wealthy s'ci'ty girl lost! Detectives scourin' two contynets! Piper, sir?"

Detectives! Oh, if Sade only had the money to hire detectives! But detectives, like yachts and boxes at the Opera, are expensive luxuries, and were not to be thought of. When the poor lose their girls, alas, there is no hope but in the police, and Sade had a very wholesome horror of the police. The Petersons, if poor, had at least remained decently obscure and virtuous enough to be unknown in court circles.

Hanging from her strap on the crowded crosstown car, Sade gathered her tired mental faculties together and planned her campaign. In the first place, she was resolved upon keeping her worry from the boys, at least until tomorrow. It did not seem likely that she could count upon them for either sympathy or assistance, and she felt that she could not endure the discouragement of their jeers, inruendos, "I-told-you-so's" and the brutally frank construction they would inevitably put upon Ivy's non-appearance. So Sade must go home, get the dinner as usual, avert suspicion from Ivy by another trumped-up tale, and then, acting upon the tip unconsciously given by Ivy's erstwhile comates of the ribbon counter, she would set out to make the rounds of the vaudeville theaters. It all seemed very vague and futile, yet she was fiercely determined to keep Ivy's secret for her as long as possible.

Dismally absorbed in her anxiety,

Sade mechanically transferred at the proper street, alighted at her own corner, made her customary purchases at the delicatessen shop and plodded up her weary flights.

It was while she was getting off her shoes, sitting slumped down inertly on the foot of the tumbled bed, that she became suddenly conscious of an unusual disorder in the little bedroom. Sade was not a finicky person, and she was long accustomed to chaos in her domestic arrangements; but this was chaos raised to the *n*th degree and it flagged even Sade's indifferent attention. The drawers of the old bureau all hung out in varying degrees of untidiness. The limp cretonne curtains of the wardrobe, which Sade had improvised out of a board shelf with a row of nails underneath, were now flung back, one looped over the gas jet, the other over the cross-eyed little mirror; and the nails were bare, most of them, save for Sade's faded kimono, Sade's other skirt (her *old* one!), Sade's threadbare winter coat and Sade's fifty-nine-cent nightgown, which depended, on a nail by itself, in melancholy lines, as though it had gathered some of Sade's weariness into its scant folds. On the bed were tossed odds and ends of apparel, shabby gloves and shoes and collars of Ivy's, old waists pinned full of holes at the belt, a murky rainbow heap of soiled ribbons.

Sade was one of those sandy-haired women who flush easily and hotly. The red flamed up now over neck and cheek and brow, and she forgot the hideous soreness of her callous places as the meaning of this upheaval grew clear in her mind. Ivy had been at home! Sometime during that day, while she, Sade, had searched in agonizing fear and despair, Ivy had come home, to ransack the flat, sort over her meager belongings and take away the best of them! Ivy was neither ill nor run over nor detained, then, but had deliberately left home—and not even done that openly and decently, but had *sneaked* away! The sting of this new pain brought the hurt tears smarting into Sade's tired eyes. *Sneaked* away, that's what she'd done, as though Sade were her worst enemy,

her jailer, when she well knew that if she wanted to go anywhere *respectably*, Sade would be the one who would work her fingers to the bone to help her along! *Sneaked* away, and hadn't cared how Sade would feel! For the first time in nineteen self-denying years it occurred to Sade that Ivy never *did* care how other people felt, never did show any gratitude.

The flush of Sade's surprise and wrath slowly burned out from brow and cheek and neck and left her homely face rather ghastly and drawn. Sitting there in her stocking feet, confronting the ruin—the outworn garments, the secure home shelter, the faithful sister love which Ivy had cast off in her flight, Sade finally forced her mind away from her own wound and back to the real issue; for no matter how shamelessly, selfishly, meanly that flight had been accomplished, the cruel fact that remained was that Ivy was gone, that she must be got back somehow. So Sade put on her easy old slippers, lighted the gas in the hall, picked up the delicatessen parcels and limped along the narrow hall to the kitchen. It was quite dark now, and she groped for a chair on which to deposit her bundles while she lighted up. It was never safe to put things on the table in the dark, for fear of overturning the breakfast dishes. Sade fumbled on the narrow shelf for a match, waved her arms wearily in an attempt to locate the gas fixture, found it at last and struck her match. The gas flared up, revealing the festoons of clothes now nearly dry, the sink piled with dishes, the greasy stove, the cluttered table—and Ivy's note. There by Sade's place it lay, penciled in Ivy's unformed, illiterate, sprawling characters.

DEAR SADE:

I guess you'll be quite supprized to hear I'm going to be married. It is rather sudden, though we have been acquainted quite a while. He is a vaudeville artist and an awful swell. He wears three different suits of clothes in his act, all dandy, and makes an awful hit. He says maybe he can get up an act for him and me together sometime. Wouldent that be swell? He got me a grand dimond ring allready and says I'm going to have some swell dresses and hats soon too. I'm the happiest girl in New York. Maybe I'll be around to see you here

at the flat or the store one of these days. Say hello to the boys for me.

Ivy.

Again the blood surged into Sade's plain, worried face, her heart pumping furiously. But when this shock had passed a little, she was conscious of a sort of relief. Her heart was still all hurt and bleeding and sore, but it was peace to know that Ivy was not friendless, alone, desperate, bad. If she had renounced their name and protection, she had at least a new name, a new protector. And, when she came to think of it, what chance had she striven to give Ivy if not a chance to marry and be happy? To the unmarried women of Sade's world marriage is the *summum bonum*—not such marriages as their mothers made—gracious, no!—but marriage such as their own superior wisdom and charm would warrant.

Elmer's shambling entrance roused Sade. She took her apron from the back of a chair, tied it on and sat down to peel the quart of potatoes. She heard Elmer stumbling about in the boys' bedroom, and then coming toward the kitchen. He stood in the doorway, awkward, hesitant, a lonely boy, longing for companionship, afraid of even his own sister. He looked about at the somewhat dubious prospects for a meal and said gruffly, by way of greeting: "Where's dinner?"

"I ain't been home long," apologized Sade, peeling swiftly. The new humility, the very quietness of Sade's usually strident voice alarmed Elmer, who was unused to anything even remotely polite or apologetic from his family. He eyed Sade in astonishment, then said anxiously:

"What's up? You sick?"

"Read *that*," hissed Sade, pointing with her knife toward Ivy's letter, lying amid the coffee cups.

Elmer approached it suspiciously, as though it had been a poisonous reptile or a dynamite bomb; gingerly he picked it up; painstakingly he spelled it out—a difficult enough task, since Ivy was no penman and Elmer no scholar. Sade eagerly watched his face, which remained disappointingly calm. It was only when

he came to the signature that he woke up.

"Ivy!" he ejaculated. "D'you s'pose that's *our* Ivy?"

"Sure it's our Ivy," sniffed Sade. "What other Ivy is they, I'd like to know?"

"Aincha glad?" queried Elmer, uneasy but polite. He was anxious to discuss the affair, yet at a loss as to just the correct attitude he should assume with regard to it. Poor Elmer usually took the wrong cue, and found himself with the other members of the family indignantly disputing him, often even casting aspersions upon his intellect and judgment.

"*Glad!*" shrilled Sade. "Would you be glad if you'da slaved nineteen years, day in, day out, workin' overtime, Sundays an' holidays, to raise an' pet a girl, an' then have 'er run off like this 'n' get married 'fore we know it?"

"Who's the fella?"

"You read it in the letter, didn' you?" returned Sade shortly. "She ain't favored me with no extry descriptions ner confidential infermation. You know 'z much as I do." Sade's tone was very bitter. She got up, washed the potatoes and set them on the stove to boil.

"Whatta you think?" asked Elmer. Questions were distinctly safer than opinions tonight.

"I think it's a dirty Irish trick she's played on me, that's been like a mother to 'er," wailed Sade, sitting down suddenly and opening the floodgates of her woe. Elmer was aghast and terrified. A Sade of frayed nerves and uncertain temper, of scathing sarcasms and never ending criticisms, but capable and self-reliant, nevertheless, he was used to; indeed, so calloused was he that he even sneakingly liked and admired that Sade. But a Sade who sobbed and wept into a blue checked apron was utterly disconcerting. He was relieved to have Ed come in at this appalling crisis, and stepped aside from the doorway to permit his older brother to survey the whole picture of desolation.

"Well, gosh a'mighty!" roared Ed, taking in the table, which stood in the left foreground, quite ignoring the sad

figure which drooped in the middle distance. "Where's dinner, I'd like to know? I'm goin' to a ward ball tonight, an' here 'tis quarter to seven a'ready."

Ed earned fifteen a week and was, so to speak, the financial head of the house. Accordingly he never minced matters, and not even Sade herself could abash him.

He scowled so fiercely that Elmer, after silently handing him the note, retreated softly to stand by Sade's chair, where he had the effect of one defending her, whereas he really felt very bewildered and defenseless himself.

Ed, the sophisticated, took the note and turned to the signature first. Sade lowered the checked apron long enough to observe the effect of the message upon the astonished countenance of her brother. Then she returned to its depths and sobbed afresh.

"Whatcha bawlin' for, Sade? She ain't been such a Little Sunshine 'round here that she'll be much missed 's far 'z I c'n see," was Ed's comment, when he had twice read the note. "Who's the guy, anyway?"

"That's just it," quavered Sade, mopping her red eyes. "She ain't told us one thing about 'im, not even 'is name. She's jest sneaked off like she was afraid we'd try to folla an' make 'er ashamed. We ain't good enough for 'er!"

"The devil we ain't!" cried Ed, folding his arms across a chest whose expansion was his pride. "An' why in thunder ain't we, I'd like to know? What's she ever did but jaw around home an' dress herself up an' chase the streets? If you was to say now that *she* ain't good 'nough fer *you*, Sade, I'd say, 'Now yer shoutin'.' You ain't so swell to look at, Sade," went on Ed frankly, "but you got a good heart in the right place, all right, all right, 'n' your little finger's worth all they is of Ivy. I'm sorry fer the guy, whoever he is, but, by gosh, I'm glad fer your sake to have 'er go an' quit imposin' on you. Now turn off them weeps, there's a good girl, an' hustle me on a bite, fer I'm takin' a girl an' I'll get it in the neck if I don't meet 'er on time."

So Sade wiped her eyes, and took up

the duties of her monotonous life once more. There was, of course, when they were together, much discussion and conjecture concerning Ivy, but Sade was surprised to see how little the girl was regretted by her brothers. For her, it seemed as though all the brightness and meaning were gone out of life. For so many years it had been her joy to work for the girl that now she hardly felt courage to go on, so empty had the world become. She clung desperately to the careless half-promise of Ivy's note: "Maybe I'll be around to see you here at the flat or at the store one of these days." She made pathetic little attempts to furbish herself up, buying a switch to eke out her scanty sandy locks, wearing her best waist, taking pains to insist upon her belt's hiding the safety pins in the back. All day long, at the store, she found herself watching the elevators, wistfully hoping for a sight of Ivy, trying to imagine how she would look when she came, with her old prettiness enhanced by her new married finery and her new married happiness, wondering what on earth she would say or do if Ivy should bring her husband with her. A dozen times a day her heart pounded violently at the sight of some golden head at the elevators, halfway across the basement, and then dropped back into its regular aching beat, as each successive blonde proved not to be Ivy. At home, she heroically eschewed the comfort of the old slippers and kimono, and "stayed dressed" every night till ten o'clock, listening feverishly every time she heard steps on the stairs, sick with disappointment when none of them brought Ivy back to the lonesome flat.

There were no little sleazy silk stockings to mend, no blouses to wash and iron, no skirts to press, no ribbons to clean, no fluffy yellow hair to wash and fan dry, no Ivy to scold her and suffer her attentions and drink in her lavish admiration and then rush away in a wild pursuit of joy. She had wanted Ivy to be married; well, Ivy was married. She had craved happiness for Ivy; well, the girl wrote that she was happy. Yet Sade nursed, in addition to her wounds from Ivy's careless treatment, a vague uneasi-

ness. She was afraid of theatrical artists; she admitted to herself that she could have rested more content if Ivy had become the bride of some likely young plumber. She looked with positive envy upon Emma Haloran, who sold clothes, dog, baby and lunch baskets in the section next to hers. Emma Haloran's youngest sister Hettie was recently married, and Emma daily dwelt at length upon their bliss and her own satisfaction in the match.

"Say, Het's lucky! Henry certainly is a fine young feller. Reads gas meters, you know, an' gets good money, too. An' say, their little flat up in the Bronx is just grand! Het's got the Dutch shelf in the dinin' room all decorated with plates an' vases an' things, an' say, it's swell! They got four rooms an' bath up there for eighteen a month, an' it certainly is nice. They coulda got back rooms fer sixteen, but Henry wouldn't hear to it. I was up to dinner Sunday, an' I certainly did enjoy seein' Het so well fixed an' so happy."

Oh, fortunate Emma Haloran, to be actually a welcomed guest in her own sister's home! And Sade was watching and longing, more despairingly than any jilted sweetheart, for a note, or a tiny visit from Ivy, just to know how the child was. She had a curious sense of waiting.

A week dragged by, with no further sign from Ivy. And then one night, when Sade reached home, her heart leaped with joy, for down the little hall she saw a light in the parlor. A sudden trembling seized her, and she leaned up against the wall for support. How would Ivy act to her? What should she say? Should she ask them to stay to supper?

But it was only Elmer who came shuffling out—Elmer with a ghastly frightened face—to shove a newspaper at her. "Fer God's sake, read it! It's her!" he gasped, drawing Sade into the lighted room.

It was a newspaper of the most luridly sensational type, and Ivy's pitiful story was elaborated to the last detail. The flaming headlines seared into Sade's brain.

SUICIDE OR MURDER?

Lover Breaks Death Pact.

Unknown Girl a Suicide; Man Flees.
 Pact Signed by Both. Names Then Erased.
 Slight Clues to Identity.

The curtain was rung down on another life tragedy when shortly before noon today a chambermaid in a West Forty-third Street rooming house discovered the body of a blonde girl, about twenty years old. She had evidently been dead for at least twelve hours. A chloroform bottle and a note on the bureau seem to point to a suicide pact, to which the loving girl alone was faithful. The note reads: "Since we cannot be happy apart, and cannot marry because of his wife, we will die in each other's arms. It is the only way. We die happy." The two signatures have been crossed out.

Little is known of the couple at the Forty-third Street address. They took a cheap furnished room there a week ago, but boarded elsewhere, so that no one in the house seems to have noticed them particularly. The theory of the police is that the man wished to rid himself of the girl, persuaded her to the suicide pact, and after she had trustingly carried it out, fled, taking with him all their personal effects. Except for the body of the girl, the poison bottle and the note on the bureau, the room was as bare as when they rented it. The girl is five feet, five inches tall, weight 102 pounds, blue eyes, blonde hair, a small mole on the left cheek. The body was removed to the morgue.

A small mole on the left cheek. There was much more, rehashing the meager facts, with photographs of the rooming house and the room, a facsimile of the note and interviews with various members of the police department. But Sade read no farther. The mole settled it. She was strangely calm, now that it had come, almost relieved.

"Yes, I guess it must be her," she said in a flat, suppressed voice that seemed not to be hers. She wondered a little what ailed her voice.

They stood staring at each other. Sade still held the paper. It was Elmer who at last took the initiative.

"Hadn't we ought to go see—an' get 'er—if it's her?"

"Why—I s'pose you're right," agreed Sade gratefully. "Shall we go now, Elmer?"

"Yes, I guess we better, right away. Seems kinda awful fer our Ivy to be layin' there." His voice quavered, like a frightened child's. But he pulled himself up with a conscious air of the solemnity of the occasion and his own re-

sponsibility. He led the way down the four flights, and out into the noisy street. Sade followed dumbly, and once on the sidewalk, clung to his arm. It did not occur to either of them how strange it was for Elmer to be leading the sad little expedition, paying the carfares, actually taking care of Sade—plucky, self-reliant Sade, now suddenly turned into a frightened, round-shouldered, shabby, irresolute old maid.

At the morgue she drew back, afraid to enter. Elmer's face was sickly with a greenish pallor, but he squared his gaunt boyish shoulders manfully and turned to Sade gravely.

"I'll go in alone if you say so, but it's got to be done. One look won't hurt me if it ain't her, an' if it is, we gotta take her away from here. This ain't no place fer our little sister, Sade."

"I'd rather go, too," gasped Sade. And so they went in.

It was their Ivy—their poor little soiled butterfly, who had not the strength to remain quite good nor the courage to go on and be quite bad.

Their Ivy—and yet so changed! Sade wondered how she had ever thought the girl pretty. The small nose was so pinched, the hair so limp and lusterless, the whole face so sharp and peaked and gray—oh, surely she had never been pretty! Sade's emotion, as she stood there by that awfully silent, slight, dead child, was not of grief, nor of pity; those would come in the long aching years ahead. Now she felt just surprise that she herself could have been so mistaken, and a little indignation that Ivy should have so poorly repaid her. Elmer drew her away to the outer office, and she stood in a daze while he made the necessary arrangements for taking their poor girl away. What a comfort it was to have Elmer along! Elmer was such a good boy—no need to worry about him.

Out in the street once more, Sade fell to shivering in the evening chill and to sobbing hysterically. Elmer put an awkward arm about her.

"There's one thing about it, Sade," he comforted: "you ain't no ways to blame. You give her every chance on earth a girl coulda had."

INHIBITION

By George Sylvester Viereck

O H, for the blithesomeness of birds,
Whose soul floods ever to their tongue,
But to be impotent of words
With blinding tears and heart unstrung!

Each breeze that blows from homeward brings
To me, who am so far away,
The memory of tender things
I might have said and did not say.

Like spirit children, wraiths unborn,
To luckless lovers long ago,
Shades of emotions, mute, forlorn,
Within my brain stalk to and fro.

When to my lips they rush, and call,
A nameless something rears its head,
Forbidding like the spectral wall
Between the living and the dead.

O guardian of the nether mind,
Where atavistic terrors reel
In dark cerebral chambers, bind
Old nightmares with thy mystic seal!

But bar not from the sonant gate
Of being with thy fiery sword
The sweetest thing we wring from fate:
Love's one imperishable word!



“WHAT is a state of mind?”
“Massachusetts.”



ECONOMY is now the watchword. Live within your income even if you have to run into debt in order to do so.

PAUL THE DISCREET

By Winona Godfrey

PERSONAL choice or personal virtue so seldom determines what one may inherit, whether ten million dollars or the gout. I inherited my mother—not, of course, that I mean the opening statement to be disrespectfully relevant to that fact.

"Your mother," said my father to me during his last illness, "is the most charming woman in the world, but"—I discerned the ghost of a twinkle in his tired eyes—"she really needs at least three husbands to support her."

I'm afraid the job had pretty near worn out the one husband the stingy law allows.

"I'm not complaining," he went on. "She has made me happy, and I'd do it again, as far as I am concerned. But I guess I'm going now, and I wanted to tell you some things."

He looked at me affectionately with the little humorous smile that was almost habitual with him. One of my father's chief charms was that expression of enjoying some secret little jest inside.

"I'm sorry I'm not leaving you much but the firm name—and your mother." He sighed a little, and I tried to show him my entire willingness to assume any and all burdens.

"I know, my boy," said he; "I don't for a moment doubt your conscientiousness, but I'm afraid you don't realize all you're undertaking."

I must have looked my surprise. We had always lived in a quite luxurious way, and I knew my father had occasionally made what seemed to me rather amazing sums of money.

"Oh, you will make money," he proceeded; "but there is something in us both, Paul, some scrupulousness or some

discretion or some quality that has kept me, and will keep you, from making millions. I have spent my life in surrounding your mother with that state which is the very breath of life to her. I took her from a mansion and I had to keep her in one. I wished to do it. And you, my son, must continue to do it."

"I will certainly do my best, father," I promised.

"Well, nowadays it takes a lot of money." He frowned thoughtfully. "And have you thought of getting married?" he inquired anxiously, after a moment.

My eyes saw visions and I hesitated.

His gaze searched me. "Carol Eastlake?" he slowly questioned.

I did not reply in words, but his face fell. "Too bad! Too bad!" he murmured. "I have always feared that the only women who would be dangerous to you are those that you can't afford!"

I tried to laugh at this, but he shook his head sadly. "You can never afford to marry Carol Eastlake."

Almost immediately he had a relapse and died within a few days.

To put the matter briefly, the first year of my accession to head of the family told me all that my father had wished to show me—perhaps a good deal more. I very soon learned how much money it takes to keep up an establishment like ours, to live the life my mother considered the only one not only worth living but *possible* to live. It simply never occurred to her that she *could* live in a smaller house, do without butlers, maids and men, automobiles, a certain number of gowns. And it likewise never occurred to her that it might

not be my whole duty in life to provide them. To tell the truth, it did not occur to me, either; and with youthful exaggeration I conceded these things a colossal importance in the happiness of women especially, for my own tastes were really not so high and mighty.

I am not complaining; I only wish to make the situation clear. My father had not left the money to do all this, but he had left a business which could earn the means to do it. Still it was considerably harder for my youth and inexperience to force this end than it had grown to be to his age and experience. In truth, my young nose was rather put to the grindstone.

I claim a unique distinction, one, I fancy, shared by not a great many men in this world: I never loved but one woman. That woman was Carol Eastlake. I had met her shortly before my father's death, and I gave up all hope of calling her mine shortly after—for the very good reason that my eyes were soon opened to the dreary truth of his statement: "You can never afford to marry Carol Eastlake."

I hope I have not given the impression that my mother did not love me or that I did not love her. On the contrary, my mother is truly the most charming woman in the world—save one.

"I am glad," said my mother one evening, "that I was mistaken about you and Carol Eastlake."

"Mistaken?" I repeated carelessly.

"I thought you were looking too intensely in that direction. And," she laughed lightly, "what with your extravagant old mother, you could not possibly afford an expensive jewel like Carol Eastlake."

I smiled.

"It's lucky for me, indeed, that you're so discreet," she proceeded. "My poor Paul, you will be obliged to marry an heiress."

I italicized the smile. I dislike being poor-Pauled.

"It is really a pity," she continued, "that Carol isn't an heiress."

"Isn't it!" said I.

"But I know for a fact that the East-

lakes live to the limit every day. Their credit is none too good, I hear. There won't be a sou when he goes. And Carol and her mother are so extravagant."

"Are they?" said I.

"But Mrs. Eastlake is counting tremendously on Carol's marrying Keniston—the pickle millionaire, you know. Think of it—pickles!"

"Thinking of pickles," I said, "has always given me a pain—since I had the mumps."

That very night I saw Carol alighting from the most luxurious of limousines—with Ned Keniston. The appropriateness of my mother's phrase struck me anew—"that expensive jewel, Carol Eastlake." Ah, but what a jewel! And how would a man dare to risk any setting but this in which I saw her? The exquisite furs that caressed the slender perfection of her lithe young body; the plumed hat, a background for the cameo of her face; the imported gown I knew she wore—but why go on? One woman I could dress like this—not two.

Still, don't think me Adam Faint-heart. Had I ever had one glance from those eyes that even hinted "Come," I'm afraid I'd have cast prudence to the winds, snatched the goods the gods provided and left the future to Providence.

My father's death had nipped the bud of our acquaintance, and I dared make no further effort toward its blossoming. Besides, Keniston's wooing was rather of the whirlwind sort. Almost before I realized what I was losing, Carol was Mrs. Keniston.

A man can have only his dream, you know, and live, but when the utter irrevocability—oh, well, I was hard hit. My mother was positively alarmed about me, but if she put two and two together, she kept the resulting sum to herself.

All this, however, is ancient history. I lived on, as we are quite likely to do even when life has lost its savor. Some eight or nine years slipped past; then one morning the paper informed me of the death of Edward Keniston. Five lines about his death, twenty about his fortune and half a column about the beauty of his widow.

"What an interesting item for the fortune hunters!" observed my mother, who had cynical moments.

I grunted.

"There might be a chance for you, Paul."

"I'm no fortune hunter," I retorted with unnecessary violence.

My mother sipped her coffee calmly. "Oh, well, one may love where money is, you know. I shouldn't think it would pain any man greatly to love Carol Eastlake."

Loving Carol Eastlake had pained me greatly—but I did not say so.

It was almost a year after this before Mrs. Keniston returned to her native city, but it was not so very long after her arrival that my mother said: "Don't make any engagement for Thursday, Paul. The Eastlakes and Mrs. Keniston are dining with us."

I stared. "Mrs. Keniston dining with us!"

"I met her at the Van Dusens'. I thought she was rather pleased to come. Is it so extraordinary?"

I stammered something and she continued: "She's very lovely—has improved wonderfully."

"Nonsense!" said I.

"Why nonsense?" asked my mother sharply.

"If memory serves me, mother dear, there was no possible room for improvement."

She regarded me thoughtfully. "At least ten years. You have a good memory, Paul."

Although I had lived ten years without her, I could hardly restrain my impatience until Thursday night. Not that I was considering that she was free, nor counting on the remotest chance of her ever giving me a thought—I was simply mad to see her again.

Thursday came at last, and brought the Eastlakes and—Mrs. Keniston. Mrs. Eastlake was a handsome and well preserved woman; Mrs. Keniston—well, Carol Eastlake had been flawlessly lovely, but Mrs. Keniston was devastating. The subtle charm of experience was added to her. Her witchery had never been due altogether to the beauteous

flesh; she had the personality, the mystery, the hint of passion that might be fired. There were tiny, tiny shadows under her wonderful eyes, like masks of the deeps within. She seemed just a little exotic, yet of no particular country unless perhaps the Never-Never Land.

I felt her hand in mine.

"I think we met long, long ago, Mr. Trathen," she was saying in the voice that was velvet and honey and rose color. Oh, I know I'm raving! I wished never to let that hand go.

"Long, long ago, Mrs. Keniston," I heard myself repeating. I don't know whether she saw that I was eating her with my eyes, but there came a look in hers that I couldn't read. I managed to release her hand.

The dinner seemed quite a success, though I was rather in a trance myself. And I did make out a touch of acid in Mamma Eastlake's manner to me. She had put me in the fortune hunter column already. The idea struck me with a sort of dreary humor, for heaven knows I was far too humble to think of aspiring. I wondered at the nerve of that brute Keniston. Why, a man ought to be a combination Croesus-Adonis-Galahad to dare!

Though, if I'd followed my inclination, I'd have tagged her like a pet poodle, I will give myself credit for restraining. Maybe it was for that self-denial that chance was so kind to me, for I was always having the luck to meet her. I wondered if she thought I maneuvered, but she was always kind, though I could see sometimes that I made her tired.

One day I actually happened along when someone she was to lunch with hadn't turned up, so I substituted. After we had exhausted commonplaces—I had to be careful because I so often found myself on the verge of saying things I shouldn't—she suddenly remarked:

"You're one of these 'mother's sons,' aren't you?"

"What do you mean? Apron strings?" I asked.

She laughed. "Oh, no. But most

men don't devote their lives to their mothers."

"Do you think I do?"

"It's evident." Then, "Why haven't you ever married?" she asked curiously.

I was glad to see her taking a little personal interest in me—it was getting out of the furniture class, anyway.

"Perhaps nobody would have me," I suggested.

"Nonsense!" she kindly retorted. "Why, you're six feet tall and have nice hair."

"Thank you for that exhaustive catalogue of my charms," I replied with due humility.

She laughed again—her laugh always reminds me of a little waterfall set to music. "And," graciously, "you're really a very nice, big brotherly sort of person."

Oh, lord! It's so pleasing to a man desperately in love to be analyzed as a "big brotherly" sort of person!

"Haven't you ever been in love?" she persisted like a college quiz.

"Once," I said grimly.

I could see that she wanted to tease me. "Only once! Think of that!" said she.

"I am thinking of it," I retorted.

Her eyes danced. "I hope you'll pardon my curiosity, but why—why didn't it—er—pan out?" She was simply playing with me.

"Sisterly curiosity, of course?" I said. Naturally she wasn't expecting me to be serious.

"Of course," demurely.

"She married another man."

"Preferred him to you?"

"Apparently. I didn't ask her."

"Why not?"

"I couldn't afford her."

She made a little sound like a purr. "You look poverty-stricken!"

"I shave myself."

"No, you don't."

"How do you know?"

"By the back of your neck."

I don't know why, but I felt myself blushing. "Well, *sometimes* I do."

She seemed to enjoy my discomfiture.

"You see," I quoted my poor father, "the only women who are dangerous to me are those I can't afford."

"Women?" She raised her eyebrows accusingly.

"The only woman who was," I corrected.

"And so you're never going to marry?" she mused.

"I don't think it likely." I'm afraid I sighed.

"Oh, I hate men!" she exclaimed—most irrelevantly it seemed to me.

As I was shut up in the office all day, I made a point of getting up tolerably early for a morning gallop. One morning, as I was tearing along a delicious bit of road, bareheaded, and longing to whoop like a Comanche, the air was so crisp and exhilarating, I saw a woman ahead of me. She was mounted on a little black mare and she was going like the wind. I was a long way behind, but I felt her—it was that darling, Carol.

I let out a yell and took after her. I suppose she heard me thundering along, for she drew up and looked around.

"Well, of all things!" she cried gaily. "When did you take to getting up early?"

That showed how much attention she paid to what I said, for it hadn't been two days since I told her that I loved to ride in the morning.

After that she let me come often. We became good friends, and I got to going to the house, too. I knew it was folly, but I simply couldn't stay away. Things were getting pretty desperate with me. I knew I couldn't go on much longer like this. Carol liked me in a friendly way—big brotherly, I suppose—and I couldn't bear to hurt that tenderest heart of hers by showing her how I was hurt. I felt that I ought to go away, yet there didn't seem to be anything very healing about tearing my heart out of my breast to leave her.

I had kept away for several days, torturing myself with all sorts of fancies—of course I wasn't the lovely widow's only lover—and being wretched generally. It was a sultry evening, with some distant heat lightning in the sky, and I was as blue and restless as I could be. I got out the car to take a reckless run somewhere, and found myself stopping inevitably in front of the Eastlakes'.

Carol came forward in a gown that was simply breath-taking.

"Well," she said, "you can come in if you want to, but I warn you I'm as cross as I can be. Where on earth have you been for the last week?"

"I suppose you haven't been pining for me," I observed.

"Heavens, no!" she snapped. "We've been enjoying one of those festivities called a family row."

"I don't see what your family has to row about."

"Stupid, haven't you noticed Amy and Perry Stanton for the last six months?"

I shook my head. I hadn't noticed a thing but Carol Keniston for the last six months, not even the weather. I think I've even forgotten to mention Amy, Carol's twenty-year-old sister.

"Well, what's the matter with them?" I asked patiently.

"They're in love, poor things!" said Carol.

"Why 'poor things,' though?"

"The family, my distinguished family, object to Perry." There was a note of bitterness in her tone that I had never detected there before.

I was surprised. "I don't see why. I think Perry's a pretty fine fellow—"

"Of course he is."

"Then what's the matter? He's got money—"

"Oh, money!" she burst out. "Can't a woman freeze in furs and be choked by a necklace of diamonds? We've more money now than we can spend. It's positively amazing," she added, "the amount of pickles misguided people will keep on eating." She seemed disgusted with them for doing it.

"I thought money was the last word in eligibility," I admitted. "What is it, then?"

"The Stantons, my dear Paul, are not in the proper set. They're not the cream of the cream, you know. Their money's made in soap. Though heaven knows why soap isn't as well bred as pickles!"

I was rather pleased to have her pick on the pickles that way. It showed she wasn't pining for the late Keniston, any-

way, by connecting pickles with any reverence for his memory.

"It's too bad," I said.

"I'm disgusted with Perry," she declared.

"What's he done?"

"Nothing. That's the trouble."

"Well, what could the poor boy do?" I demanded. "If they won't let him have Amy, I don't see what he can do."

Carol rose up like a tragedy queen. Her loose sleeves fell back from her round, bare arms. I'm sure that's what became of those missing ones of Venus's. Carol has them.

"He could *take* her. Oh, you modern men are perfectly maddening! You're so careful and so discreet and so cowardly! If Perry Stanton had lived two or three hundred years ago, he'd have ridden up some dark night and carried her off. Now he'll probably accept papa's dictum and give her up meekly, and they'll both be miserable—I've no patience with him!"

I had never seen so much color in her cheeks, such fire in her eyes.

"If I were Perry," she went on, "I'd carry Amy off by main strength if necessary, and marry her, and then ask them what they were going to do about it. What's the good of being a man, if you're *not* one?"

That seemed unanswerable. "I guess we are a sort of weak-kneed generation," I agreed gloomily.

Now if it had been two or three hundred years ago, I would have had my fleet steed at the door; I'd have fought my way to this castle hall; I'd have seized this woman here and carried her off over hill and dale to my castle or my hovel, whichever it might be. The whole world should not have kept her from me. I'd have fought for her, bled for her, died—but I would have had mine own, by the gods! I felt my heart pounding in my breast, the blood flaming through my veins. Perhaps the spirit of some ancient and bold Paul Trathen was wakened as by an incantation out of its discreet modernity.

I stared at Carol before me, so lovely, so adorable, so unattainable!

And she was staring at me, silent,

startled by something in my face she had never seen there before.

My hand fell upon a long cloak left by somebody upon a chair beside me. I seized it; with a quick movement I threw it around Carol, pinning her arms to her sides, half covering her face. With a strength I had not known I possessed, I gathered her up bodily in my arms—and she was no light weight—strode through a French window, across the lawn to the gate where my car waited. Luck is with the daring—there was no one in sight.

I put her in the seat, sprang beside her myself, and in a moment we were rushing through the dying twilight into the country and the coming darkness—and breaking every speed law in the county.

She had not struggled nor uttered any sound, and though the muffling cloak fell back when I lifted her into the machine, she remained so motionless that at first I feared she had fainted. But no; she was staring straight ahead with great mysterious eyes at the darkness into which we spun. I knew my own face to be like a white mask with burning eyes and set mouth.

I don't know how long it was before the rush of wind in my face and a warning shot from a village constable brought me to my senses again. I slowed down the machine, but I did not look at nor speak to the woman beside me. What could I say?

The lightning spurted out of the black sky before us; I felt a few big, warm drops of rain on my hot cheeks. We had come twenty miles.

I had paid no attention whatever to where we were going, but peering around now, I suddenly recognized a little box of a cottage used as a country studio by my friend, Will Angevine. I had been there often when he was using it. He was abroad, and the windows were dark. I ran into the shed that I remembered served for a garage, and climbed out of the car.

"Come," I said, curtly, harshly, though in my shame I was longing to drop at her feet. "It's going to rain."

Without a word she let me assist her to the door of the cottage. I put my shoul-

der to it and it gave way. A flash of lightning showed Will's simple furniture still in place. I struck a match and lit the dusty lamp on the table, as the rain began to patter briskly on the roof.

Then I ventured to look at Carol.

She stood in the middle of the floor, holding the cloak about her, her hair blown by the wind; and I was amazed to see her eyes bright, her mouth smiling dauntlessly.

"Well," she cried in a voice that was full and deep as organ tones, "what are you going to do now, Sir Paul, after all this melodrama?"

I felt a fool, a brute, and I felt the sweat start on my forehead as the mad folly of what I had done struck in.

"When the rain stops," I muttered hoarsely, "I'll take you home."

She laughed—the laugh that's like a tiny waterfall set to music.

"What an anti-climax! After all this, you're not going to even drag me around by the hair? It's down almost far enough now to serve the purpose."

I stared at her dumbly, miserably. I deserved her mockery, and she seemed bent on full vengeance. She took a step toward me and the cloak dropped around her feet. Never in the most elaborate toilette for the grandest balls had she looked so lovely as she did this moment in the dim light of Will's lamp, with wind-blown hair and eyes that challenged.

"After all that flare of old Adam in you, after all that mad rush through the night, in all the romance of this"—she indicated the dusty little studio with a sweep of her white arm—"you're not even going to—kiss me?"

In the pose of her head thrown back, in the eyes that dared mine, was not coquetry but scorn. See red? I saw all the colors in the rainbow. I snatched her, and the kiss I had dreamed of for ten years was on my lips and hers.

I let her go, and stood very stiff and straight before her, ready and greedy for my punishment. She leaned heavily against the table and covered her face with her hands. Through my whirling senses, I looked at those hands, so white and dear and—ringless.

She did not move nor speak, and I began to stammer out a hoarse torrent of words that sounded in my own ears as if from a long way off. Something about those ten years, something about never daring to hope, something about love—love—love!

She turned away from me before she uncovered her face.

"And what do you think of me?" she asked in a low, shamed voice.

I tried to tell her—in jerky, incoherent

phrases, and she listened a moment with bent head.

Suddenly she turned, swept to me, put her hands on my shoulders.

"Oh, you blind, stupid Paul!" she cried with a laugh and a sob. "Here I've taunted you and pursued you and thrown myself at you from every possible angle, and you wouldn't, wouldn't see! Have I got to do it all?"

I did the rest.



AND THIS IS LEAP YEAR!

By Sophie Irene Loeb

COURTING nowadays may be summed up in a question mark, a dollar mark and a period.

Many a husband argues that where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to confess.

A girl after twenty-five is not so cautious about the "stop, look and listen" sign ere she cross the track of matrimony.

When a woman casts her eyes down she has a man in view.

The only time a woman passes a remnant counter is when she goes shopping for hearts.

Love is the germ that produces near-sightedness.

Many an hour has been brightened by a dim light.

He who hesitates is bossed.



DAY—The husband does the reigning in the Ray household, I think.

KAY—The wife does a lot of storming, though.

FOR A LOVER'S AMEN

By R. Claiborne Pitzer

O GODS where they dwell in the heavens, from Adam, the earth dweller, hail!
Oh, not for myself do I pour you libations to lessen the bale—
Libations of love from my secret soul poured to Those Hid by the Veil!

No, not for myself, but for Woman the Wonderful, lo, do I cry,
That life may be lightened, ways brightened, wrongs rightened—dear Gods, rectify!
The burdens of living make welcome, and strength for the burdens supply.

Not mine be the heart, if a truer heart, Lords of the Morning, be here,
Not mine be the love, if a truer love ever her heart may hold dear,
Not mine be the life, if a better life shelter the life I revere.

Not roses I ask for her pathway to death, but a road free of ill,
Not breezes bloom-scented to follow, but stormings and tempests made still,
Not sheltering forests above her, but trees she may rest with at will.

Her heart—ah, who fathoms it better than I?—like a brook, crystal pure,
As brooklike it downward meanders through life to an ocean obscure,
As clear and as sweet and as virgin pure, Gods, let it always endure!

No, not for myself—what am I that the Gods to my fortune should bend?
But Eve—but the Woman's fate—Lords of the Centuries see and amend,
That dreams be not finished, ideals not wrecked nor faiths lost, to the end!



MADE BY HER OWN DEAR HANDS

DEAR MADGE:

Just received your present. It's bully—nothing less! Most beautiful, useful, ornamental article I've ever seen. Have shown it to all my friends, and they have raved over it. Thanks awfully. I shall treasure it forever.

Hastily,

HAROLD.



WHEN dissension enters the door, love flies out at the window.

THE PASSING OF MRS. GRUNDY

By Richard Le Gallienne

“DEATH of Mrs. Grundy!” Imagine opening one’s newspaper some morning and finding in sensational headlines that welcome news. One recalls the beautiful old legend of the death of Pan, and how—false report though it happily was—there once ran echoing through the world a long heart-broken sigh, and a mysterious voice was heard wailing three times from land to land, “Great Pan is dead.” Similarly, on that happy morning I have imagined, one can imagine, too, another sigh passing from land to land, the sigh of a vast relief, of a great thankfulness for the lifting of an ineffable burden, as though the earth stretched its limbs and drew great draughts of a new freedom. How wildly the birds would sing that morning! And I believe that even the church bells would ring of themselves!

Such definite news is not mine to proclaim, but if it cannot be announced with certitude that Mrs. Grundy is no more, it may, at all events, be affirmed without hesitation that she is on her deathbed, and that surely, if slowly, she is breathing her last. Yes, that poisonous breath, which has so long pervaded like a numbing miasma the free air of the world, will soon be out of her foolish, hypocritical old body; and though it may still linger on here and there in provincial backwoods and suburban fastnesses, from the great air centres of civilization it will have passed away forever.

The origin of Mrs. Grundy is shrouded in mystery. In fact, though one thus speaks of her as so potent a personification, she has of course never had any real existence. For that very reason she has been so hard to kill. Nothing is so long-lived as a chimera, nothing so difficult to

lay as a ghost. From her first appearance, or rather mention, in literature, Mrs. Grundy has been a mere hearsay, a bugaboo being invented to frighten society, as “black men” and other goblins have been wickedly invented by nurses to frighten children. In the old play itself where we first find her mentioned by name, she herself never comes on the stage. She is only referred to in frightened whispers. “*What will Mrs. Grundy say?*” is the nervous catchword of one of the characters, much in the same way as Mrs. Gamp was wont to defer to the censorious standards of her invisible friend “Mrs. Harris.” In the case of the last named chimera, it will be recalled that the awful moment came when Mrs. Gamp’s boon companion, Batsey Prig, was sacrilegious enough to declare her belief that no such person as “Mrs. Harris” was, or ever had been, in existence. So the awful atheistic moment has come for Mrs. Grundy, too, and an oppressed world at last takes courage to say that no such being as Mrs. Grundy has ever really existed, or that, even if she has, she shall exist no more. *What will Mrs. Grundy say?* Who cares nowadays—and so long as nobody cares, the good lady is as dead as need be.

Mrs. Grundy, of course, is man’s embodied fear of his neighbor, the creation of timid souls who are afraid of being themselves, and who, instead of living their lives after their own fashion and desires, choose to live them in hypocritical discomfort according to the standards of others, standards which in their turn may be held insincerely enough from fear of someone else, and so on without end—a vicious circle of insincere living being thus created, in

which no man is or does anything real, or as he himself would naturally prefer to be and to do. It is evident that such a state of mutual intimidation can only exist in small communities, economically interdependent, and among people with narrow boundaries and no horizons. If you live in a village, for example, and are dependent on the good opinion of your neighbors for your means of existence, your morals and your religious belief must be those of the village, or you are liable to starve. It is only the rich man in a village who can do as he pleases. The only thing for the dependent individualist in a village to do is to go somewhere else, to some place where a man may at the same time hold his job and his own opinions, a place too big to keep track of its units, too busy to ask irrelevant questions, and so diverse in its constituents as to have generated tolerance and free operation for all.

Now, in spite of its bigness, the world was till quite recently little more than a village, curiously held in subjection by village superstitions and village ethics, narrow conceptions of life and conduct; but the last twenty years have seen a remarkable enlargement of the human spirit, a reassertion of the natural rights of man as against the figments of prudential and emasculate conventions, to which there is no parallel since the Renaissance. Voices have been heard and truths told, and multitudes have listened gladly that aforesight must take shelter either in overawed silence or in utterance so private that they exerted no influence; and the literature of the day alone, literature of wide and greedy acceptance, is sufficient warrant for the obituary announcement which, if not yet, as I said, officially made, is already writing in the hearts, and even in the actions, of society. The popularity of such writers as Meredith and Hardy, Ibsen and Nietzsche, Maeterlinck and Walt Whitman, constitutes a writing on the wall the significance of which cannot be gainsaid. The vogue alone of Mr. Bernard Shaw, apostle to the Philistines, is a portent sufficiently conclusive. To regard Mr. Shaw either as a great dramatist or an original philosopher is,

of course, absurd. He, of all men, must surely be the last to imagine such a vain thing about himself; but even should he be so self-deluded, his immense coarse usefulness to his day and generation remains, and the value of it can hardly be overestimated. What others have said for years as in a glass darkly, with noble seriousness of utterance, he proclaims again through his brazen megaphone, with all the imperturbable *aplomb* of an impudent showman, having as little self-respect as he has respect for his public; and, as a consequence, that vast herd of middle class minds to whom finer spirits appeal in vain hear for the first time truths as old as philosophy, and answer to them with assenting instincts as old as humanity. Truth, like many another excellent commodity, needs a vulgar advertisement, if it is to become operative in the masses. Mr. Shaw is truth's vulgar advertisement. He is a brilliant, carrying noise on behalf of freedom of thought; and his special equipment for his peculiar revivalist mission comes of his gift for revealing to the common mind not merely the untruth of hypocrisy, but the laughableness of hypocrisy, first of all. He takes some popular convention, that of medicine or marriage or what you will, and shows you not merely how false it is but how ludicrously false. He purges the soul, not with the terror and pity of tragedy, but with the irresistible laughter of rough and tumble farce. To think wrongly is, first of all, so absurd. He proves it by putting wrong thinking on the stage, where you see it for yourself in action, and laugh immoderately. Perhaps you had never thought how droll wrong thinking or no thinking, was before; and while you laugh with Shaw at your side splitting discovery, the serious message glides in unostentatiously—wrong thinking is not merely laughable; it is also dangerous, and very uncomfortable. And so the showman has done his work, the advertiser has sold his goods, and there is so much more truth in circulation in unfamiliar areas of society.

That word "society" naturally claims some attention at the hands of one who

would speak of Mrs. Grundy, particularly as she has owed her long existence to a general misconception as to what constitutes "society," and to a superstitious terror as to its powers over the individual. Society—using the word in its broad sense—has heretofore been regarded as a vague tremendous entity imposing a uniformity of opinion and action on the individual, under penalty of a like vague tremendous disapproval for insubordination. Independent minds, however, have from time to time, and in ever increasing numbers, ventured to do their own will and pleasure in disregard of this vague tremendous disapproval, and have, strange to say, found no sign of the terrible consequences threatened them, with the result that they, and the onlookers, have come to the conclusion that this fear of society is just one more bugaboo of timorous minds, with no power over the courageous spirit. From a multitude of such observations men and women have come more and more to draw the conclusion that the solidarity of society is nothing but a myth, and that so-called society is merely a loosely connected series of independent societies, formed by natural selection among their members, each with its own codes and satisfactions; and that a man not welcome in one society may readily find a home for himself in another, or indeed, if necessary, and if he be strong enough, rest content with his own society of one.

There was a time when a doubt as to the credibility of the book of Genesis or a belief in the book of Darwin made the heretic a lonely man, but nowadays he is hardly likely to go without friends. Besides, men and women of strong personal character are not usually indiscriminately gregarious. On the contrary, they are apt to welcome any disparity between them and their neighbors which tends to safeguard their leisure and protect them against the social inroads of irrelevant persons. I recall the case of a famous novelist, who, himself jealous of his own proper seclusion, permitted the amenities of his neighbors to pleasure his wife who was more sociably inclined, and smilingly allowed himself to be

sacrificed once a week on the altar of a domestic "at home" day. It was amusing to see him in his drawing room on Fridays, surrounded by every possible form of human irrelevancy—men and women well enough in their way, of course, but absolutely unrelated, if not antipathetic to him and all he stood for—heroically doing his best to seem really "at home." But there came a time when he published a book of decidedly "dangerous" tendencies, if not worse, and then it was a delight to see how those various nobodies fled his contact as they would the plague. His drawing room suddenly became a desert, and when you dropped in on Fridays you found there—only the people he wanted. "Is not this," he would laughingly say, "a triumph of natural selection? See how simply, by one honest action, I have cut off the bores!"

To cut off the bores! Yes, that is the desperate attempt that any man or woman who would live their own lives rather than the lives of others is constantly engaged in making; and more and more all men and women are realizing that there is only one society that really counts, the society of people we want, rather than the people who want us or don't want us or whom we don't want. And nowadays the man or woman must be uncomfortable or undesirable, indeed, who cannot find all the society he or she can profitably or conveniently handle, be their opinions and actions never so anti-Grundy. Thus the one great fear that more than any other has kept Mrs. Grundy alive, the fear of being alone in the world, cut off from such intercourse with our fellows as most of us feel the need of at times, has been put an end to by the ever increasing subdivision of "society" into friendly seclusions and self-dependent communities of men and women with like ways and points of view, however disapproved in alien circles. What "shocks" one circle will seem perfectly natural in another; and one great truth should always be held firmly in mind—that the approval of one's neighbors has never yet paid a man's bills. So long as he can go on paying those, and retain

the regard of the only society he values—that of himself and a few friends—he can tell Mrs. Grundy to go—where she belongs. And this happily is—almost—as true nowadays for woman as for man; which is the main consideration, for, it need hardly be said, that it has been on her own sex that the tyranny of Mrs. Grundy has weighed peculiarly hard.

Had that tyranny been based on a genuine moral ideal, one would have some respect for it, but as the world has always known, it has been nothing of the sort. On the contrary, it has all along been an organized hypocrisy which condoned all it professed to censure on condition that it was done in unhealthy secrecy, behind the closed doors of a lying "respectability." All manner of uncleanness had been sanctioned so long as it wore a mask of "propriety," whereas essentially clean and wholesome expressions of human nature, undisguised manifestations of the joy and romance of life, have been suppressed and confounded with their base counterfeits merely because they have sought the sunlight of sincerity rather than the shade where evil does well to hide. Man's proper delight in the senses, the natural joy of men and women in each other, the love of beauty, naked and unashamed, the romantic emotions and all that passionate vitality that dreams and builds and glorifies the human story: all this, forsooth, it has been deemed wrong even to speak of, save in colorless euphemisms, and their various drama has had to be carried on by evasion and subterfuge pitifully silly indeed in this robustly procreative world. Silly, but how preposterous, too, and no longer to be endured.

It was a gain indeed to drag these vital human interests into the arena of undaunted discussion, but things are clearly seen to have already passed beyond that stage. Discussion has already set free in the world braver and truer ideals, ideals no longer afraid of life, but, in the courage of their joyousness, feasibly close to all its breathing facts. Men and women refuse any longer to allow their most vital instincts to be branded with obloquy, and the fullness of their

lives to be thwarted at the bidding of an impure and irrational fiction of propriety. On every hand we find the right to happiness asserted in deeds as well as words. The essential purity of actions and relations to which a merely technical or superstitious irregularity attaches is being more and more acknowledged, and the fanciful barriers to human happiness are everywhere giving way before the daylight of common sense. Love and youth and pleasure are asserting their sacred natural rights, rights as elemental as those forces of the universe by which the stars are preserved from wrong, and the merely legal and ecclesiastical fictions which have so long overawed them are feeding like phantoms at cockcrow. It is no longer sinful to be happy—even in one's own way; and the extravagances of passion, the ebullitions of youth and the vagaries of pleasure are no longer frowned down by a sour-visaged public opinion, but encouraged, or, if necessary, condoned, as the dramatic play of natural forces, and as welcome additions to the gaiety of nations. The true sins against humanity are, on the other hand, being exposed and pillow'd with a scientific eye for their essential qualities.

. . . . The cold heart, and the menderous tongue,
The wintry soul that hates to hear a song,
The close shut fist, the mean and measuring eye,
And all the little poisoned ways of wrong.

Man's witness and vices are being subjected to a re-classification, in the course of which they are entertainingly seen, in no few instances, to be changing places. The standards of punishment applied by Dante to his inferno of lost souls is being, every year, more closely approximated; the warm-blooded sins of instinct and impulse, as having usually some "relish of salvation" in them, are being judged lightly, when they are accounted sins at all, and the cold-hearted sins of essential selfishness, the sins of cruelty and calculation and cowardice, are being nailed up as the real crimes against God and man. The individual is being allowed more and more to be the judge of his own actions, and all actions

are being estimated more in regard to their special relation and environment, as the relativity of right and wrong, that most just of modern conceptions, is becoming understood. The hidden sins of the pious and respectable are coming disastrously into the light, and it no longer avails for a man to be a pillar of orthodoxy on Sundays if he be a pillar of oppression all the rest of the week; while the negative virtues of abstinence from the common human pleasures go for less than nothing in a world that no longer regards the theater, the race course and the card table or even a beautiful woman as under the especial wrath of God. No, the Grundy "virtues" are fast disappearing, and piano legs are once more being worn in their natural nudity. The general trend is unmistakable and irresistible, and such apparent contradictions of it as occasionally get into the newspapers are of no general significance; as when, for example, some exquisitely refined Irish police officer suppresses a play of genius, or blushingly covers up the nakedness of a beautiful statue, or comes out strong on the question of woman's bathing dress when

some sensible girl has the courage to go into the water with somewhat less than her entire walking costume; or, again, when some crank invokes the blue laws against Sunday golf or tennis; or some spinster association puts itself on record against woman's smoking: all these are merely provincial or parochial exceptions to the onward movement of morals and manners, mere spasmodic twitchings, so to say, of the poor old lady on her deathbed. We know well enough that she who would so sternly set her face against the feminine cigarette would have no objection to one of her votaries carrying on an affair with another woman's husband—not the least in the world, so long as she was careful to keep it out of the courts. And such is a sample of her morality in all her dealings. Humanity will lose no real sanctity or safeguard by her demise; only false shame and false morality will go—but true modesty, "the modesty of nature," true propriety, true religion—and incidentally true love and true marriage—will all be immeasurably the gainers by the death of this hypocritical, nasty-minded old lady.



THE MOON PATH

By Elsa Barker

LAST night the moon made over the dark sea
 A path of gold so real, that had I laid
 My hand in thine, and had not been afraid,
 We might have walked together, firm and free,
 Out of this hollow world of phantasy,
 And crossed the threshold of God's house, and made
 Our home among the angels. Now, dismayed,
 Love, I can only stand and gaze at thee.

The path is gone; the moon is gone; and I—
 I, too, shall soon be with remembered things
 That tear the heart with yearning. When the moon
 Lays next that golden pathway to the sky,
 I shall have hidden my tears in God's wide wings,
 And thou wilt hear alone the sea's sad croon.

A FABLE FOR GIRLS

By Henry McHarg Davenport

HERE was once a little zephyr who did nothing all day but play about the countryside. She never grew tired of flirting with the grass in the meadow, and loved to float over the mere by moonlight, and have the water look up at her with his glassy, sentimental old eye and tell her how beautiful she was. Indeed, sometimes when she was feeling very, very foolish, she would come so close to the face of the water that its lips would all pucker up, and not until the last fragments of the zephyr's kiss had broken on the rocky shore would it be quiet again.

But one fine morning as she scampered through the fields in pursuit of a golden butterfly a piece of rough hewn wood attracted her attention. Seeing that she was looking at him, the stick made bold to speak to her.

"Please, little zephyr," he begged, "won't you teach me to dance?"

Now it happened that the little zephyr was very proud of her dancing, so that nothing the stick could have said would have given her greater pleasure. Then it was flattering to be asked by such a big stick. Hundreds of times had she taught leaves to dance, but never a great stick.

"Very well," she said with a bright smile; "just sit there and watch me, and the first thing you know, you will be dancing, too."

So the stick sat and watched the little zephyr dance, and being a very silly and very lonely stick, straightway imagined himself in love.

"My, what a dull pupil!" panted the little zephyr. "Here I've been dancing for two minutes, and he hasn't learned a step yet." The thought made her so

angry that she flew into a passion, and before she knew what had happened the stick had begun to dance. Around and around he whirled, until he had bored quite a hole in the log upon which he had been lying. Then a tiny haze of smoke appeared. The little zephyr saw it and blushed vividly. "He is really quite mad about me," she thought, and straightway began to dance harder than ever. But no sooner had the stick really caught fire than she stopped dancing.

"You have had lesson enough for one day," she told the stick.

"But," he protested, "surely you are not going to let me go out, after having only just set me on fire?"

"Dear me!" she sighed. "You are just as bad as the leaves. Of course if I have caused you any pain I am really very sorry, but you had no business to get on fire in the first place. The best thing for you to do is to roll down to the riverside and stick your head in some nice cool mud."

The stick looked at the pretty zephyr dumbly for a moment. Then he blazed up into a flame so brilliant that she jumped back in great alarm. But the next instant there was no fire—only some gray ashes and a thin thread of smoke climbing lazily skyward.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the little zephyr. "What a funny way to go out!"

Picking up courage, she turned over the stick, and what was her surprise to find that, save for a charred black pit running through the center, it was quite unharmed. The little zephyr puckered her brows thoughtfully. "How curious!" she cried. "The heart is quite burned out."

WHO'S WHO IN WAGNER

By John Kendrick Bangs

WOGLINDE—A Rhine Maiden, to be distinguished from other maidens just as a rhinestone is distinguishable from an eighteen-carat solitaire. Eldest daughter of Col. Rivergod, Water Commissioner and Collector of the Port at Nibelung-on-the-Rhine, a leading member of the Ring under the Wotan Administration. Born early in the Afternoon of the Gods, seven acts before the Twilight thereof, in Whirlpool Thirty-eight, Series Oomlaut, off the coast of Bingen, shortly after high tide. Distinguished for charming soprano voice and sheath figure, the latter tapering off with all the fairy grace of a tadpole in full bloom. Named after Polly-woglinde, a Rhine Maiden Aunt, in charge of the Aquatic Academy for Adolescent Amphibians, near Senaffhausen, a preparatory school for fish. Acquired fame early in life as an expert diva, plunging into the high seas head first from the craggy heights of Ehrenbreitstein and other mossy eminences along the Rhenish coast with all the easy nonchalance of a professional vaudeville artist. Because of her early acquired proficiency in running the scales under water, augmented by her undoubtedly beauty, was offered large and tempting sums to enter the famous Valhalla Vaudeville Circuit, but fearing the hook, turned her back on the bait and devoted her spare hours to the study of Grand Opera and hair treatment. With her sisters, Wellgunde and Flosshilde, was appointed by the Wotan administration to guard the treasure of the Rhine-gold, a vast accumulation of stage money kept in the subaqueous box offices of the Ring, their mellifluous voices and other natural attractions being well calculated

to divert wandering sharks and suspicious skates and suckers from their nefarious designs upon the hidden stores. Highly successful as Watchdog of the Treasury until the coming of Alberich, a deep scheming baritone, who, by promising to be a brother to the three sisters, managed to dredge the treasury of its gold and secure much incriminating evidence against the leaders of the Ring. Later in life, after the Bankruptcy of the Gods, was forced to earn her own living, and secured profitable employment at the various opera houses of the world, from Paris and Buenos Ayres to Cincinnati and New York. Recreations, shampooing, scalp massage, high diving, and aquatic sports in general. Winter address, Metropolitan Opera House, New York; and, in summer, care of Nixie, Undine and Co., general managers for the Siren Yodelers, Pier Thirty-seven, Schaffhausen, Switzerland.

WELLGUNDE (See Woglinde)—Mezzo member, Nixie and Undine's Submarine Trio. Sometimes called "The Gibson Girl of the Aquarium." Posing a specialty. Address, Undine Manicure Parlors, Rippleheim-on-the-Rhine.

FLOSSHILDE (See Wellgunde)—First contralto on record. For terms for positively farewell performances, address the Nixie Floating Opera Company, Grand Rapidsheim, Germany, or other reputable musical agencies. Special aquarium acts for children's parties at moderate terms, in real money.

ALBERICH—Leading baritone, and chief nib of the Nibelungen, whence the term "His Nibs." Parentage unknown, but believed to have been the son of Henry W. Chaos, of Nitville, by his first wife, Nixy, eldest daughter of M. I. D.

Night, of Gnome. Born during the first recorded circuit of the Dark Ages, at Nibelheim, an opaque belt known as the Black Realm, located somewhere near the entrails of the earth, not far from the Cosmic Kidneys, and sometimes called the Home of the Mists and Other Shady Characters. Sang his way into success despite the unprepossessing quality of his figure, which was as crooked as his conscience. Height, two feet seven inches. Elected president of Nibelungen Union Number Six by an almost unanimous vote, the highest offices in the gift of the people at that time going to the most hideous, crafty and avaricious politician in sight. As Chief of the Pixy Police was much given to wandering about the world, and on discovery of the Rhine Maidens at their late evening swimming parties took to Eves-dropping, during which diversion he first learned of the Rhine treasure, and the magic power of the ring to be made therefrom, possession of which would make the holder mightier than the gods if he would swear off five o'clock teas and suffragettes. Founded immediately the Alberich Mining and Exploration Company, with the design of himself extracting the gold from the depths of the river, and selling the water to the public. Successfully floated stock, and made himself leading financier of the then known world. Reorganized the Nibelung republic into a flourishing plutocracy with himself as Chief Plute, placing his fellow nibs in slavery, and setting them at work in the mines with a twenty-four-hour day, and wages of a pfennig a month. Established first class blacksmith shop at Nibelheim, with his brother Mime as Master of the Forge, where the first bit of forgery committed was the making of the Magic Ring. After gaining possession of this he invented a new spring hat, known as the Tarnhelm helmet, a species of headgear which literally made the wearer feel "out of sight" by becoming at once invisible, and which had the additional advantage of enabling him to transform himself into a dragon or a toad at a moment's notice. Declined most flattering offers to put the Tarnhelm tile on

the market, preferring to keep it entirely for his own use in moments of emergency. Spent number of years in completing his corner in Rhine gold, and set up rival establishment to Valhalla then under the direction of Wotan. Challenged latter to a fight to a finish, feeling confident of his undisputed possession of the prizes of the prize ring, but having during preliminary training transformed himself into a toad as a demonstration of the marvelous powers of his hat, was captured by Wotan and removed from office, and deprived not only of the hat, through which he had been advancing his claims to the championship, but of the Magic Ring itself. Tried to come back several times, but unsuccessfully, and in his retirement invented the famous Alberich Curse, a sort of blanket experiment in profanity and blasphemy that is said to provide instant and ready relief to the pent-up feelings of sufferers confronted by inexpressible emotional disturbances. Will relieve almost any case of oversuppressed irritation within four days if sung *fortissimo* after every meal and before retiring at night in deep baritone tones bordering upon the violently guttural. Became First Walking Malcontent and General Nuisance to the Court of Wotan. Recreations, cursing, and playing ninepins with the gods at the other end of the alley. Address, Nigrescent Flats, Shady Lawn, Avernheim.

FRICKA—Chief and official wife of Wotan, the one-eyed wanderer of the wild and woolly wilderness. Leading mezzo of the Valhalla Musical Union, having no other rivals for that honor than three subordinate Valkyries, and the second Norn. Goddess of marriage and the acknowledged leader of the Wagnerian smart set, for which high position she qualified not only by birth and marriage, but by the fact as well that she had no children of her own to interfere with her social duties. Distantly related to Juno, of the Olympian Four Hundred, and presumed to be the daughter of Time by his marriage with Space. An excellent housekeeper and an invincible chaperon. Of rather greater domestic inclinations

than Wotan, and said to have been the original model for Mrs. Caudle, her fondness for lecturing to a select audience consisting of herself and her husband giving unquestioned color to that suspicion. Somewhat generous in avoirdupois, but correspondingly close in her outlook upon life, taking a far from liberal view of the rights of deities of the philandering sex. Author of "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" a pathetic ballad dedicated to Wotan, as well as a series of other pleasing and homely melodies entitled "Who Will Love Him When I Am Gone?" and "I Wonder Who's Kissing Him Now," none of which, however, were ever sung by her in the presence of outsiders. A paragon of all the stepmotherly virtues, and known quietly to the royal household as the Mother-in-Law of Creation. Not prepossessingly beautiful, owing to a slight astigmatism sometimes verging upon the wall-eye, contracted through a life-long attempt to keep one eye on Wotan and the other upon affairs at home, both

at the same time. Somewhat heavy in dress, but a decided reformer in all other respects. In disposition belonged to the militant order of goddesses, and never at a loss for several bars of good advice at critical moments in the life of her husband. Center of all the sewing circle activities of Valhalla, and always to be relied upon to supply a heavy *motif* when the *leit motif* showed signs of getting frivolous. Inclined to suffer, but not in silence, and renowned for her interference play which sometimes kept Wotan from kicking certain desired goals from the field. In modern times would probably have deserted Valhalla for Reno, but in the absence of such a refuge worked off her overwrought feelings by taking short driving trips through the domain of the gods in a little gold goat wagon, more often than not on the trail of the wandering Wotan. Recreations, curtain lectures, goatomobiling and domestic economy. Address, Hymen Lodge, Gladsheim, R. F. D.



APART

By Isabel Warren

I HAVE no knowledge where, in twilight hours,
 You see my silver lamp go down the sky;
 I do not know the streams you wander by,
 The streets you walk in or the garden bowers.
 Only—for you, as me, the summer flowers
 Fade and are past, and winter winds draw nigh;
 Only for you, tonight, this sunset sky
 Flames, winged like seraphs, thrones, dominions, powers.

Lost to each other, distant, out of mind,
 We live, who still must share the varying year
 And the vicissitudes of day and night.
 Look once more westward. Have you not divined
 That somewhere far a heart that holds you dear
 Seeks you a blessing, from those fields of light?



ADAM had his own rib for a mother-in-law.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF MADAME LÉANDRE

By Helen Woljeska

THE ideal condition would be: Not poor enough to make life a tragedy—not rich enough to make it a farce.

Happiness can never be "found." You have to create it for yourself.

Compromise is to take two perfect arrangements and unite them into one that is imperfect.

As only diamond can cut diamond, so love only is strong enough to kill love.

The tomorrow and the yesterday—that is what distinguishes us from the other animals.

Do not imagine your success is due to your *ars amatoria*. A woman has made up her mind long before the hour of temptation whether to succumb or to repulse.

The portraits of lovers in some women's memory are nothing but a rogues' gallery.

What is the life of the "decent" woman?

A lonely, tedious thing—lacking the pleasures, the luxuries, the triumphs that would animate it were she less monogamistic—spent on a husband who deceives her, on children eager to outgrow her.

Well, even so—if she loves that husband and those children, this life to her is beautiful beyond belief.



ANALYSIS OF A KISS

By May L. Armitage

AN upward glance or two,
A downward glance or three;
A murmured word or two,
A touch of me and thee;
A sudden start or two—
For someone comes to see;
A silence one or two,
A word that starts with "d,"
So near a lip or two—
"What is to be will be."

A HAPPY ENDING

By Nevil G. Henshaw

THE other day, while I was frantically engaged in packing what I had formerly considered an exceedingly scanty wardrobe, my friend Wemple burst in upon me.

Wemple is one of those men who almost console you for being what you are, through the sheer impossibility of ever imagining yourself like him. He is young, good looking and popular, and he is further possessed of a wealth that even the biggest muckrakers have seen fit to dilate upon. His enemies say, it is true, that he is lacking in common sense. Brains, however, being of little moment in the make-up of a person such as Wemple, the matter is scarce worthy of consideration. The further fact that Wemple is of the type known as "breezy" I will omit, feeling sure that the careful reader has already discovered as much through the manner of his entrance.

"Good morning, old man," he greeted me. "I've just dropped in to ask a favor of you. It's what you get for being a writer, you know."

"It is," I replied. "If there is anything else, I haven't noticed it. However, I must ask you to be brief. As you can see, I am busy."

"Going away?" asked Wemple.

I unnecessarily delayed the packing of a camera into the bottom of my trunk that I might run over the answers to a series of foolish questions I once started for newspaper consumption. Then, recognizing the futility of such a proceeding, I changed to a paragraph from "Talks with our Subscribers" in the current issue of the *Populace*.

"Even now this talented contributor is upon his way to the heart of Central America," I quoted. "His articles

upon the temples and orchid hunting of this interesting country will be a feature of the *Populace* during the coming year."

As I had expected, Wemple was not duly impressed.

"I see," he replied. "So you *are* going away. Then I won't detain you long. The fact is, I am trying to write a story myself, and I am stuck on the ending. I thought possibly you could make some suggestions. Don't you writers help each other that way?"

"We do," I replied—"after we have been dead long enough to be properly forgotten by the editors. However, I will make an exception in your case. Let's have the story as far as you have gone."

Wemple squirmed uneasily and flushed a most attractive red beneath his tan, which was perfectly right and proper in a budding author.

"Oh, so far I've only got it in my head," said he apologetically. "Of course when I get the ending I'll write it all down. Briefly, it goes something like this:

"The hero is young, good looking and popular. He is also exceedingly wealthy. His name is Harvey."

"Quite right," I interjected. Wemple's first name is Harvey, but I did not call his attention to the fact.

"The hero is also something of a sportsman," continued Wemple. "He is fond of golf, tennis and polo, but his special hobby is motoring. One afternoon he is out in his favorite car—which brings me to the real beginning of my story. The car is a ninety horsepower Fearless Roadster, with four speeds forward and reverse, an automatic starter and—"

"Don't you think it would be just as well to simply say that he was out in his car?" I suggested.

Wemple shook his head.

"No," he replied emphatically. "The way the plot works out the hero is obliged to have these attachments, and you may as well get them over with at the start."

"I beg your pardon," said I humbly. "Sometimes the reader is allowed to guess such things. But go on with the story."

"And demountable rims," continued Wemple, a little sullenly, I thought. "Some distance out from the city the hero has a puncture, and gets out to fix it. There is only one extra tire in his irons, and when he goes to attach it he finds that, through some defect in the demountable rim, he is unable to do so. Not having his chauffeur along, and being unwilling to go to the trouble of removing the outer casing and putting in a fresh inner tube himself, he looks about for a way out of his dilemma.

"The signpost at the crossroads offers him a solution by informing him that, two miles away upon the left fork, there is a garage. The hero has always taken the right fork, but, being in dire necessity, he starts out upon the entirely unknown left one, which makes the rest of the story possible.

"After proceeding a mile, the hero hears the rapid approach of hoofbeats, and looking up the road, he discovers a runaway. The horse is a large black one, and the rider is, of course, a girl.

"The hero acts quickly. The road is narrow, his car is long; and so, throwing in his reverse, he whirls about broadside on, blocking the approach of the maddened animal. Then, springing in front of his improvised barricade, he waits until the horse pauses, frightened by the machine.

"At this moment the hero seizes hold of the bridle and hangs on to the plunging animal until the girl has slipped to the ground. The girl is, of course, the heroine, and as soon as she realizes that she is saved she faints dead away."

"In the hero's arms?" I inquired.

Wemple shook his head. "No, not

quite," he replied dejectedly. "The fact is, she falls to the ground, but the hero picks her up the moment he is able to untangle himself from the horse. Then, lifting the girl into the left hand seat, he holds her with one arm while he starts the motor and sets out for aid—a thing he *couldn't possibly* do without an automatic starter."

"I see," said I in answer to his emphasis. "But haven't you made a mistake and got hold of a moving picture scenario?"

Wemple snorted contemptuously. "That shows what you know about it!" he retorted. "You can believe me or not, but the greater part of this story is true."

"Indeed!" I replied. "And may I inquire the name of the heroine?"

Wemple paused reflectively.

"Sylvia," he replied after a moment. "She is small and slender, with dark brown hair and the bluest, dearest eyes in all the world. A half-mile or so from the scene of the runaway she comes to her senses, thanks the hero and asks him to take her to the small village near which she lives. When they arrive there a little later Louise has so far recovered that she—"

"Louise?" I interrupted. "I thought you said that her name was *Sylvia*!"

"So I did," replied Wemple. "It doesn't matter, though, does it? Isn't one name just as good as another?"

"Sometimes it is better," said I. "And now don't you think that it is time for a little description? Suppose you bring in a picture of the heroine's home?"

Wemple passed over the suggestion lightly.

"Do you think it necessary?" he asked. "I thought that all the editors were after action. The home is just a big, rambling country house, set in an old-fashioned garden. There's a village not far away, with about enough people in it to fill a street car."

"As I was saying, Louise—I mean *Sylvia*—has recovered enough by the time they arrive to insist upon the hero's coming in and receiving the thanks of her father and mother. So he meets the

old people, and afterward accepts their invitation to supper, so that he can learn the fate of the abandoned horse. That night, as he motors back to the city, the hero's head is so full of Louise—I mean Sylvia—that he gets arrested for speeding."

Wemple paused, smiled confusedly and once more blushed an attractive red beneath his tan.

"Suppose I pass over the part about the hero's motoring out to see the heroine each day, and falling more in love with her after every trip," he suggested. "Being a writer, you will understand it perfectly, and I am sure that I won't have the least trouble with it when it comes to writing it down."

"Perhaps it will be best for both of us," said I. "However, I should like to know, Louise's—I mean Sylvia's—views upon the subject. It strikes me that they should be equally as important as the hero's."

"They are much more so," said Wemple hastily. "In fact, they make the tangle in the story. Lou—Sylvia, whereas she is eternally grateful to the hero for saving her life, seems utterly unable to return his passion. As a friend she is perfect, but, once the hero mentions his love, she becomes wholly unresponsive.

"The hero, as I have said, is young, good looking, popular and wealthy. Therefore, finding no personal reason for L—L—Sylvia's attitude, he seeks further for enlightenment. He finds it in the village, in the gossip of another man.

"The other man, he learns, is older, commonplace, if not worse, and poor. Of late his visits have been infrequent, and, as you can imagine, the village folk scarce consider him as a rival of the hero.

"The hero, however, is more astute. By testing the heroine with careful questions, he finally becomes convinced, strange though it may seem, that this other man is the one obstacle between himself and his happiness."

"Well?" I asked, as Wemple paused again.

"Why, that's all," he replied disconsolately. "I can't get any further. What I want is an ending—a happy ending, of

course, where the hero marries the heroine. Can't you give me some deed or feat for the hero to perform that will make the heroine forget the other man?"

"And what is the other man's name?" I inquired.

"As the village folk haven't found him worth the inquiry, the hero doesn't know it," replied Wemple. "If it is necessary I could invent one. How would 'Smithers' do?"

"Horrible!" I cried, and then, as became a decision of such gravity, I silently piled clothes into my trunk for a moment or so before going on.

"Wemple," said I finally, "the ending of a story such as yours cannot be given offhand. Also, as I am to sail tomorrow, I have little time to devote to it. However, I will do the best I can. I will look into the matter this afternoon, and will let you hear from me before leaving."

Wemple was most profuse in his thanks.

"And you won't forget that ending?" he persisted from the doorway, after he had managed to get that far. "Remember, it has to be a happy one."

"I will make it," said I, "the happiest that I can."

That afternoon I consulted a time table and took a train from the city. It was a slow, methodical, country local, wholly worthy of the tiny village to which it bore me—a village whose population might comfortably have filled a street car.

At the station a single, battered vehicle lay in wait for the possible traveler, and upon entering it I gave orders to be driven to the same old place.

The place, when we finally reached it, lay bathed in the rich glow of the autumn sunset. It was just a big, rambling country house, such as one would expect, and it was set in an old-fashioned garden.

A girl answered my knock at the door—a small, slender girl, with dark brown hair and the bluest, dearest eyes in all the world. Heretofore my attitude toward this girl had been of the shy, pleading sort that is nurtured by a hope far too great for expression. Now, however, I experienced a sudden change.

Ignoring the girl's outstretched hand, I seized her in my arms.

"Louise," I cried, "I have been an awful fool!"

Incredible though it may seem, the girl was rather surprised than angry.

"So you have discovered it at last, have you?" she replied. "I was beginning to fear that I would have to tell you so myself."

What followed immediately after concerns only myself and one other.

"And to think that you should have cared, after all!" I resumed when it was possible to do so. "You see, I just couldn't make myself believe that it wasn't your rescuer. I thought that I was standing in your light. He is young, good looking, popular and—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Louise. "But let's talk about ourselves. How did you ever come to find out?"

"Through a story," I replied evasively. "I learn lots of things from my work sometimes."

It was right in the middle of a second suspension of our conversation that a thought smote me like the hand of fate.

"Louise," I cried—"I forgot to tell you: I have been a coward; I was going to run away. Tomorrow the *Populace* sends me to Central America."

"For how long?" she questioned.

"A year—perhaps longer," I groaned. And then, as I was seized with a sudden idea: "But you will go with me, will you not?" I pleaded. "We can be married tonight. There is a minister in the village. It will be a glorious honeymoon."

Sensible as always, Louise lost little time in making a decision.

"It will save lots of trouble, and perhaps it will be for the best," she murmured. "You might get another idea

from your work. A different one, you know."

The following morning, as we were upon our way to the boat, I ordered our driver to stop his taxi at the shop of my friend Badger. Badger is a stationer and engraver, with literary aspirations, and as I have often helped him with his work he is always willing to do a favor for me.

Louise followed me inside the shop with that sweet but fleeting interest which a bride always feels in her husband's affairs, and Badger, upon catching sight of us, immediately dove behind his counter.

"I have them," he cried, as he reappeared with a collection of boxes.

"It took two of us the greater part of the night, but they are all here."

Choosing a box at random, I opened it and drew forth a heavy square of paper. It was the usual engraved card with the polite information that Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So wished to announce the marriage of their daughter to Mr. What's-his-name, and upon catching sight of it Louise uttered a cry of surprise.

"Why—why, they are ours!" she cried.

"Yes," I interrupted. "I ordered them yesterday, thinking that we might need them. We'll send them up to your people at once."

Then, as Louise plunged into a careful scrutiny of each line and curve of this most important document, I withdrew a second one from the box. "Finis," I wrote upon its bottom with my fountain pen, after which I addressed it to a certain young, good looking, popular and wealthy friend of mine, and intrusted its delivery to Badger.

Perhaps it was hard on Wemple, but when a man is older, commonplace, if not worse, and poor, he can only do the best he can.



WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly it takes her some time to get the "crick" out of her back.

COMRADES THREE

By W. Carey Wonderly

IVY had a grievance. Bert could tell she had by the way she kept to herself in one corner of the dressing room and refused so stubbornly to meet his attempts at conversation. Nothing he could say awakened a gleam of interest in her cold blue eyes; the very air she breathed seemed hostile to him.

When she dropped her rouge stick, and he hurried eagerly, albeit clumsily, to pick it up for her, she gave him a short, distant "Thank you." This was the climax. It frightened Bert, and he said, striving recklessly to gain her attention:

"The Flying Roses was telling Hild that they were booked solid next season on the Orpheum; said this was their last month in the 'pop' houses. Ivy, if they can—"

The girl wheeled sharply around so that she faced him, and made a quick, expressive gesture with her hands that Bert knew and had grown to hate.

"I guess they will leave the small time!" she flared out significantly. "They've got backbone behind their act! Flora Rose's husband—" She stopped short, and went back to her mirror. "What's the use of telling it to you?" she added.

The man's cheeks went a dull brick red.

"What's the use of telling *what* to me?" he wanted to know.

"Oh—anything!" she threw back, with a shrug and a laugh.

"But, Ivy—"

"You've no ambition—no anything," she cried. There was both anger and bitterness in her voice; her pretty face was a study in discontent.

Bert laid down his diamond horseshoe cravat pin, his one luxury—the pride and

joy of his life it was—and said, a trifle thickly:

"Is it me, Ivy? Have I done something wrong? All day long you've seemed—mad, kind o', at something. Are you sick, honey?"

"Don't call me 'honey,' please," she said coldly. "No, I'm not ill. All you and Hilda know is physical pain. 'Are you sick, Ivy?'" She mimicked his voice perfectly. "Well, then, yes, I *am* sick! I am sick to death—of everything! Of this life here in the 'pop' houses—of you—of Hilda—of—of—everything and everybody! I want to get away, and I'm going to get away! Because you and Hilda have no ambition, no desire for anything better than this—well, I have, Bert Comrade, and I'm going away from you all!"

She faced him like an animal at bay, spent with her passionate outburst. Her blue eyes were dark now, and her full red lips curled scornfully, showing her white, even teeth.

"I'm going away," she repeated; "I'm going next week, too!"

For a moment Bert stood there as if rooted to the floor. Never brilliant nor ready of speech at the most opportune time, he now stood silent and staring. But all the blood in his body had rushed to his head; it ached unmercifully, and his heart was thumping out a loud tattoo. Ivy was his wife, and from the day of their first meeting he had had eyes and thoughts for no other woman.

He made a step toward her now, not knowing fully what he did—he was stunned by the shock of her words. She put up both hands to ward him off, and at the same minute Hilda knuckled sharply on the door.

"Gone to sleep in there?" she cried. "Get a move on, Ivy—the Roses are finishing."

Bert went back to his dressing table, and Ivy threw open the door.

"Don't raise your voice so—it isn't at all necessary when you're speaking to us," she said.

Her sister walked past her without a word and over to Bert. His cold, clammy fingers were nervously twisting his necktie, and Hilda, with a little smile, took the ends from him and made them into a bow.

"You'll miss your hub-hub-hub-hub-hubby man
Some of these days,"

she sang, making a grimace at Ivy.

Closing the door and locking it behind him, Bert followed the two girls to the wings. The Flying Roses were still on the stage, and the three stood and watched them from the shelter of a gorgeous pasteboard fountain.

"They're going on the Orpheum circuit next season," remarked Hilda.

Bert gave her a little dig with his elbows, and Ivy saw him.

"Don't try to start anything here, please," she cried, "where everybody can see you. Hilda, you'll oblige me by keeping quiet."

Hilda sighed.

"Honest, she's always got a grouch on these days," she said. Drawing Bert's arm through hers, she winked naughtily at the piano player—she could just see his head from her hiding place in the wings. "Comrade," she asked, "what shall we do with this lovely Ivy of ours? She's always picking on us because she's bigger'n we are."

The stage manager didn't give Ivy the chance to voice her sentiments in the matter. The Flying Roses took their last bow and hurried off, and the orchestra burst into the music for the Comrades Three. They came out before the gaudy drop in single file, first Ivy, then Bert and then Hilda. And the three of them sang two badly chosen songs and danced two very clever dances, and then Hilda and Bert, while Ivy went off to change, did a bit of "buck and wing"

that was always good for an encore in the popular houses.

Ivy, returning, next "offered" her imitations—Anna Held, Eddie Foy, Ethel Barrymore and Eddie Leonard. To be sure these are the easiest subjects on the stage, and ones that every child attempts, but Ivy did them nicely, and with a touch that lifted them above their surroundings. Perhaps because these imitations were the one thing she did really well, they stood for the thorn in Ivy's flesh. She always made a "scene" back in the dressing room after doing them.

"There's no class to imitations any more," she would declare.

But tonight she had nothing to say, and going on ahead, she reached the dressing room first, leaving Hilda and Bert to follow on behind.

Hilda pulled Bert's coat sleeve. "Say what's eating Ivy, anyway?" she asked.

"I—I think she's took cold," answered Bert loyally, shielding Ivy as he always did, not only from the world but from her shrewd, clever sister as well. "There's not much heat in our room—how's yours?"

"Oh, all right," shrugged Hilda.

The three were ready to go home to their boarding house before the pictures were thrown on the screen. Ivy, in a long fur coat and wearing a huge beplumed hat on her blonde head, stood out in glaring contrast to the unpretentiousness of Hilda and Bert.

They occupied two rooms on the third floor of a good, quiet boarding house, Hilda using the smaller, boxlike apartment off the large front room. In the larger room they gathered on their return home, Bert fixing up a little supper while the two girls took off their street clothes and got into kimonos.

"Don't make any sandwiches for me," cried Ivy. She threw herself back in a creaking rocking chair, looking like a story book princess in her flowing blue kimono. Hilda, red-haired, had twisted her braids tight on the top of her head, and was rubbing cold cream on her cheeks.

"Ivy, you sure are a kill-sport," she cried. "Never mind, Bert; fix me an

extra dozen or two—oh, both cheese and ham."

When the lunch was ready, Bert took Ivy over a plate of sandwiches and a glass of warm milk.

"Try to eat a little something," he pleaded. "Drink the milk, anyway."

She paid no attention to him; in a cold even voice she began:

"I am going to leave you two at the end of this week. No, I'm not 'sick,' Bert—I'm not 'mad,' Hilda. I've just come to the conclusion that if I want to make any progress at all in my chosen profession I've got to jump in and do it for myself. I can't depend on Bert, because he's satisfied with things as they are now. I don't want to be playing three shows a day in the small time houses all the rest of my life—"

"Sophie Tucker played five shows a day not long ago. Look at 'er now!" cut in Hilda briskly.

"I'm not Sophie Tucker," Ivy answered. "There's no use in arguing the point—I'm going. Do you hear, Bert?"

"But, honey—Ivy—" he faltered.

"I'm *going!*" his wife emphasized. She threw him a cold, challenging look. It was always a wonder to Hilda how a soft, lovable little thing like Ivy could be so hard. "I have arranged all my plans, and when we close here Saturday night I'll leave you, and you and Hilda can go on to Harrisburg together. Of course you will have to change your billing to 'Comrades Two,' I suppose, but otherwise my going will not inconvenience the act. Hilda can do my Anna Held number—oh, yes, you can."

"But I won't!" snapped Hilda. "You leave us, Bert and me, and we'll show you—we'll make you sit up and take notice! I've got a thing or two up my sleeve, believe me."

Bert, one hand on the back of a chair, his face gray and old-looking, made a quick, involuntary gesture toward his wife.

"You don't mean it, Ivy—you can't!" he said hoarsely. "Why, I'll do anything—"

"Oh, spare me a scene, do!" she cried airily. "Why, of course I mean it! Everything's arranged, I tell you. But

surely it's nothing to make such a fuss about. You and Hilda will continue with the old act, and I—"

"Yes, *you*," broke in Hilda—"what are *you* going to do?"

Ivy flushed angrily under her sister's impertinent grin.

"I'm going to do a 'single'—full stage, parlor setting and a pianist," she answered, keeping her temper with difficulty. "I shall also do my butterfly dance. I've talked the idea over with Mr. Connor—"

"With who?" chorused Hilda and Bert together. There was a new note in both their voices.

"Mr. Connor. He's the pianist at the theater here. I made him an offer, which he accepted, and he is to play for me in the future," said Ivy, with an air of finality.

All the color went from Hilda's face, and she put down her sandwich, rubbing her nose thoughtfully. Bert, for the first time, flared up, his eyes blazing dangerously.

"Watch out there!" he warned Ivy, his voice not quite steady. "That's one thing I won't stand for. I'll tell this feller Connor a thing or two, or my name's not—"

Ivy scrambled out of the chair with the alacrity of a kitten. Her face was red where Bert's was white, but her glance met his without the quiver of an eyelash.

"Don't say anything you'll be sorry for later on, Bert Comrade," she cried. "I've never, never given you cause for doubting me. If you say—*anything* now—why, I'll never, never forgive you!"

He was silent, then with a half-sob, "Forgive me, honey," he pleaded, "but you're all I've got."

Ivy threw herself back in the chair, and Hilda, strangely stirred, got up and walked the length of the room.

"And where's all the money coming from for this?" she asked suddenly, facing her sister.

"I thought," hesitated Ivy, "I thought perhaps Bert—as a loan—his horseshoe—"

She put out her hand, and Bert's went

up unconsciously, covering the pin in his cravat. For a mad second there flashed through his dull, tortured brain the knowledge that without the diamond horseshoe Ivy would be obliged to give up the idea of a 'single.' If he refused to pawn the pin— Then hurriedly he unfastened it, laying it in her soft, rosy palm. But what the act cost him, he alone knew.

Hilda, in the doorway, laughed harshly. Then, before either of them could speak to her, she had stepped into her room and closed the door with a bang.

Left alone together, Ivy began to undress, slowly, deliberately, without a word or a glance for the man clearing up the dishes on the supper table. Once he turned and said, in almost a whisper, so that Hilda in the next room might not hear:

"Don't go; don't leave me, dear! I'm selfish, I guess—I know I am; but you—I'd miss you so, Ivy. Why, we've never been separated a day!"

"I know." She softened a little at the lovelight in his eyes. "But, Bert, I can't be doing this always—imitations in the small time houses, to audiences who pay a dime and only applaud slapstick and motion pictures! I want to be—famous. You and Hilda, perhaps, are satisfied here, but I—I've got to go."

"You mean you're better than us; I see," he nodded.

"No, not that, but—" She could not fittingly put into words just what she did mean.

"Yes." He stacked the dishes on the washstand, and taking off his coat, folded it carefully across the back of a chair. "My grammar's all wrong, and my manners aren't much better, I guess—Ivy, I never even had a fighting chance at education. Sold peanuts at the old Howard—you know. Maybe I oughtn't to have married you if I'm holding you back from making a name for yourself. But at first we were all so happy—remember?"

Ivy curled herself up in the covers of the bed. It was warm and she was quite comfortable. Also she had the diamond horseshoe.

"Possibly we may play the same bills

sometime," she said graciously. "If you and Hilda work to improve yourselves, you might be able to get big time booking—open or close the show, of course! And I will do all I can for you. Don't forget to fix the window—down from the top. Good night. Rap on Hilda's door and say good night for me, there's a dear."

Obediently Bert knuckled on the door of the smaller room.

"Ivy says—" he began, when Hilda's voice came muffled but sharp.

"Go to the devil!" it said.

II

"WHAT are you going to do about it?" Bert asked his sister-in-law. They were standing on the doorstep waiting for Ivy, who had gone back to speak to the landlady.

"Do about it?" echoed Hilda dully. "What *can* you do—what can anybody do? Ivy's not treating you fair, Bert; it's not a square deal she's handing you. We've spoiled her, us two together, and that's it, I guess. Always had her own way, and now you turn around and give her the horseshoe! We can't do a dog-gone thing."

"I'd want her to have her chance," Bert said sharply, as if thinking it over.

"Say, you know and I know that Ivy's no big find for Mistah Osca' Hammerstein," cried Hilda brusquely. "That's what she thinks she is. Honest, Bert, my voice is better'n hers—I know that, and I'm not throwing bouquets at myself, for that ain't saying much. She'll only make a failure of it, for she's no Jerry Farrar. Mark my words, she'll come back like the old cat."

Bert shook his head. "Not Ivy," he said.

She looked thoughtfully at the hole in the finger of her glove.

"I guess Harrisburg'll cancel us when they find there's only two of us instead of three. And I can't do Anna Held—I'd rather take a shot at Leonard."

Ivy came clicking down the hall in her high-heeled shoes, unusually pretty with the flush of excitement on her face. She

pinched her husband's arm daintily as she pushed past him out on the sidewalk. But neither he nor Hilda gave her an answering smile.

At the theater, Connor the pianist was waiting to try over some new songs for Ivy, and she with a delightful air of importance, motioned her husband and sister to seats in a box and began to talk music with the accompanist. She had a sweet voice, untrained—her accent itself was uncultured, and there was not one thing about either herself or her singing to attract attention. Hilda saw that she was merely a pretty young woman, but to Bert Comrade she was everything wonderful.

"I see 'em walking out on her myself," declared Hilda. "It's ridiculous. You ought to stop her."

"Can I? Can you?" he asked, a little wearily.

Hilda knew that she couldn't. As she had remarked before, they had both spoiled Ivy from the start. Ever since they had been together, from the very day Ivy had married Bert Comrade, five years ago, husband and sister had united in obeying her in every instance. Her word had been law. Now there smoldered in Hilda's eyes a fire that Bert had never seen there before. She sat watching the dainty young woman on the stage with her pretty, monopolizing manner giving her orders to the red-haired young Irishman at the piano in anything but an amused or sisterly way. There was anger in her voice when she said, turning suddenly to Bert, that he ought to be ashamed of himself to stand for such carryings-on.

"Ain't you her husband?" she demanded.

"Hilda, what can I do?" he asked in turn, helplessly.

"Tell her she sha'n't—that's all!" cried she. "Say to her that if she goes, that if she leaves Comrades Three now, that you will be done with her forever. Tell her she sha'n't come back to us when her new act falls through. You—you haven't got a backbone, Bert!"

The man started as if stung to the quick, and a hurt, dazed look came into his honest, doglike eyes. He put out

one hand to her, then, turning away, said nothing.

"Of course I'll see you never go broke, Hilda," he told her, after a brief silence.

She made a little gesture of dissent.

"I wasn't thinking of that," she said, "for I can always earn my living. I'm like Ivy now; you don't understand. I wasn't thinking of a place to sleep and something to eat."

"I thought you meant they might cancel us without Ivy," he apologized.

"Oh, she's not the whole act!" sneered Hilda. "Did she tell you so?"

He tried to change the conversation.

"You said you had something up your sleeve that you'd show them," he began. "If it's an idea we can work out together—"

"You know I haven't." She cut him short, in a voice devoid of all hope. "I only—said that to get Ivy. You know there's not one idea worth two bits in my whole makeup. Bert, I always knew I'd never amount to anything on the stage, and so—"

"So what?" asked he.

"Oh—nothing!" She got up and walked out of the box and on the stage. "If I could get a job slinging hash down at Cod's, I'd take it tomorrow and let the stage go hang!" she threw back at him over her shoulder.

Ivy had finished rehearsing her songs and stood with her back to the box talking with Connor. He glanced across at Hilda and wished her a gay good morning as she came up to the piano, but the girl was distant and cold, and she refused to be drawn into the conversation. Bert saw this, and the thought that Hilda was backing his cause warmed his very heart. He had always thought so highly of Hilda and Hilda's opinion.

He was full of bitterness toward the pianist, and yet common sense told him that Connor had nothing to do with Ivy's decision. In fact, Connor only listened to her in a half-hearted sort of way, and Bert, realizing this, felt like punching his head for his impertinence.

"Tomorrow I must try to find another song to replace that 'Moonlight' number," Ivy said. "What would you suggest, Mr. Connor?"

Before he could answer, Bert, eager to help, blurted out:

"What you want, Ivy, is a good, snappy song, something with class to it, and an 'all join in' chorus."

"Well, I don't then," she replied icily. "As for songs, I don't sing them; and if by 'classy' you mean smart—" She turned her back deliberately on him and smiled at Connor in a confidential manner. "You know," she said.

White with rage, Hilda caught Bert's arm and muttered thickly in his ear so that the others might not hear. She had seen the look of anguish in his eyes, had seen them narrow while his fists closed and his lips twitched convulsively.

"Never mind, old fellow; buck up," she whispered. "Don't—not a word—for her sake! I—I'll fix 'em!"

Going over to the piano, she picked up the 'Moonlight' number and hummed a few bars in a soft, pleasing mezzo voice.

"Will you kindly play the accompaniment, Mr. Connor?" she asked, with a coquettish smile.

"But we've got to go back to the hotel for luncheon," smiled Ivy.

"Plenty of time. Mrs. McGarriety don't have dinner till half past twelve," Hilda returned. "There—ready, Mr. Connor."

There was no doubt about Hilda's voice being superior to Ivy's; the only wonder was that she still retained it after five years of "ragging" songs and "bucking" dances. Bert was not surprised at the way she got the number over; he had always said that Hilda could do much better than she did if she'd only try. He was greatly pleased with her performance now, for he hadn't an idea as to her motive in singing 'Moonlight,' and forgetful of Ivy's words a moment ago, he sidled up to her, with a delighted nod for Hilda.

"Pretty good for the kid, eh?" he chuckled.

Then, as she made no answer, he turned and saw her face. It was scarlet.

"Why, honey—" he cried in alarm.

Hilda finished the song at that moment, and a wild burst of applause followed. A number of stage hands, at-

tracted by an unusual voice, had come out in the wings, and their approval was unanimous. Connor, too, was applauding.

First Hilda kissed her finger tips at the stage hands, and then, with a coquettish air, said to the pianist:

"Did I really do so *very* well? Your playing *must* have helped!"

"Well, it didn't. It was your voice," Connor cried. And then he glanced at Ivy, and coughed loudly behind his palm.

Hilda was dimpling with smiles and graces. Bert looked at her in open amazement. Never had he dreamed of such a transformation in careless, happy-go-lucky Hilda. When she beckoned for him, he joined her and Connor at the piano, scarcely knowing what he did, and forgetting Ivy entirely.

"You know," Hilda began confidentially, fingering the pianist's coat sleeve, "my lovely sister Ivy is going to leave Bert and me at the end of this week, and we've got to frame up something to keep us in bread and butter until she comes back."

"The old act will do just as it is," interposed Ivy. "No use taking chances with new stuff which you can't handle properly."

Hilda opened wide her dark eyes.

"That's what I'm coming to, dear," she said sweetly. "We can't do it—now. And if you couldn't make the big time with our present material, why I know full well Bert and I can't. So we'll get a fresh line. Mr. Connor, will you give us a little time on some new songs—please?"

Connor looked first at Ivy, then at the big-eyed, red-lipped Hilda, and was promptly lost.

"All the time you want!" he cried heartily. "Let's see—your sister will rehearse tomorrow morning, but if you and Mr. Comrade stay after the second show this afternoon now—"

Ivy turned away and walked slowly toward the door. She was afraid to trust her voice, and yet she would have dearly loved to express her sentiments in the matter then and there. It was ridiculous for Bert and Hilda to want

fresh material—the old act had been accepted in the popular price houses for the past three years. And it was absurd for them to be thinking of big time. She was determined to tell Bert so when she got him alone.

She turned to listen, as Hilda's voice came to her, singing a number that she had selected for her own act. Then,

"Oh, don't kid me!" cried Hilda, dimpling at Connor. "I know I don't sing it better'n her. And if I do, it's because my eyes are bigger'n hers, maybe—you've got to make 'em, you know, to get that song over the foots."

On the way back to their boarding house Ivy maintained a dignified silence, and Bert, thoroughly uncomfortable, answered only in monosyllables, so that Hilda held the entire conversation in her two hands. She talked enthusiastically of their new act, told Bert he must get a new suit of clothes and asked her sister's advice about dressing her own hair.

"You know," she said, "we want to get everything down pat so when the agents come to look us over they'll push us a big time contract. We don't want you to be ashamed of us, your sister and husband, Ivy. After dinner I think I'll go back and see if I can't get Mr. Connor to give me a few minutes before the first show—what do you think, eh?"

"I think you'll worry him to death next—that's what I think," snapped Ivy. "You're taking advantage of him, and he don't like to refuse you because you're my sister and I've engaged him for my act."

Instantly Hilda's whole appearance changed, and she turned almost pathetically to Bert.

"Do *you* think that?" she asked, a trifle harshly.

"No, I don't," he returned. "Ivy, you're wrong there, honey. Connor seems real interested in our new act, and he thinks Hilda's got a good voice, too. It's all right to ask him to help you with the songs, Hilda. We've known Jim Connor, on and off, for the past three years."

"Which is about six weeks, all told," Ivy shrugged. "Comrades Three have played the Grand twice a year, one week

each time, for the last three years. And Connor has been pianist here for that time. I fail to see myself how that makes it all right, Hild, for the pair of you to pester his life out to teach you impossible songs."

For a second the girl was silent, then she said, rather quietly:

"I'm going after dinner, all the same."

After she had gone, in the brief hour they had to themselves before it was time to get ready for the afternoon performances, Ivy threw herself across the foot of the bed in their room and opened a magazine. Bert had been waiting for a chance like this, and he seated himself awkwardly on a chair in front of her.

"Dearie," he began haltingly, for he was not good at expressing himself—"dearie, if we got a lot of bright, snappy stuff, all new material, you know, and worked hard at it, don't you think we might stand a show at the big time—the old Comrades Three, I mean—without you leaving Hilda and me? I—I hate to see you go."

She tried not to show her anger, but she was angry because Bert's devotion touched her in spite of herself. She knew he loved her in a way which made him blind to everything but her charming self. In her heart she had always been proud of this devotion until it stood in the path of her ambition.

"It's all arranged now," she said. "Don't talk while I'm reading—there's a dear."

"There's so much work that ain't a woman's work in vaudeville, you know," he added, with a gleam of hope.

"Mr. Connor will attend to that," she replied, without looking up.

"And, Ivy—Hilda and I will be scraping before we're out a week." He attempted a smile, but it was far from successful. "And even if the agent don't cancel our present booking, we'll never get any more—that's sure as death and taxes. Without you, Ivy, the act loses its value."

"Oh, you'll do well enough, I dare say," she shrugged indifferently.

She got up off the bed, stretched, and going over to the mirror, daintily powdered her face. In the glass she saw

Bert, elbows on his knees and face in his hands. Something inside of her stirred her strangely, and she called his name.

"You know," she said gently, "that I've always cared for you, Bert. There's never been another man who counted, who could hold a candle to you in my sight. I know the difference—you're a *man*. But I've got to have my chance."

He picked up his hat and turned it awkwardly around in his hands.

"I guess I ought to thank God for that," he said; "and I do."

When they reached the theater Hilda was sitting in their dressing room waiting. The Flying Roses were on, doing some remarkably clever ring work to the half-hearted applause of an afternoon first show crowd, but while the Comrades Three were next on the bill, Hilda was not in costume.

Bert looked at his watch.

"Gee, we've got to get a move on!" he said. "Run along and dress, Hilda."

Hilda's fingers worked nervously with her dress, pleating the folds of the skirt with deliberate precision.

"Folks," she said suddenly, glancing up with an uncertain smile, "I—I'm married. I married Jim Connor this afternoon, a little while ago."

"Aw, rats!" chuckled Bert. "Who're you trying to string now?"

She rose to her feet and came a few steps toward them.

"Honest, Bert; honest, Ivy."

There was a moment of silence so significant that nobody moved. Then Ivy asked:

"Why did you do this? Because you wanted to break up my act?"

"No!" Hilda came and stood in front of her sister, and her eyes pleaded for kindness and sympathy and love. "I married Jim for the same reason you married Bert," she said—"I loved him. I've loved him for a long time—yes, even when we were far away and I knew I shouldn't see him again for months and months. And I'm sure he has loved me a long, long time—he used to look at me just like Bert looks at you, Ivy. But he never said so until today."

"You surely lost no time in marrying him after that," Ivy said slowly.

Hilda glanced from her sister to Bert.

"But we've loved each other such a long time!" she cried. "Oh, Bert, you must understand!" She backed away from them, putting a chair between Ivy and herself. "Have I done something so awful terrible? What is it? Tell me!" she asked.

Then Ivy, with a little cry, ran to her, gathering her in her arms and calling her childish pet names.

"I see! I understand!" she said, with a catch in her voice. "You have done this for us. Bert, she has married that man so that I cannot go with him, so that we two must stay together—for your happiness, and to show me my duty. Oh, Hilda dear, you shouldn't have—not that. Bert there, yes, but I am not worth it. To sacrifice yourself for us—"

"Don't cry, old girl," said Bert, with rough kindness. "Why, I'll break every bone in the feller's body if he dares come near you ever, Hild. Don't cry! Good Lord, Ivy, stop 'er, can't you?"

Hilda raised her head from her sister's shoulder.

"But I'm not crying, at all!" she declared. "I—I think I'm laughing. I love Jim, I say. And I'm not a story book heroine, at all. I'm afraid I didn't give a continental for anybody in all the world but Jim when he told me—that, and asked me to marry him, right away. Why, I was mad enough to kill you, Ivy, when you said you were going to take him away with you—even one of Chambers's heroes would forget me if he were thrown all the time with you. But I determined to make one more attempt before I gave him up entirely. And—now he isn't going to play your accompaniments ever, at all!"

"You mean he'll play yours?" asked Ivy. "You are going to leave Bert and me?"

Hilda nodded, and there was a twinkle in her eyes.

"But I'm not after big time," she said. "You see, I'm not clever like you, Ivy, and I'm not in love with the stage but with Jim Connor. Yes, I'm going to

quit you, but my debut as a star will be made in a three-room flat, up over a delicatessen store. Now laugh—I don't care. I've always wanted a husband and a home, and—Ivy, do you remember, when you was a kid, how I use' to tog you out for school?"

Outside the stage manager knocked sharply on the door, calling their names.

"Ready?" he shouted. "Don't keep the stage waiting, folks."

Hilda turned to go. At the door she

looked back, first at Bert and then at Ivy.

"What will you do next week?" she asked. "Jim says I may work out this, but then—he wants me—home."

Ivy took Bert's fingers and held them tightly in her soft, pink palm.

"The Comrades Two will play Harrisburg as per booking, of course," she returned briskly. "And meanwhile they will rehearse their new act, hoping for a season on the big time some day."



A VIGIL

By Betty McRae

LAST night we watched together, thou and I,
The big bright moon slip up into the sky;
The clustered stars, the red gold evening star,
The dreaming hills, eternal, faint and far,
The shining ripples of the silvered sea,
And my fond lips, beloved, spoke to thee—
Oh, never have I loved thee so before;
And I awoke—only to love thee more.

Tonight I watch alone the straight, strong trees,
Kissing my cheek the sweet pine-scented breeze;
The shadows of the dim, dark pines arise
Against the star-pierced shadows of the skies;
The tired bird folds his wings high in the tree;
On wings of longing my heart flies to thee—
Oh, never have I loved thee so before;
And I shall wake—only to love thee more.

Oh, days to be, bordered with sunset rose,
Gilding the seas and reddening the snows,
Whether they merge in velvet dark, or swoon
In flooding radiance of the harvest moon,
In beating sleet or snows, or windily,
Hushed on thy heart my heart shall cry to thee—
Oh, never have I loved thee so before;
And I shall wake ever to love thee more.

DANCING

By Stuart B. Stone

DANCING is the poetry of motion expressed in lines of the human body. It is the most popular poetic form, owing to the fact that the costume—or lack of it—affected permits the scanning of the lines with very little difficulty.

Among barbarous peoples the dance serves as a declaration of hostilities, a national jubilation, or the prelude to a missionary dinner, a hair raising or the decapitation of a prophet.

In civilized countries the tendency of the dance is toward interpretation, translation and the police station. Thus the dance may take the form of an allegory, a rebus, a miracle play, a study in anatomy, a nature fake or an epic poem, and may symbolize spring, a storm at sea, a chapter from St. Matthew, a homicide, a Salon prize winner or a section of the zoological gardens. In Pittsburgh the dance serves the purpose of a marriage mart patronized by the steel millionaires. In Newport it answers as a method of introduction to a grand duke, an unsanitary Persian Babu or a hippopotamus. In the First Ward of Chicago the dance stands for the inalienable right of the electorate to cast its suffrage in accordance with the dictate of the Hinky Dinks and the Bath House Johns. In colored circles it represents the constitutional right of the citizenry to bear razors.

Dancing may take the form of a wriggle, convulsion, spin, whirl, twitch, squirm, quiver, flutter, spasm, unveiling, acrobatic performance, assault and battery, sword throwing or brandishing of

human heads. There are as many varieties of dances as of dancers, among the more famous of whom may be cited Salome, Terpsichore, the Florodora Sextette, Jephthah's daughter, Clayton, Dazie, Geneé, the Merry Widow, Little Egypt and the Girl in Blue.

The waltz is an importation from the Strauss-Lehar foundries of Vienna, in which a prince of the royal Roumanian line makes a song hit with a dashing widow. The sextette is a drill executed by a half-dozen charming co-respondents and murder defendants. The Apache dance is a recent acquisition from Paris, in which every little movement has a mayhem all its own. The Midway, alias the Can-can, alias the Hoochee-kooch, alias the muscle dance, is a violent physical exercise of every sinew in the human economy; this form has been transplanted to the Metropolitan stage under the name of the Dance of the Lord of the Dawn, the Dance of the Shedding of the Seven Transparent Gauzes of Isis, and the Dance of the Seven Hundred and Seventeen Flowers of Parnassus. The barn dance is a pastoral form especially popular in New York and Chicago. The ballet is a demonstration in pulchritude for the benefit of the front row. The Cohan-esque dance consists of a swing from a box railing, a patter up the face of the *papier-mâché* mountains and a handspring over the head of the first bassoon.

Dancing was formerly a religious rite subject to control by the priests. Nowadays it has become rather a matter of police regulation.



SIGURD THE HUNCHBACK

By Frank H. Shaw

DURING the long winter months, when the towering mountains that hemmed in the fjord were clothed in purest white, Sigurd Olafsen sat in the corner of his mother's house and, using the big Norwegian knife as deftly as a woman her needle, carved wonderful things in wood. There were jewel cases, enriched with high reliefs, rings and chains that none could believe were carved from a single fagot, a host of things, indeed, for the lad was an artist. In summer he sold the products of the winter to the curious tourists who visited the little village that clustered at the fjord's head in great steamers from many lands; and they never failed to exclaim at the charm of his workmanship.

Long handling of the knife, however, had caused him to work almost automatically, and there was really no need to devote much thought to the speedy growth of those intricate designs. His mind was free, therefore, to pursue its own fancies; and he would roam in imagination through the length and breadth of the *harrod*, visiting the outlying and poverty-stricken farms, where every inch of level ground was carefully tended that food for the terrible winters might be won from the inclement ground. But when the wind sang mournfully in the wide chimney, when the fire of spruce logs leaped and crackled, when the pot simmered gently, his thoughts would stray first to the mountain tops, with their steeply sloping cliffs of granite that afforded scant foothold for the most intrepid climber, and then, as a matter of course, would revert to Olga of the flaxen locks, ruddy cheeked, blue eyed Olga, the fairest maiden in western Norway,

as straight as a mountain pine and as strong as a granite cliff.

At such times the work would be apt to suffer, for with Olga's face between his eyes and the carven wood it was impossible to devote that strict though automatic attention to detail that was necessary. Still, such losses were cheap at the price of so much dreaming; and he would sit for an hour at a time with his hands dropped between his knees, thinking, thinking hard, until the soft, sweet smile would be replaced by one of grim bitterness; then he would mutter an exclamation and carve frantically at a fresh piece, making the chips fly vehemently.

"You fool!" he would exclaim. "Olga is not for you. Unless—" Nature, his mother and a simple soul had given him the face of a Baldur, a grand massive head, with wavy hair falling back from a domelike forehead. But Christina Nerisen, the ancient crone who had undertaken his charge what time his younger brother Jan was at the breast, had in a moment's irresponsibility allowed the tender bundle in her arms to fall to the ground. Ordinarily nothing would have happened, but Christina, near-sighted and weak, had forgotten that her own foot trod bare rock instead of kindly earth.

They drove forty miles for the doctor, then forty miles back with him; he came and shook his head.

"I shall do my best," he said, "but God has taken the matter in hand for me." And Sigurd was a hunchback from that day. But if his back had lost its native straightness, his arms were the arms of a mighty man, and his hands were terrible in their strength and power,

yet as delicate, when the need arose, as those of a tender woman. So with his beautiful face and his unsightly body Sigurd was a familiar figure in Bodde, and people had ceased to sympathize with him ages ago, knowing that any reference to his deformity was like a sharp sword in his heart.

But when the winter sloughed away into the dripping melancholy of early spring, there was fresh work toward, a work that Sigurd loved. The village was small enough, in all truth, but to his great soul it was narrow, cribbed and confined; his heart panted the whole long winter through for the vast wide spaces of the mountain tops, where the slow moving glaciers surged toward the distant valleys, where the awakened bear stalked grimly, marking down the straying cattle and springing deadlily. He was named for the finest climber of all who dwelt in the neighborhood of the Litenvfjord; and his spoils were rich and numerous. Now it was the shaggy winter skin of a bear—with only a single tiny hole in the forehead to show where the unerring bullet had found its mark; now it was some more delicate pelt, that was sure to sell well when the tourists came; once he had brought home the egg of a golden eagle. But in the main he spent the spring in more ordinary employment, for his mother must be fed, no matter how her son's spirit craved for freedom and the wider ranges of the hilltops. Jan seldom sent any money home—he was a sailor on an English ship, and everybody knew that sailors spent their wages lavishly. It devolved on Sigurd, naturally enough, to keep the grim specter of want from the door of the humble clapboard home, to provide the daily meals of oatmeal and dried herring and to clothe the shrinking, elderly form against the biting rigors of the winter. So he passed from hilltop to hilltop, cutting the brushwood that grew there and sending it down to the valleys on the aerial wires that stretched in unbroken lines for thousands of feet. To each bundle he affixed a tally carved by his own hands, and the farmers redeemed these tallies at so much per bundle. There was small chance of growing fat

on their pay—but an öre here and an öre there grew gradually into kroner, and so the winter store was accumulated. For the rest he had his dreams of Olga and his rock climbing.

Eddig Grafers thrust his head inside the door one evening as the first signs of spring showed in the quickening of the river that ran through the village into the fjord, and at his salutation Sigurd looked up.

"There's a letter for you, Sigurd," he said. "Twas down at the post office—the letter carrier got over the pass at last." Sigurd hobbled toward the visitor and pressed him into a seat. There was no need to repeat his invitation to remain; letters were unusual things in Bodde out of the tourist season.

"It comes from England—Hull," said Eddig, who had done everything but open the flap of the envelope.

"It is from Jan," said Sigurd. "But it will be for my mother's ear. I will fetch her." These infrequent letters were things to be treasured, to be read out slowly and dwelt upon frequently; there was always something of state about their opening and subsequent perusal.

"It will contain a little money; there will be an order on the post office," said the old woman. "Then I shall be able to buy a pig, Sigurd, which I have never been able to do since Jan went away." But Sigurd had felt the thin foreign envelope and knew that beyond a single sheet of writing paper it contained nothing.

"I am ready; read on," said Mother Olafsen calmly, though she fidgeted with her bony hands. Sigurd opened the letter and scanned the first lines.

"There is no money, mother. But Jan is coming home. He has been made a steersman—a mate; and he will have increased pay. But the ship of which he will be steersman will not be ready until the summer, and as he might be away when she is ready, he will come home." The widow lifted her hands in mute thanksgiving. For a while she was silent, then her lips moved.

"My Jan is coming home," she said. "And he will bring money. Maybe I shall have a pig after all."

If Sigurd felt the injustice of the remark he gave no sign. He read on from the ill-written letter, that was not free from a suspicion of tar. It was all commonplace enough, for Jan had little poetry in his soul, and had not the words to write of the wonderful lands he had seen.

"He will get meat for every meal, and will wear a uniform, as the officers of the great yachts wear," said Sigurd. "Also he will receive a large wage—sixty kroner a month."

"Out of that he should save fifty," said his mother. "I shall ask him to buy me two pigs, and then we shall kill one and be able to sell its flesh to the neighbors. When will he come?"

"The letter has been delayed. He will come—he must be at Oddøe now, and is only waiting until the snows melt a little. He may be here at any time."

"Well, well," said Eddig, rising, "so Jan is coming home? Ah, there will be some life in the village now. He will be a change from these stay-at-homes here—Jan has seen the world."

"Yes, Jan has seen the world," repeated Sigurd, and hoped against hope that what his brother had seen might have changed him in one respect. There were other girls in that outer world of which he knew nothing—the world that he would never visit, for he was not of the build to fare forth adventurously to the limits of the further seas. Not for him the deck of the speeding ship plowing its way to dreamlike lands beneath the sun; not for him the mad pursuit of the giant whale in its northern home. It might be that among those girls—none of whom could be fairer than Olga, of course—Jan would have found another who would fill his heart to the exclusion of Olga. It was four years since he had gone, but as a grown lad he had always been fond of Olga, because she was the prettiest girl in the *harrod*.

"Give Eddig some milk—or some beer, Sigurd," said Mother Olafsen, reminding herself of her duty; and while the hunchback was gone she nodded joyously.

"Jan is coming home," she said. "And I shall have two pigs."

"But Sigurd is a good son, too," said the neighbor. "Be sure he does his best, Dame Olafsen."

"Yes, yes, but—he is not Jan. Jan is straight and tall, while Sigurd is—as he is." It was a source of bitterness to the old lady that her elder son, the one who had inherited the cottage as by law ordained, should be an object of repulsion. Being Norwegian, bred up in a country of tall, strong men and fair women, where the trees were lance straight and men walked proudly, a dwarfed and misshapen figure such as Sigurd's was as distasteful to her as her poverty. If he had only been strong and of the right shape, he would have been away earning good silver which might be hoarded away carefully, but—he was Sigurd and a hunchback, and that was all.

"Sigurd is as the good God ordained that he should be," observed Eddig, hearing the slow footstep of the one they discussed outside the door. "And whatever his body may be, he has a noble soul."

He went out after drinking the measure of thin ale that Sigurd had brought, and bursting with news, hastened to the village below.

"Jan Olafsen is coming home," he said to every soul he met, and the news spread like wildfire. As he turned into the main street he saw a girl approaching, and a sly smile crossed his face.

"What wilt thou give me for news, Olga?" he asked.

The girl looked at him; she was very beautiful; the rich cream of her complexion, tinged on the cheek bones with crimson, the full, ripe lips, the heaving bosom, made up a picture that would have dwelt long in the mind of the most casual observer.

"News?" she said slowly. "What have I to do with news? Besides, the steamer has not come in, and the telegraph—"

"Yet a letter has come—to Sigurd Olafsen. Jan is coming home, Olga; he may be here in a month, in a week, in a day." The color on her cheek bones deepened; her eyes grew a little filmy.

"Well, and what of that?" she asked

proudly, tapping with her foot on the ground.

"Nothing." Eddig's tone was arch, as was his smile. "Nothing, *fröken*, but he has been away a long time, that is all." He went on to deliver his firebrand elsewhere, but as he entered the little shop where spirits were sold to those who could afford them, he sighed.

"Poor Sigurd!" he said dolefully. "Poor Sigurd!"

Olga, back in her own home—the residence of the overman of the district—took up her knitting and stared for a long time into the fire, her color ebbing and flowing in a wondrous fashion.

"What is it, *barn*?" asked her mother. "Thy face is like the sunset on the hills at Molde."

"It is nothing, *moder*, nothing."

"Hast heard that Jan Olafsen is coming home, then?"

"Yes, I have heard." She became interested in an intricate stitch, and her mother laughed silently to herself. Not for nothing had Olga kept herself icily aloof from the farmers' sons in the neighborhood; there had certainly been a reason for her arbitrary treatment of the many suitors who had hung about the Aagaard home. It had been a source of some grief to her mother; maidens marry young in Norway, and the fact of Olga's remaining so long single seemed like a reproach. But—Jan was coming home, Jan of the golden tongue and the dashing manner, Jan who had traveled the wide world over, who held authority over the souls and bodies of men. The matter would right itself in God's own time.

So Dame Aagaard busied herself with the porridge pot that hung over the fire, and refrained from adding further to her daughter's discomposure.

II

SIGURD gripped his hands until the nails cut into the work-hardened palms. There was no mistaking that voice: clear, resonant and commanding, a voice that had been accustomed to cry down the whirling gales of all the seas. That it was softened to a tone previously

unheard was nothing—the voice was Jan's.

Spring had come; the gaunt winter was fleeing before the rapid northward race of the sun; valleys that had moldered in the wintry gloom for months now revealed themselves, first with a desperate, light defying appearance, with wreaths of snow reluctantly disappearing from the crevices between the bowlders, then later with sudden prickings of the ears, with tender yellowish shoots on the trees, with an increased roar in the tumbling river that hurled its impetuous way down the frowning defiles toward the fjord.

The narrow road, blasted out of sheer rock for miles along the edge of the stream, was becoming usable again; it was feet deep in mud, to be sure, but still it was passable; presently, so men said, the mud would dry away into the blinding summer dust, the great steamers would slowly crawl up toward the village from the outside world, the tourists would flock ashore, and so—it be-hooved Sigurd to ply his knife assiduously, for the season was all too short, And of late, since Jan's homecoming, the knife had been strangely idle; for new and embittering thoughts had occasionally crossed the hunchback's mind, thoughts that caused the cunning knife to remain suspended in midair what time the doglike eyes fixed themselves on the crackling spruce logs and the swift brain behind the eyes wove fancies that caused the weaver to catch his breath.

But now he caught his breath with sheer pain, for there was no mistaking the meaning of the words he had heard. Somewhere in his heart he was conscious of a feeling of self-disgust, but a power stronger than himself drew him on. Where the river curves away to the right, at a point some two miles above the village, a mighty cleft had been cut in the hillside by the grinding of the primeval glaciers. Winds and snows for thousands of years had ground down the rock into soil; the birds had dropped seed there, a tiny dell, marvelous in its simple beauty, the more marvelous by comparison with the rugged awfulness of the surrounding cliffs, had been

formed; and it was while passing this, his slow step making no sound in the muddy sediment underfoot, that Sigurd had heard the words.

"I love thee, Olga. That is why I came home—you drew me back to Bodde as the north draws the compass. I've seen many girls—in England, in America, in India—girls a thousand, but not one of them can do aught but hide her face beside my Norwegian flower. They're pale and bent—not straight and ruddy like thee, little one." Sigurd found a level slab of rock on which he could lie unnoticed and hear every word. It was falling dusk, and the shadows in the valley were long, although the snow-capped hillcrests were still ashine with a delicate rosy glow, where the last rays of the setting sun lingered as if reluctant to depart. It was impossible to see definitely, though by craning his neck—a painful operation to the deformed man—he could catch an occasional glimpse of hair that showed like ghostly gold.

Olga murmured something inaudible, and Jan's clear, rollicking laugh rose high.

"No, no," he protested. "Thinking of thee, little one, I could not be false. I love thee, Olga—always I have loved thee. It was because of that I went away. I might have stayed here in Bodde; but what of that? I could have farmed—and broken my heart, for the taxes are ruinous. I could have bought a pony and have driven the tourists to the Lote Foss, and earned a few kroner thus. They would have given me fifty öre here and fifty öre there—little by little I should have made sufficient to build a house, and then—no, no; they pay better, these English. Already I am steersman; in another two or three years, no more, I shall be full captain, and able to take thee with me all over the world."

Sigurd gritted his teeth in his agony, but listened still, as a wounded thing might lean against the knife.

"Think of it, sweetheart," continued Jan. "Nay, let my arm lie where it is; it can do no harm. There are lands—I've seen them—where there is no snow from one year to another, lands where

oranges grow like golden globes on the trees, where birds—birds with voices like thine as thou singest in the summer-time—sing from dawn till dusk. Flowers grow there, little one, flowers that are more beautiful than the stars or the lights that shine there toward the north. A wonderful world. And that is the world I'll show you. We'll leave Bodde and its bitter winters; we'll leave the grim nakedness of the rocks, and bask in summer sunshine all our days.

"And if you must have a house, we'll have one in England, where one can move about, where winter is nothing to be feared. Oh, the nights I've dreamed of it all, pacing the deck under the tropical stars! They burn brighter there than up here in Gammle Norge. There's a whisper in the wind down there that tells of peace and joy and—and love, Olga. Come, *barn*, say yes."

"You make me very happy, Jan," came Olga's voice now, very low and, to the ear of the unsuspected listener, painfully sweet. "I'd thought you didn't care—you never sent me a letter."

"Who'd write a letter when he could speak the words with his own tongue? Not I. We sailors don't trust to pen and ink to tell our thoughts; we speak them—with our lips close by the lips of those we love—so."

There was an inarticulate exclamation, and then—Sigurd's throat ached painfully with the effort to keep back the cry of sorrow—the sounds of an unmistakable kiss. Followed Jan's clear laugh.

"We'll be married—not yet, but when I come back—a captain," said the sailor. "Only a year or two to wait, Olga mine. I'd not have you waiting, waiting, for months and months for me to return. In a little while I'll have a ship of my own, and then—"

Sigurd could bear no more of it. Stealthily he withdrew; but however stealthily he might move, he could not avoid dislodging loosened stones that clattered down with a sound that was surprisingly loud in the momentary stillness before the evening wind gained full force. He heard Olga's startled cry, heard it suddenly muffled, as if she had

been snatched to a broad breast; he crouched into a cleft.

"What's that, Jan?"

"Nothing; do not be afraid. I'm by your side now, Olga. Moder Jansen's goat must have strayed again—I'll send it off." A heavy flint struck the crouching Sigurd in the side, but he refused to cry out. Not until the lovers had disappeared down the road that led to Bodde did he creep out of his hiding place and cast his pale, beautiful face to the unwinking stars.

His entire world had come to an end that night; every fond dream he had allowed his brain to weave was dashed to dust. His life turned on Olga—he had only waited until Jan returned to his ship to tell her how it was with him; but Jan the dashing had forestalled him. What a fool he had been! He must kill Jan—that would be a simple matter. To one so deft in the handling of a knife a single stroke would do the work. Jan was his brother—that mattered nothing. He had stolen his dearest treasure from under his very eyes and so deserved no sympathy. Instinctively he drew the long, pointed Swedish knife from the sheath at his belt and fingered the point. One thrust with the strong fingers and Jan's love making would be over for all time. The slow Northern anger worked up to a frenzy in his soul; he gnashed his teeth; he cursed the brother by all the ancient gods of Norway, gods whose names he had forgotten until now.

Of a surety Jan must die. He had stolen Olga away, and he must not live to rejoice in his ill-gotten booty. He would kill him that very night—and as the knife drank deeply of his heart's blood he would hiss the girl's name into the deafening ear, that Jan might know why the blow had fallen.

He was lying on a patch of verdure, tearing at the rank grasses with nervous hands now; his face was sunk in a tuft of weeds.

"But if I kill him, they'll kill me," went his thought. "Then no one will wed Olga."

No, he certainly must not kill Jan that night. That would be madness, and even if he were mad with longing and

hatred, he was sane enough to recognize his own danger. Jan was well loved by all in the *harrod*; not a man but made him welcome by his fireside, for those strange romances of distant lands lost nothing in the telling; not a woman but kept her brightest smile for big, upstanding Jan. Whereas he, the hunchback, was hated—well, if not hated, scorned, by those about. Small sympathy for him did he do this thing. But surely there was a way by which it might be done, and none save himself would know the truth. He would think it out carefully in his little bare room under the eaves.

He rose wearily to his feet and betook himself homeward. Frithiof Hammar had commissioned him to carve a great jewel box for one of his patrons—Hammar kept the shop in the village where the wonderful Norwegian enamels were sold—and he must get on with that piece of work, or else there might be a paucity of food in the house when the next winter closed down in all its rigor.

He walked like a man in a dream, muttering softly to himself. Beyond the crash of the stream where it tumbled over the rocks there was no sound to lift him from his broodings. Olga was not for him—she was Jan's; he had heard the confession from her own lips.

As he was entering his mother's house he heard a light step behind him; a strong caressing arm was thrown over his shoulders; Jan's voice was speaking in his ear.

"Sigurd, lad, I've seen but little of thee these many days. Come, let's have a chat. I'm happy tonight—I feel as if I wanted to make the whole world happy. Come, lad—nay, walk carefully—there's a loose plank there." The big sailor's strength was exerted; the hunchback was almost lifted over the danger spot; Jan was proud of his vitality, and never hesitated to show it. At other times Sigurd had been proud of it, too, but tonight a ranking bitterness was working in his heart.

"I know the weak places better than thee, Jan," he said sullenly, and he wrenched himself away from the supporting arm. Their mother had the

evening meal prepared—normally it consisted of salted herrings and potatoes, with sour milk as a beverage, but since Jan had come home there had been delicacies of a strange character—meat such as the tourists insisted on eating at the hotel, fresh fish, sweetmeats. The openhanded sailor spent his earnings lavishly, for it was nothing to him that a whole long winter had to be lived through.

Seated at the rough hewn table, their great-grandfather's work, Sigurd looked from under bent brows at his brother. Undoubtedly Jan was good to look upon as he sat upright at the table, his chin a clear two feet from the board—different from the hunchback there; Sigurd's chin almost rested on the wood as he ate. Although not possessing the clean-cut beauty of the cripple, Jan was handsome in a florid way; his light, curly hair waved back from a big brown forehead; his sea blue eyes held in them a kindly light. He was clothed in neat blue serge, the work of an English tailor, while Sigurd, careless in these matters, wore anything that came to hand. Sigurd contrasted himself with the fortunate wooer, and the fires of his heart were fanned to fever heat.

"Come, old lad, I'll tell thee of the carvings I've seen in India, not in wood, as these, but in silver and gold and brass." Jan laid his big brown hand on his brother's knee and began to talk, charming the brooding hatred away as if by magic. Until the hour was late the sailor talked on, and not until they crept upstairs to their room did Sigurd remember his bitterness again.

"I've neglected thee, Sigurd," said Jan drowsily, as the old wooden bed creaked to his weight. "But we'll make up for it. We'll climb the Kwittedal together, as we've always said we would, eh? And the sooner the better. Yes, we'll climb the Kwittedal, which no man has ever done before—a rock climber like thee and a sailor like me can go where others would turn back." Long ago they had dreamed of conquering the vast peak that towered over the valley and building a cairn at its top to the memory of their father.

III

Up there on the roof of the world the small passions of men seemed to dwindle into smallest insignificance. Toiling across the cracked and groaning bosom of a glacier, the brothers talked vivaciously; and Sigurd allowed the murderous thoughts that had obsessed him to sink into abeyance. He had said that he would kill Jan up there on the Kwittedal, for his brother had unwittingly delivered himself into his hands. No one could tell the truth then; he would return and say that there had been an accident; he would display a broken rope for proof. Jan had fallen; it had been impossible to save him; they would believe that, for all knew the sailor's impetuous nature. And if there were any doubting ones, they could do nothing, for who would dare to venture up the awful precipices of the Kwittedal to find out the truth of a man's death? Presently, when the excitement had calmed down, Sigurd would tell his love to Olga, and she, having no Jan to kiss away her tears, would be his wife.

He had planned it out in every detail. The more he thought of it, the more definitely its outlines shaped themselves. There was not the smallest fear of discovery; he would shed no blood at all; a single push would be enough. The vast gorges between the spurs would hold the secret inviolate.

And now the day had come. They had bidden farewell to their mother; Jan had absented himself for an hour and had returned with flushed cheeks and a happy mien. Sigurd, brooding darkly, knew where those sixty minutes had been spent—with Olga, needless to say.

They crossed the glacier, and at the foot of a steeply sloping crag-face, they halted. In their rucksacks they carried dried meat and bread, together with some cheese and a bottle or two of ale. The keen, rare air of the mountains had put a sharp edge on their appetites. Jan ate hungrily, Sigurd, too, for the first mouthfuls, but later the food choked him. He watched his brother's magnificent frame as a cat watching a mouse; one little push would dash that abound-

ing life away and leave the huge body nothing but a tangled mausoleum. And the mountains he loved would keep the grim secret everlasting.

"He's a grand fellow," said Jan, waving his hand to the rugged peak that showed across the lower ranges. "But as for mountains—I tell thee, Sigurd, I have seen mountains beside which this is only a mound. In South America there—lying in the harbor at Valparaiso—I have seen one great mountain thrust its peak toward the sky until the neck ached with craning to see the summit. In the daylight it was wonderful; but at night—ah, at night it was like a glimpse of heaven! The sun set, look you, and the world grew dark, swiftly—not as up here. The sky went purple and the great stars came out and leaped and throbbed as if they were alive. Look where you would, was nothing save stars and the darkness. And then, the darkness growing still deeper, there appeared a rosy glow in the sky to the eastward. There, suspended between heaven and earth, hung a vast pyramid of splendor, shining like a ruby. It was the top of the mountain; the sun, below the edge of the earth, still threw its rays upon the snow-covered peak. And so, for long minutes, that rosy glory hung there, and it made me think of heaven. Heaven itself could be no more beautiful.

"It was like heaven—and I thought, Sigurd, I thought of—Olga." Sigurd drew in a sharp breath of pain. He had known in his heart that this moment would come; Jan had tried a dozen times to broach the subject, but the elder brother had always steered him deftly away from the shoals. But this time he did not interrupt; he was in agony, but he forced the sharp pain still further into his heart.

"It was like her—like her Northern loveliness, Sigurd. It was pure and far removed above me, just as she was—but it was beautiful; and to a brave man—nothing is forbidden. It was when I saw that sight that I knew I loved her with all my soul, and that nothing mattered in all the world except my love for her. I'd been careless before then, Sigurd; I'd gone ashore with

the other men and taken my pleasures as I found them, but afterwards—ah, no, one doesn't go back to hell after seeing heaven at close range."

"So you loved Olga then?"

"Yes; and now I love her a thousand times more. Sigurd, lad, you'll dance at our wedding, won't you?" He checked a little, for dancing was a thing beyond the hunchback's undertaking. To cover up his blunder he went on:

"It's a great thing, this love of a man for a woman, lad. It gets deep down into your heart and fills you with big dreams. You'd drag the moon down out of the sky for the pleasure of her you love; you'd lie down in the mire for her to trample over you with her little feet. You'd give your life to bring about her happiness—that's love, real love, the kind of love I have for Olga."

He stood on his feet, his back against a sheer cliff, and threw his arms wide. The morning sun caught his hair and filled it with golden gleams; his bronzed face was good to look upon; his parted lips revealed firm white teeth. And Sigurd shut his eyes, for the temptation was upon him.

Less than a foot from where the sailor stood, balancing himself lightly, the rock shot away sheer a thousand feet. At the bottom of that dread descent was a deep and reputedly bottomless pool; long ages ago, so rumor ran, a brushwood cutter had fallen into its depths and his body had never risen to the surface. One push—nay, even a shout of alarm—and Jan would be unbalanced and crashing down to his death.

But Sigurd did not shout.

"Let's get on—we've long leagues yet to go, Sigurd," said Jan, cramming the remains of their meal into his rucksack; and the two resumed their forward progress.

On the way Jan discoursed of the future as it appeared to him. He was, like all his countrymen, essentially a lover of home and the beautiful; and though fate had made him a wanderer, he still had a warm corner of his heart for Gammle Norge. Sigurd spoke but little; his mind was busied with other

problems, in which love yet bore a part. Jan would have it that real love for a woman consisted in studying her happiness, apart from the gratification of the lover's self. By any means, at the cost of any pain and sacrifice, the loved woman's joy must be assured. How did this reasoning—a reasoning that his own soul told him was true—bear on his own affair? He must think it out.

He loved Olga, who in her turn loved Jan. Without Jan, Olga would be miserable—that was evident. And he, planning a crime, had forgotten the girl in his own need for revenge.

They worked a perilous way round a knife edge of rock, where the snow still clung dangerously, and came out on a sloping stretch of white. Their eyes told them that the real dangers of the climb were now beginning; they would need to hew a path across the ice field, which was as smooth as glass from the friction of the melting snows, ere they could reach the further rocks. And when those rocks were gained there would be perils a hundred, perils which they had never faced.

Jan had slung a coil of light strong rope over his shoulder as they started.

"I'm a sailor," he said, "and rope's a good thing. We'll take this with us." And now, halting on the edge of the ice field, the sailor unslung the coil and knotted one end securely around his waist.

"Here, lad, I'll make all fast for thee," he said, and performed the same office for Sigurd. "If one of us should lose his footing the other might manage to drag him back before it's too late."

They crossed the ice craftily, probing the seemingly weak spots with cautious prods of their iron-shod poles. Now and then it was necessary to hew rough steps, where the ice afforded no foothold, but within another hour they stood on the hither side, and before them lay the ultimate precipice.

"There'll be a moon," said Jan, studying the sky. "We might try it tonight; there'll be light enough to return by. Then we'll sleep here and go back in the morning."

They examined the precipice care-

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fully, studying the dangers. Then they commenced the ascent. It was hard going at first, but presently they discovered a niche in the rock which afforded them a satisfactory handhold, and their nimble feet clung to infinitesimal projections and sparse roots that had found a holding in the crevices.

They ascended bravely, until Jan, in the lead, stopped with an exclamation.

"Here's room for a rest," he said, as Sigurd drew up toward him. "Let's give thee a hand, lad." He leaned down and caught the hunchback under the arm, lifting him to safety. They stood on a small plateau of rock, but away above them, five hundred feet at least, the final peak still towered. Jan's sea-trained eyes scanned it.

"There'll be rough going; we'd best have the rope again." He was shredding tobacco into his pipe; the smoke made the air fragrant. But in ten minutes more he knocked the ashes out and knotted the rope as it had been knotted before. "You lead this time, lad," he said.

Sigurd grasped a jutting projection, gave a spring and hauled himself up. Jan followed, and the two men wound their way transversely across the rock's face. Up they went, higher and higher, their bodies pressing the stone, hanging out over raw space. The keen wind of early evening was rising; it penetrated their clothing and numbed their hands; but they went on, because they had set their hearts on reaching the summit and their pride would not allow them to return unsuccessful.

As his hands clawed for holding, as his long knotted arms hauled him up by slow and painful degrees, Sigurd thought at length on the marvels he had heard of that day. Chiefly he thought of love and of Olga, searching in his own heart for an answer to the bewildering riddles that troubled his brain. Love meant the happiness of the loved one. If he killed Jan, Olga would never be happy again. She loved him, and her happiness depended on him. Therefore Sigurd must—what? Throw his brother into her arms—that was surely a madness bred of the snows and the heights! No, he

could never do that—it was inhuman to expect such a sacrifice. But something of that nature was meant—if Jan's words held any truth, as his own soul told him they did. Olga had no love for Sigurd; all her love was given to Jan. If Jan were dead, Olga would never smile again.

He kicked a foothold and paused to gain breath ere attempting the negotiation of a dangerous bit. The wind crooned in his ear, tossing his uncovered hair about his temples caressingly.

They had climbed four hundred feet from the plateau; less than a hundred feet separated them from the summit. Down below was nothing but a void, bottomed by a shelf of rock. Sigurd, with his rock climbing instincts to the front again, studied the problem of covering that final hundred feet thoughtfully, tearing the other problem from his mind the while. There was a strange uneven crack that reached down from his left hand, only to rise again a few feet further. By following that niche it seemed possible the summit would be reached. Jan was behind and below, but as the hunchback reached for the crack and went down a few feet the younger brother was left at a higher point. They went on cautiously, breathing hard. Sigurd passed a spot where there was fair holding, a tiny shelf of rock for the feet, a projection for the hands. He halted there an instant, and shouted to Jan to note the advantages of the place; Jan bellowed back a hearty reply. Then the hunchback went on.

Jan took his place, and at that moment the catastrophe happened. It might have been an eddy of the wind; it might have been that the tortured brain lost its clarity of thought. Sigurd missed his footing; his hands clawed open space; he gave a cry and fell.

Instinctively Jan took a firmer hold of the rock; the rope strained as the hunchback's body threw its full weight on that slender support. Sigurd fought breathlessly, scratching at the rock, that here was as smooth as glass. There was not sufficient holding for a fly, and only the rope hung between him and death.

"Hold fast, Jan," he called, and heard

a stifled reply. Jan was braced against the rock, but the strain on his body was terrific. Sigurd tried to cope with the difficulty, calling all his experience to mind. It all depended on Jan; if the younger brother could hold fast until the elder secured a footing, all might yet be well.

"Quick!" groaned Jan. "I'm slipping." And in a flash Sigurd knew that death was very near. Jan could never withstand the struggling that would be necessary to secure a hold anywhere; already the undue weight was dragging him down. They would both be killed.

Very well, let them both die. If Sigurd could not have Olga, why should Jan? Let them both be merged in a common death; and neither should have her—this must be the answer to all his doubts. Olga was to be left behind, and the brothers would end their rivalry on the rocks beneath. Yes, this was certainly an answer. There was no drawing back now; Jan's death was assured; Olga would be in no man's arms forever.

Love means making the loved one happy—who said that? His brain was working with tremendous speed; facts and words flitted by like lightning.

That was the solution he had sought. It was in his power to make the woman he loved happy—by giving Jan back to her. For, relieved of the strain, the younger brother could make his way to safety; the work would be nothing to a nimble sailor. There was only one way to relieve Jan; that way spelt Olga's happiness. All doubts were cleared away at last; his brain was full of light and his heart was triumphant. The mountains he loved had shown him the straight path out of his difficulties. It was a coward's way to wish to drag Jan down with him.

At his belt hung the keen knife that had fashioned those wonders of carving. It was possible to draw the blade from its sheath; he had it in his hand now.

"Jan," he said in a loud voice, "Jan, tell Olga that I loved her, too!" There was an inarticulate cry from above; it was merged into a sound of rushing wind as the edge of the knife was laid on the tautened rope.

THE TRUNK IN THE ATTIC

A Department for the Revival of the Art of Letter Writing

Conducted by Louise Closser Hale

[In the November number we made announcement of this department and what we proposed to do. Our offer was to pay \$150—fifty dollars each, respectively—for the three best love, friendship or human interest letters. See the November issue for details.]

EXCERPT from the personal letter of
an excited young lady who has faith
in us:

"And, by George, I want you to publish it, even if you cut it down *one-half*! I want that letter to bring about a reconciliation between my friend and me, for I love him more than any other man in the world. We had a quarrel, but he always praises me to our friends."

Perhaps now you will take us seriously! If the young lady who sends us this appeal with the letter which is printed below (yes, *chère mademoiselle*, cut *one-half*—and more) recognizes us as a power sufficient to bring back a recreant lover, there is no end to what we can accomplish. But—I must be honest—if we can do it. I don't mind confessing from the fullness of experience, that outside of a play there is no recovery of a man by strategy. If he stays away, it's because he wants to. While the poor young woman is analyzing his actions and granting him a fund of delicate emotions which he never thought of possessing, he is cheerily going through his day's work, and in the evening is toasting some other girl's marshmallows before her father's fire. And oh, my dear—this in my best advisory tone—when he begins to praise you to your friends with that insolence of indifferent kindness, assure them that you wouldn't wipe your feet upon him, no, not if he begged and begged, for your day is over.

Still we publish the letter. I once played that same hammock game in that same town, and it is interesting to find that conditions remain unchanged—but I am certain the hammocks are new. The contributor further informs us that she has one hundred and ten letters from a college professor which she is willing to submit, and that she could recount, if desired, an actual experience with a footpad while going home from work one night. Can one life hold so much?

From a girl to a man she would win back.

Detroit, December 20, 1910.

MR. JAMES H. WILLISON,

My own dearly beloved:

James dear, when I said I wanted only your friendship, that I wouldn't have you as a gift off of a Christmas tree, I meant that you didn't care as much for me as I would want the man to care who was to be all the world to me. Perhaps it is the Christmas atmosphere, that teaches "Peace on earth, good will toward men," that prompts me to write this letter—but oh, how I do long to see you and have you kiss me again and again in that passionate, reckless way you have, which was always so convincing that it left no room for doubt as to your sincerity! James, don't you often think of the happy evenings spent at our house, when we sat on the davenport and you held me close in your arms and said, "Grace darling, you certainly look good to me"? Of the hot afternoons last

summer at the park, when we used to sit on the grass under a big shady tree and I would read aloud to you from our favorite magazine?

The cars were always just "packed" coming home, but it was such a jolly, good-natured crowd of young people that I enjoyed it even when we had to stand up. But not so much as I enjoyed the lovely moonlight evenings spent in the grape arbor as we sat in the hammock together. How well I remember the fragrance of the moon-flowers and sister bringing out a lunch of cake and lemonade! Oh, what jolly times we used to have together, and the long walks we used to take!

Don't these cold winter evenings remind you of those you used to spend at our house, as we sat before a cozy grate fire and popped corn and toasted marshmallows, and ate a midnight lunch with the tray sitting on the piano stool?

Dearest, you have been my hero for almost three years, my ideal of all that is good, true and noble in man. Although we quarreled, I still love you and trust you implicitly. To lose faith in you would be to destroy my faith in all men. Your true and loving friend,
"until death us do part,"

GRACE GENEVIEVE SHELBY.

Did not Shakespeare say, "The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose"? Now here in our next is a young man who might be James, except that he happens to be Clyde. I am in such a state of indignation that I shall have to demonstrate as I go along. Read please; start in and find what he has to say to Claudia—although it might as easily be Grace Genevieve Shelby.

From a young man to a young lady.

DEAR CLAUDIA:

Maybe it was the shock of seeing you wear earrings that put the idea in my head; I am not sure, but it seems to me that it would require something as startling to produce the train of thought which at present is running through my mind.

I am realizing now what a fine thing it is to act and think independently—to refuse to be bound by narrow customs

and conventions, but rather to allow one's individuality to come to the surface. Of what use is a man's free will if he must continually defer to the will of his neighbors?

An original idea comes to a man—the wearing of a green feather in his hat—sheath trousers—having his shoe toes out instead of in—anything, in fact. He turns the matter over in his mind—it begins to look good to him—he gets enthusiastic over it; and then, just as he is about to spring it, he happens to think: "What will the fellows say? How will they take it?" Panic grips him; he cannot stand for ridicule, so he sadly puts aside his pet project and says: "Gee, what a narrow escape I've had from making a fool of myself!"

Isn't that about the way things go? I am convinced that we all have a certain amount of originality in our make-up, but in most of us it is crushed by the fear of what the others will say.

Your friends poked fun at your innovation, but you were not to be swerved from your noble purpose of being original. You calmly informed them that earrings suited you and that you would wear them when and where you chose.

Good for you! You have my thanks! My eyes have been opened; you have "blazed the way." I, too, am going to be original. The fact of the matter is—

This is the place you stop, here, right here. Would not you, would not Claudia, would not even the very SMART SER think that Clyde was going to propose? A little novel in the handling, perhaps; a certain simplicity in the admitting that he had to learn the value of taking the initiative; but through all this commendatory preamble the certain knowledge that he was after Claudia. By every rule of literary construction this was tending to a declaration, and yet how does the varlet complete his sentence!

The fact of the matter is—I am going to grow a beard!

A few of us in the crew have decided to make a pool. Each man puts in five dollars, and the one who on Easter Sun-

day can show the nicest bunch of whiskers gets the money. Each is to use his own judgment in the matter of style, the award going to him whose whiskers are most becoming to his own style of beauty, or otherwise.

This rule gives us great latitude, and I have not yet decided which particular style I shall affect. On this matter I am hoping you will advise me.

Now Galways give a man a rather distinguished appearance, but they also give a somewhat sanctimonious air that I do not care for.

The Vandyke is a rather sporty style, but doctors wear it so much that it is becoming common.

The French style, with the upturned mustache, has many points to recommend it, the fact that it would match your earrings so well being the strongest point in favor.

The short brush savors too much of the Yankee to suit me.

The full beard is perhaps the best, only it is rather hard to raise—takes a long time.

A style that appeals very strongly is the neck protector—gives a man a nice comfy look.

Some like the Little Jeff, but, as I say, I am undecided. I sincerely hope you will help me in the selection. Of course the first stages of growth place one in an embarrassing position because it makes one very unpresentable.

However, the fact that you have directed me to abstain from calling on you during Lent makes it possible for me to spare you the sight until I burst on your astonished—maybe enraptured—gaze on Easter Sunday, in all the glory of my first hirsute adornment.

I am sure my ideal will appeal to your love of the unique, and that you will help me.

CLYDE.

You see, they have no real finesse, these men; they never do the things that we plan for them to do.

"Comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love"—at least the love of man's letters. And if there are no apples about we women have always other women to

turn to. But isn't it unfortunate that we look upon each other as the last resort! Ah, well, there is a finality about the word "last" that defines the friendship of women. Bedrock is "last," while the various strata of our loves are as unstable as the layers of a colorful poussé café.

Don't cry me down. In haste I present the following evidence to prove it:

From a girl to a girl friend.

Sunday night.

ROSY DEAR:

I've just finished your dear letter and had a good cry over it. I wish I could think of the proper words to fix it in your mind forever and ever that, except under the most extraordinary circumstances and almost unthinkable conditions, I am not going ever to be in actual want!

With my firm principle that no manner of work is beneath me, I am bound to flounder along some way until I find my niche in life. I should unhesitatingly go out as a governess or even maid (French maid) if I found myself on the verge of actual want; and I'll consider myself on that "verge" if I ever even feel tempted to *borrow* money! And if I were a maid, Rose, you know I'd probably get worlds of fun and humor out of the situation, and give you a good act for your next play.

I know it sounds and is awful to be out of work for nine weeks! Don't think for a moment that I have been sitting with my hands folded, waiting for something to come to me. On the contrary, I've chased up every clue and followed every scent and met innumerable people and answered ads and advertised myself. I've made such good friends, and had the loveliest letters of introduction from almost strangers to their most influential acquaintances, who were always courteous and are keeping my name on file. I am "on file" with some of the biggest banking firms and steamship companies, to whom I wrote "taking a chance" of their happening to have an opening; and they always write a most polite letter to say that "if anything occurs," etc. You can't get near

the heads for a personal interview unless you have a letter.

I've turned down some things myself, because the gentleman on the tapis was in quest of what a friend of mine calls "the kind of stenographer you can take on your lap," and some quite frankly wanted even more than that. In others, I was not eligible, because the gentleman preferred blondes! In one case the very nice genteel agency lady had a lovely position that would just suit me, and the man particularly liked "tiny plump girls," but he preferred to have them blonde, would not have anyone about wearing glasses, and limited his people to one religion! One man, whose ad in the paper I answered, began the conversation by remarking that I had a very good tailor! (My fourth year brown suit!) Another very horsey-looking individual smiled at me in an exasperatingly patriarchal way and said, "My dear, we are looking for someone who has had experience," and nothing I could say seemed to influence the ignorant ass to change his first idea that I had just come from the kindergarten. The man needed an oculist more than a stenographer. Indeed, there is a very humorous side to this job hunting stunt. I have a dozen irons in the fire this minute, so something must turn up.

As to my funny little flat, dangerously and temptingly near the East River (the last resort of the discouraged New Yorker), this is a very decent apartment house put up by millionaire Phipps, way over here on the East Side, which makes the rents cheaper, and is intended for, and I believe actually occupied by, the "shabby genteel," that is to say, impudentious or embryonic artists, journalists, musicians, etc. Of course the neighborhood is terrible: dirty children and dirtier parents and dirtiest houses (the poorest Irish class), but once you get inside, you are all right.

Here I've been chatting along on all this nonsense, but the thing uppermost in my mind to say, and what made me bawl so over your letter, is that I am so deeply touched at your offer to let me stay with you, and even lend me money. I thank you with all my heart and

might—in fact, I can't quite talk on the subject. I am at almost no expense, however; my friend Betty is glad to have me in charge here while she's gone, and only worries for fear I'll try to scrub and scour and wear myself out, being under the erroneous impression that I'm a sort of frail Dresden doll. I do my own laundry with joy, and except for an occasional meal out, I do my own feeding. So you see I am living very well on "nothing a week," as Thackeray puts it, when he tells how he married on that munificent salary.

All of which goes to show that you are the most generous, thoughtful girl in the world, that you are to cease worrying about me, and that if I can't keep afloat myself I deserve to go down.

It has been pouring rain all of this Happy New Year's Day, but Bernard Shaw says that tears always indicate joy and laughter not pain, so perhaps its weeping with joy to see 1911 arrive, full of good days for everyone. Thank you with all my heart.

MILLIE.

How differently we women go through life! This brave one—hungry, fearless. The little girl who, in the letter below, makes her plaint to the dentist—hungry, fearful. Their pursuit is the same; they stand before the same men in competition; but as the second seeker cries out in revolt, the other one fixes her mouth in a smile. We have had enough of the "Winged Victory"! The figure to grace our drawing rooms should be that of a girl in working clothes—mute with knowledge.

From a working girl to a dentist.

DEAR DR. FABER:

Please tell that stupid girl of yours not to send me another bill. You assure me that you *have* told her; that is why I call her stupid.

I wonder if she thinks how it seems to be three thousand miles away from friends and without money or work? I can liken this terrible struggle for existence to nothing so much as to a lone traveler toiling up a long, desolate and icy slope. You are a man of imagina-

tion—can you not see him? Can you not see the days when he has that dreadful slipping back, further than he has been able to advance the day before? The days when the bare necessities of life call for more money than he is able to earn?

And yet I—for I am the traveler—must not stop climbing, and must not for one minute relax the vigilance of looking ahead and struggling forward, for fear if I should relax I would give up and slip quietly back forever. *Not to* starving gracefully in an attic—far from it. But to those smiling, eager men still waiting. They would feed and clothe me as I have never in my whole life been fed or clothed. Do not wonder how it can look attractive. How can it *look* anything else? Think of the rapture of doing something besides putting on shabby clothes and going to work!

And do not wonder, either, that this little matter of the bill should so upset me. Pagan as my soul has become under the bitter fight for life and respectability, I have still the shreds of a New England conscience, and it will not let me rest in either time or eternity until I have paid the uttermost farthing of what I owe.

Sincerely yours,
FANNY WORTH.

Now read this letter from this charming cub—read it attentively, for the girl who writes to the dentist and the boy who is also seeking employment are probably of an age, and yet—

From a college graduate to a steel magnate.

July 20, 1911.

MR. WILLIAM G. SPRINGTON,
Pres. National Iron Foundry Co.,
DEAR SIR:

As you no doubt know, I was graduated last month from Harvania. I didn't take or even try for honors, for it is a notable fact that honor men never get along in actual life. But I am going to succeed! That's the spirit business men like, isn't it?

But I did accomplish something even harder, for I am a brother in Phi Nu and Sigma Ipsilon, and was also head cheer

leader, which position was certainly in great demand.

For the past two or three days, in my spare moments—they certainly do keep graduates on the go, don't they?—I have been thinking what I would like to take up as a career.

I have finally decided to go into the iron and steel business. I must confess that at first banking appealed very strongly, but it seemed to me that ultimate success in the iron business is greater than in banking.

I don't mind admitting my aims are high. Ambition is nothing to be ashamed of. I have determination and brains; and these are the things all big businesses need nowadays. Our commencement orator said the same thing, but I had thought of it before.

I can't say just what position I am best fitted for, but as a starter I would be willing to try one of the smaller departments, like the purchasing or sales department, for instance. If I managed one of these all right, of course I should expect advancement.

I think I had better not begin until the first of October so that I will be able to stick at the work and not take any vacation. That shows the kind of spirit I have. As to salary, I expect it to be commensurate with the results I accomplish.

The magazines and preachers are all saying that today is the young man's opportunity; that there is not a big business in the country that is not looking for the *right man*. Therefore I don't have the hesitation of offering my services that otherwise I would have.

With best wishes to you for a pleasant vacation, I am,

Yours sincerely,
W. HIGGENBOTHAM LONG.

P. S.—Excuse handwriting. I don't suppose I shall do a great deal of writing, for stenographers are so much easier, don't you find?

Wouldn't you like to shake him, when those two women are having such a struggle? I wanted to, and then I stopped and turned cold, and, after turning cold, I picked up the following letter,

and reread it. And at this the horrible conviction settled down upon me that W. Higgenbotham Long would win out over Millie and Fanny Worth! It wouldn't be merit nor physical strength, nor goodness that would give him an ascendancy over them, but faith in himself as a prime factor in life, the faith that some day we feminists are going to shake—but not in the lifetime of Mr. Long. Not while the bald-headed who is beloved demands puffs on the head of his beloved—and gets them.

*From a woman who shrugs her shoulders
at the mention of Suffrage to a friend
who solicits aid for the cause.*

DEAR ELIZABETH:

Your second letter, begging me to contribute either of my time or money toward what you grandly call the "emancipation and advancement of my sex," arrived this morning, and in reply I can only reiterate what I said before—nay, nay, Pauline! But don't be downcast. Take it from me that we shall all be voting within a quarter of a century—and what is a quarter of a century to a sorority which knows that for every wrinkle the specialist can devise a reef, and for every dismantled root the dentist has crowns or pivots? Yes, we shall all be voting—you earnest Suffragists who are innocently by way of making a bad matter worse, the ridiculous Antis, who are waving their femininity wildly in the face of the engine of progress, and triflers like myself, who are perfectly convinced that women have the right to vote, and are going to vote, but who have no special anxiety to hasten the day.

For the truth might as well out, Elizabeth: I do not think women are angels. I do not even think they are better than men—they are simply different, and the difference is not always to their credit. A man's mind, what there is of it—as George Eliot has remarked—has the advantage of being masculine. Don't harken to the spellbindress who tells you that this isn't an advantage, because it is. His brain has just as much superiority as lies in getting there first, if you know what I mean—the sort of superiority that originated in muscle, let us say,

but has developed into something less palpable. He has made the world his world and it seems to me there must have been some primal superiority about the creature, else how did he manage it? How did he get the upper hand? Woman was on the spot; why didn't she guard her rights from the beginning? What was the matter with that just-as-good brain of hers when she listlessly acquiesced in plans whereby he was always to suit himself, and she was to suit him—if she could. I'll confess I can't see that, and though today I believe woman's brain as good as man's, I'm afraid it hasn't always been so. Otherwise, there's no accounting for things as they are.

Last night at the theater I sat behind two stout men, with large red necks and heads that presented the usual area of baldness. As the evening wore on I found my eyes dwelling upon those two heads, so nobly unconscious, so splendidly unashamed, with a sort of a passion of admiration. What did they care about looks? They were comfortable. They were men and that was enough. Suddenly the immense inferiority of—*us*—came home to me. Upon my own cranium, at that moment, reposed twenty dollars' worth of folly known as an inside transformation. Why? That was the question that I asked myself over and over again. Why had I not twisted up my wisps of hair (a bower compared to theirs, however) into a button, fastened it with a hairpin and let it go at that? Why had I spent a half-hour out of a fleeting life coaxing the hair that is mine by the divine right of creation to cover that which I have acquired by the respectable right of purchase? Do you think I like to stand before the mirror with a handglass and preen. I loathe it. Why do I do it, then? Well, because—because Miriam still dances before the king. We all dance before the king, and the king is man. I've looked myself squarely in the face, and I confess with shame that I know now why I'm wearing this confounded inside transformation. To please men—or, at any rate, to please some shadowy heart's desire of a man

who may pop onto the scene at any moment; for is it not written that nobody knows when the bridegroom cometh, and am I not far too canny to be caught, like some latter day Foolish Virgin, without my transformation?

I'd do a good deal for you, my dear, but in this matter, I stand pat. Not that I'm "agin" reform. Possibly, I'm for it—but a suffrage movement with a beauty parlor attached makes me giggle. I cannot, for the life of me, take it as seriously as I do—well, the sex that doesn't powder its nose! It surely is a grand thing to have the courage of your looks, your waist measure and the size of your feet, and I want to say right here that whenever my own sex begins to emancipate itself along these lines, I'm with it heart and soul. Whenever they see fit to adopt a twenty-five-cent haircut as a step toward *liberté et égalité*, whenever blazing posters announce a rally at which straight front and knee corsets are to be cast into a glorious bonfire, I will be there, Elizabeth—I will meet you at Philippi! And when I see my sisters taking their smart little three and a half boots from their tortured number five feet—I'll be there, Elizabeth—I'll be there, and I'll do some tossing on my own account—those black satin slippers with the rhinestone buckles, for instance, which, to be candid, look like heaven and feel like hell. And as Chanticler gowns, fishtail trains and flowerpot hats writhe and wither in the blaze, I will pledge not only my last cent, but my blissfully extended waistline and my newly escaped feet, to the Cause.

This is my idea of emancipation—for what shall it profit a woman to be Madam President, if she's doomed to wear a steel cage and powder her nose at intervals of thirty minutes? The great thing is not so much to be as emancipated *as man*, but to be emancipated *from him*. When we can go our way, stolidly certain of our charm or indifferent as to whether he thinks us "peaches" or not, then we can look him in the eye and claim to be equals. Until then, if you don't mind, I'll keep right on trying to please him along the old lines. But

sometimes, as I massage my face, I shall have visions of the man of some distant future, who will cheerfully have *his* face skinned or tucks taken in his cuticle to please—us.

Don't think hard of me, dear, for here's love for yourself, if no money for your cause.

DELILAH.

I object (I should use the editorial "we" more frequently, I admit, but the masculine staff and I are continually divergent)—I object to this letter only in that man will seize it as a weapon for himself. To quell his triumph I quickly set forth three more letters from my sex, and if he roars out that these are *his* kind of women let us assure him that they are our kind also.

From a married woman to a younger sister.

Lower Range Ranch, California,
November 28, 1911.

DEAR, ONLY SISTER:

Here is just the opportunity I have been looking for all these weeks: a quiet hour or two in which to write to my gay young sister at the university. And so I am, with my pen in hand, sitting at the table, which is covered with white oil-cloth, in the big room that is kitchen and living and dining room combined.

Since beginning this, I have been interrupted twice, and have given two spankings. It does sound cruel, but what would you do, when a string noose is suddenly dropped around the neck of your ink bottle, and it is jerked to the edge of the table, where, but for my agility, it would have crashed to the floor? And what would you do when the second infant cuts her finger slightly with a forbidden knife, and deafening yells ensue? Now they have been sent outdoors to play, and all is peace again.

I have been busy as usual with the cooking and housework and care of the children, but there are no extra men just now to cook for, so I am freer to read and to write letters. But I still have to divide my reading into so many pages a day, in order to make it fit into the time allowed, which is short.

Don't exclaim, as you did: "How terribly lonely you must be! How can you stand it?" I don't stand it, for I am busy from morning till night. Sometimes I go outdoors before breakfast and watch the mountains across the valley changing from faintest rose to brightest gold in the first touches of the rising sun. Then up from the corrals below comes the great flock of sheep, a thousand strong, climbing these steep, bare hills. It is a scene full of beauty, and I feel richer for having seen it and lived in it.

My most frequent excitement is when we drive to the post office. Early in the morning the children and I start out in the old cart. For half the distance we are on our own ranch, then we reach the long stretch of the dusty county road, with not a tree anywhere except the cypresses around the cemetery which we pass. We meet no one, and we pass no houses. Truly, this country is well named with its Spanish equivalent for "solitude." But the air is bracing, and full of the pungent odor of tarweed, which is thick along the roadside; the mountains are beautiful, their upper slopes dark with the growth of chaparral, blending down into the lower "benches" of yellow stubble fields.

At last we reach the little town lying sound asleep in the middle of the great valley; its row of ten saloons, two grocery stores, a post office and a low one-story hotel, besides a few other necessary stores, all lined up along the railroad track, while the homes of their owners are clustered close behind. Some of the stores have rough boardwalks in front, but others have none. The proprietors sit out in front on benches, idly smoking or talking, until some dusty-whiskered mountain rancher drives up with his many-horse team. It's a wet town, you see, but in the center of such a dry, barren land it serves as a sort of oasis in the desert, I suppose. I have an unreasonable affection for the desolate little place, so mercilessly treeless, so beaten upon by the sun in the quiet mornings, and so torn and shrieked at by the fierce afternoon winds which sweep the valley most of the year.

As I told you before, I have been read-

ing Milton's "Paradise Lost" for several months; only a page or so a day, but still, pretty regularly. Somehow, there must be something wrong with me, for I don't feel toward it as I should. I find myself sympathizing with Satan, and I am bored with Adam and Eve—they're so conjugal! I have to remind myself to be charitable, for of course it is their honeymoon, and I must not judge them severely from my practical standpoint of several years' experience.

Last night, when supper was over, the work done, and the children put to bed with stories and last words of suggested mending of ways slipped into their recipient, half-asleep minds, I brought out my "Paradise Lost" and laid it on the shiny white oilcloth table in front of the man who is usually so tractable, so kind. I told him how weary my eyes were from darning his socks, and how eager I was to find out just how Satan was going to inveigle Eve to eat the forbidden fruit. You remember that part? He sighed, but patiently labored through several pages. My interest was intense, when suddenly he flapped the book down on the table with a groan that jarred the little lamp, and shook its pink cardboard shade, with its pictures of German castles on wooded cliffs above the Rhine. "Gee whiz!" he ejaculated. "If she isn't as silly as the rest of 'em!" "Oh, you read too long," I answered soothingly. "Now, tomorrow night, read just a couple of pages and then we'll find out what happened next."

"I never in this world want to know what happened next if I have to read another page of that stuff!" he jerked out violently. "I'd a lot rather read how to raise alfalfa—you get something out of that!"

I maintained a silence which was lofty, as became the subject. By whatever means, he must be made to feel my mental superiority; and silence is my only way! You have known him as a placid, cigar smoking, cheerful father of his family; but now you know these volcanic depths! I am always stumbling into them in my struggles to better myself literarily.

I have been reading something of Arnold Bennett's lately. He is shrewd, and he is interesting; but he is rather impudent, too, I think. And now I hear he is coming to America to write us up on sight—the saucy fellow!

At present I am reading "Marie Claire," by the little French dressmaker. I have to look up every fourth or fifth verb, but prefer to read it in the original at any rate, for I am interested in its creation. Every day I study a little in—

You wretch, you are yawning!

Well, I am done, then. Just remember, whenever you write to me, you are performing a missionary act—and I am always the willing heathen!

Affectionately, your sister,
MAUD.

It would seem that we had a Marie Claire in our own country. How wonderful are books! And how stupid for an author to write carelessly since his thoughts are mighty voyagers, and by the worth of them can make or mar the short space of a woman's rest hour!

"Books are the tombs of such as never die," said Crabbe. Here is the letter of one who builded bravely for this sepulcher, but whose body failed before her striving grew to full perfection. It was written, as the friend who submits the letter very beautifully says, "in a moment of the sublime concentration on life that some sensitive souls experience in the presence of approaching death."

From a woman to another woman—a writer and a comrade.

Paris, September 1, 1906.

I feel like writing to God this evening—will you be He? It is a gray day, full of a vaporish chill, but with moods of lifting, when there is a kind of religion in the wet mist. And oh, I want the tall trees of the convent garden! I want the sunset over the garden wall where the pear trees grow vinelike along the trellises. I want the central avenue with its window of sky, holding the Virgin in its pale light. I want the sisters; to hear their little rustle and to see their lovely faces. I am so tired of the world and of the effort of living. Why not be-

lieve instead of think? Why can't we? Why do we have to know that nothing is true but change and progression and everlasting striving? Here there is the weight of the world of knowledge on one's head, and the awful consciousness of one's own ignorance burdening one's heart; and desires shoot out in all directions, tearing one's peace—desires, alas, for everything at once, with only the tiny strength of one decaying human being whose vitality is leaking.

I can't write. It is presumption of the most audacious character ever to have believed that in my poor ignorance I could give anything to the world that would not be better unsaid. Over here I stand outside the gates of everything—even taste. Oh, to know nature a little better—to get acquainted with God's thoughts expressed here in far shrouded distances and black, menacing rivers, alongside of which history sits brooding, mocking, defying us wandering Americans! I want a settled peace; and where is it, and why should I have it never in the slightest degree?

My mind is simply and only a nerve center, and each sight and sound thrills achingly along some thread, billowing every separate one and disturbing the whole. I want books, I want languages, I want art, I want life, manners and morals, I want detached intellectuality, I want love and the subjugation of self to some other. I want ambition with its fruits. God help me, I want to die!

And this from Persia, to prove the globe trotting of our magazine, and the graciousness of the contributor who calls us "Jack." We are not cowardly—not entirely; but we beg the charming lady to lure no more good men of ours across to Teheran. And, if she can manage it, to send back those intrepid ones who have brought not peace but a sword.

From a woman in Persia to an artist in New York.

Teheran, Persia, October 30, 1911.

MY DEAR JACK:

Your last letter was a moan over your surroundings. I agree with you that they cramp an artistic temperament. I

have never understood why you just missed being great till I stayed with you. The atmosphere of factories is not inspiring, but I learnt something more about you: you lack one thing to make you a big artist—the power to act on impulse. You have accomplished the "perfect balance" act admirably, and it spoils all your pictures.

Come to Persia and paint. Pack a knapsack, and for once act on impulse. Come to Persia and paint a real live Persian picture. I have tried and failed, alas!

Each sound and sight is different from those around you. I am not big enough, and I am left with an unsatisfied longing to see it done.

It cannot last, this quietness of nature; the change must come soon. Do come now, bestir yourself before it is too late.

Here life is of no value because no man can think of holding it beyond the day that is, and even that day is uncertain, and depends on his own strength alone. No man's chattels are his own unless he has the courage to fight for them. Color is rampant in consequence, for a man must carry his worldly goods for all to see on a camel's back. It will satisfy your growing discontent. Come, and come soon, before the hungry European Powers from north and south eat slowly toward the heart of dying Persia; before the heron, the rose and the camel fade out of the picture; before the eyes of the Persians have lost the look of eternity that they still hold; before law and order sweep the glorious colors away.

I appreciate your power to paint; the question is, have you the power to upset your balance and come? No pessimist can do justice to the horrors of the journey here, and the artist who can paint Persia must understand the Eastern Question, appreciate the shadows of a jasmine flower and overcome the flesh creeping horror of disease and dirt with which he must come in actual physical contact. Think of me, of all people in the world, living where at any moment I may get a Bagdad boil on the cheek which you always told me was so soft and smooth—or on my nose, the

pride of my face! I wonder, as I close this letter, if I can have lit the spark that I know is in you, and whether a cable will flash the answer, "Coming"?

It seemed to me when I saw you last that you were deliberately killing the best in you. I send you a little sketch, a pitiful effort to catch the sunset on the peak of Demavend, "the perfect mountain," and with it this message; together they form an inarticulate and inadequate struggle to reach the best in you. May God speed them.

Yours affectionately,
BEATRIX HOWARD.

After all, the tyrant is to have the last word. But I want him to, and I want you to cry, and to agree with me that life is pretty tough—even for a man. There are all kinds of love letters, aren't they? As I run over these selected for printing I find a beautiful, breathing affection (if it's only for a beard) in every one of them. But to be an old man—and lonely—and a fireman—and to love as this one does—well, here it is:

From a divorced man to his daughter living with her remarried mother.

Engine Co. No. 32,
Chicago, March 22nd, 1894.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL:

Your kind and most welcome letter was received, and I was pleased beyond measure to hear from you. I had looked so long in vain for some word from you, that when I did receive your letter it almost took my breath away. I had written to you twice after my return from St. Louis, and not receiving any reply, I mustered up courage enough (some people might call it nerve) to write to your mother, feeling confident that I would hear from either one of you and my mind be thereby set at rest. But when the days went by and the weeks lengthened into months, I began to think that I was never to hear from you again, and that all ties between us had indeed been severed forever.

I have waited a long time before answering, and now I am afraid that I will not be able to say one iota of the pretty things I have from time to time made

up my mind to say. In fact, I feel like a big schoolboy writing to his best girl.

You spoke in your letter of sending me one of Blanche's pictures, and this makes me bold to make a request which I have long contemplated, and which I would have made sooner had I thought there was any chance of my request being complied with. I would dearly love to have a picture of each one of you children, and I wish that you would kindly mention the matter to mamma, and ask her if she would let you send them. I would like to have them taken small size so that I could put them all together in one of those small pocket albums. I could get one with spaces for four pictures, and if it would not be asking too much I would be pleased to have one of mamma's to make the set complete. Tell her that I still have the picture of her that I brought with me from St. Louis, but it is getting worn and faded, and I would so much like to have a fresh one.

I would dearly love to see you dressed in one of those fine dresses you speak of, and you must not think that I would not know you if I should chance to meet you on the street. I would, I am sure, know you at a glance, no matter where I might meet you. I heard incidentally that James had been very sick but that he had recovered. God bless him! I'd like to see him. Ask him if he won't write to me. I suppose he is a great big boy now, and I am morally certain that he is a good and true one.

I am glad to hear that "Uncle Will" is so good to you, and I hope that you fully appreciate his kindness. I can understand now just why he ought to be good to you all, and I am sure that I know someone who if he had it all to go over again would outdo anybody in the world in being and doing good to you all. If your papa had only been a few years

older when you were born, or if he had had a more thorough knowledge of the world at that time, knowledge which he possesses now, how different everything might have been! It's the old, old story, though, and why speak of it?

I have been on the department for almost a year now. I lost my position with the Western Electric Co., and as I saw no chance of securing another, I found my way into the old business again. Although the work is hard, I am satisfied, as the excitement serves to keep my mind from thoughts which would make me unhappy. We are living on the North Side now; it is handy to the engine house, and I can go home to my meals.

We had a fire in a dime museum just a month after I had joined the department, and while groping about in the smoke and darkness to get down the stairway, I fell down a whole flight with my weight, which at that time was considerable, on my left thumb, sustaining a compound fracture of that member, resulting in a very bad case of blood poison, with which I was laid up for three months and came within an ace of losing my arm.

Well, my darling, I have written quite a letter, and will now close, and in doing so I wish to again thank you for your last letter and ask you to try and let me hear from you soon again. With love and best wishes to all, I am, as ever,

Your affectionate
PAPA.

Are you blowing your noses? I am—even *we* are. If you're not, we shall refuse to read your contributions. And here is another warning. In the month of March we prepare the June number, and in that issue our Trunk in the Attic must be emptied. So send us your letters—you who are crying. For only lovers—of something—can write worthily.



A PLEASANT introduction is making both ends meet.

JACK OF ALL TRADES

By Deems Taylor

DO you know, unless he's lazy,
I believe a man is crazy
If he's satisfied to learn a single trade.
If you figure one as plenty,
Look at me—I've mastered twenty!
Not to mention twenty more I've just essayed.

I can charm you on the fiddle,
Paint a picture, ask a riddle,
Tell a story in a way to make you roar.
I know sev'ral ways of mixing
Drinks. At present I am fixing
Up a lock to fasten any sort of door.
I know how to run a transit;
I can play a jig, or dance it;
I can teach a cat to hurdle through a hoop.
I have taken parties slumming;
I've a smattering of plumbing;
I have patented a folding chicken coop.
All my friends and near relations
Say I'm great at imitations.
I can palm a coin and take it from a hat.
I know all about the weather;
I do poker work on leather;
I've a voice that simply knocks Caruso flat.
From a walnut, should you ask it,
I can carve a little basket;
I've a secret way of cooking Irish stew.
I can write a splendid sonnet,
Fix a clock or trim a bonnet.
Now I wonder what there is I couldn't do?

Why, you ask me, did I ever—
Since I'm so extremely clever—
Take this humble job of cleaning up the street?
Yes, it does seem rather shoddy
For so versatile a body,
But—er—well, you know, a fellow's got to eat!

A TABLE AND TWO CHAIRS

By Edgar Allan Woolf

THE fifth anniversary dinner was an affair of such importance in Gloria's social career that no one could do anything to please her. The florists placed the autumn leaves and chrysanthemums in the most tasteless manner; the two English butlers, hired for the occasion, put the *hors d'œuvre* forks where they should have placed the grapefruit spoons, and—well, here it was fifteen minutes before the guests were expected, and the hostess wasn't even dressed. To be sure her hair was coiffed, her face as pink and white as she dared make it, and her mouth so provokingly carmine that, as Lloyd came in to look at the room, he went up to his wife and in a perfectly *bourgeois* manner rubbed his handkerchief over her lips and said, "Darling, you look a sight."

Gloria and Lloyd never quarreled—not even in company. There were times, after the rhapsody of their honeymoon was over, that Gloria wished Lloyd hadn't such a sweet disposition, that a storm might blow up now and then just to vary the matrimonial calm. But no—even at breakfast, served poorly on their little round table with its two little chairs—the three "prize exhibits," with which they had started housekeeping—Lloyd was a perfect, grouchless dear, chatting "bromidically" with his very poor cook of a wife and never hinting of his business cares.

And so it was that Gloria finally purchased a leaf for the little round table—which was only big enough for two—and began once in a while inviting a friend to dinner. Lloyd was threatening to become such an uninteresting thing of routine that perhaps an outsider would supply a little dash of excitement. Her

school friend, Clara Norton, was invited frequently until she married Ludwig Sampter—the "furniture king." Clara had a wonderfully flirtatious pair of dark eyes, and there were even times when Gloria wished she would "work" them on Lloyd just to "start something." But as soon as Clara became Mrs. Sampter she cut Gloria cruelly, and gave weekly dinners that were written up in the papers because of their novelty and the sensational gowns worn by the hostess.

Now perhaps Clara thought Gloria couldn't afford to dress like Ludwig's wealthy friends, and didn't invite her lest she be led into extravagance. But Gloria didn't take it that way. After reading of Clara's third large dinner party, she went straight down to Sampter's store at the hour she knew Clara called for her Ludwig, and ordered a hundred dollars' worth of furniture. She gave Clara a very cold society "Hello, dear" through her lorgnettes as she went out and took a taxi—just for three blocks.

Clara's big eyes opened as if they were going to drop out. Ludwig was a fool to give her an open account, seeing the airs she was putting on! The little snub-nosed upstart! But imagine Clara's eyes two mornings later when she read in her paper of the invitations extended by Mrs. Lloyd Griswold for her fifth wedding anniversary. There were the names of Gloria's six schoolgirl friends as well as a certain musical celebrity Clara had always been crazy to meet—and Clara herself was snubbed.

That's how it started.

Poor Lloyd took no part in the combat at all. Soon he was giving Gloria a hun-

dred dollars a week. She was dressing like a queen—and charging up to him what she couldn't pay for. He just smiled each time she handed him a bill—and Gloria began to think that, while Lloyd wasn't exactly exciting, he had just the sweetest disposition in the world.

And now came their dinner. In the invitations Gloria had given Lloyd to mail she did not mention that it was their wedding anniversary—principally because she reasoned that when dinner guests had to give presents one could never serve a menu to satisfy them. Moreover, wooden presents weren't worth receiving anyhow. So she wrote informal notes saying: "If you *can* come you needn't even answer; if you *can't* come, just drop me a line." And as no one dropped a line, she had to order more chairs and three more leaves for the table at Sampter's to accommodate the twenty-five people invited.

Gloria had already written a description of the dinner and gowns for the society column the following Sunday. She had been careful, of course, to invite the people on whom she could rely to carry every least detail back to Clara Sampter—with whom by now she wasn't even on "Hello, dear" terms.

Five years married! They stood by the beautifully set table—a mass of rich lace, pink roses, old silver, sparkling cut glass and ferns—and looked at each other. Gloria's hand unconsciously fell on one of the two chairs with which they had started their married life. Lloyd's hand rested upon the other. For the first time each realized what a change five years had made. There was Gloria, so painted and powdered that the sweet, innocent expression, which first had won Lloyd's love had vanished. There was Lloyd looking fifteen years older, his face lined and worn, his hair tinged with gray. The only things that were the same were the two chairs—and even they seemed sadder and older. As with one thought they snatched their hands away, and Gloria turning quickly to Lloyd, tenderly fixed his tie and asked him if anything was troubling him.

"No, dear," and he tried to smile as always.

"But there *is* something, Lloyd; I can see it. Your face has a set look as if there were something serious you wanted to tell me and couldn't."

"My face should always have that look then, dear, for if I ever had any thing serious to say, I couldn't—there's always company about, except when I leave in the morning; and then you're asleep."

"But there *is* something!" she insisted.

As though he couldn't hold himself in restraint any longer, he admitted: "Yes, Gloria. I—I wanted to tell you weeks ago—but I couldn't. I'll tell you later."

"Tell me now—oh, dear, look at that butler! His vest is inches too small for him—or else it's his trousers." And she dashed toward the new English butler and pinned the front of his waistcoat to meet his trousers so tightly that she fairly bent him into a semicircle. Poor Gloria! She hadn't as much interest in the something serious Lloyd had wanted for weeks to tell her as she had in the butler's misfit. But Lloyd had brought her up on small things. How could she suddenly turn around and be interested in big things? As the servant made a semicircular exit into the pantry, she turned suddenly to Lloyd and said: "Oh—what was it you wanted to tell me?"

"I'll say it later."

"But—" and before she could finish he had left the room. She had never seen him like that before. To discover a new mood in a husband after five years of married life is enough to disconcert any wife, and as Gloria went to her room to slip into her new dinner gown she was so busy wondering what it was Lloyd was going to tell her that she forgot entirely to apply her liquid whitener to her neck and arms.

When Lloyd reached the hall there was a ring on the 'phone. Now there are some moments in real life when a telephone ring produces the same effect that it does upon the stage. This was just such a moment for Lloyd. He felt intuitively that this message was an important event in the "action" of the little

drama Gloria and he had been enacting for five years.

"Hello"—he purposely pitched his voice very low. "Oh! Mr. Sampster!" The expression upon his face as he listened showed that the message was important. "Yes—well, isn't this a rather unusual time to take up a matter like that? I wrote you I'd be able to pay off a thousand in about a month. No, no; a suit like that must not get into the papers—now of all times. I'll—What?" And then the husky voice of Sampster came thundering through the 'phone: "Either that, or I'll send around for my furniture tonight."

Lloyd saw at a glance that Clara was at the bottom of it all. At the caterer's the other day, loudly enough for Clara at the cake counter to hear, Gloria had given the order for thirty individual ices served in little ribbon-trimmed wooden milkpails. The little milkpails did the trick. Now it was either a case of a law-suit that would kill Lloyd's credit which he needed above all things, or submission to Sampster's scheme to disgrace them and break up Gloria's dinner party. The dinner party was so small a thing in comparison with the loss of his credit that he shouted back at Sampster through the 'phone: "Send your men around. They can have everything I haven't paid for—and I'll go and buy some *good* things!" And he hung the receiver up with a bang.

Gloria, hearing him talking angrily to someone over the wire, came rushing out of her room. She was dazzling as she stood in the semilighted hall. The glare from her room just outlined her shimmering fair hair and silver gown. Lloyd hadn't the heart to tell her about the message—yet; he said it was just someone with the wrong number.

Five minutes past seven and not a guest! Ah, the bell! They leaned over the balustrade—Gloria whispering that it was probably the Havens, as they always came early and stayed late whenever there was anything to eat. But no; it was an A. D. T. boy.

The message was from Harriett Landers, and read: "Sorry Al and I can't come—both laid up with a busted car-

buretor." The English butler, forgetting himself, murmured, "Not 'alf bad," as he hastily left the room, and with somewhat of a sense of relief Gloria bade Lloyd hurry and help her remove two places from the table. Scarcely had they done so when the butler entered with two more telegrams, which Gloria hastily opened. Oh, day of catastrophes! The inconsiderate grandmother of the three Harlowe girls had taken it into her perverse old head to pass away—and on the day of Gloria's party! Could anything be more ill timed? And that billiken-faced youngster, Master Richard Warring, made it impossible for his parents to attend because of a mischievous endeavor to choke on a gumdrop. Off went five more plates from the table. Gloria was beginning by this time to look worried. She felt sorry that she had arranged the old party at all.

She almost dropped the plate she had in her hand as she saw Filkins enter with three more telegrams. "Clara Sampster!" she screamed.

"What about her?" Lloyd asked.

"It's she who's at the bottom of all this. As sure as you're standing there, she killed Grandma Harlowe and choked Baby Warring on a gumdrop. "Look!" she tossed him the yellow slip. "The Krielhausers can't come because their clothes were burned up in a fire today. Why, before that stingy duet would miss a free meal they'd come without. I don't believe they even sent that wire!"

"Why, it's marked, 'Collect.'"

"Well, pay it," and her tears began to fall on Sally Krielhauser's plate. Lloyd felt truly sorry for her—poor little girl. He wanted to take her in his arms and dry the tears welling over her mascherotinted lashes—but the time had come when he must be hard, when he must open her eyes to the truth, when—

Three more telegrams arrived. Off came all the plates but two—his and hers.

"Clara Sampster!" she muttered as she sank in the chair at one end of the table, her face white and faded in spite of its rouge. Slowly Lloyd sat down at the other end. They were sitting in the same two little chairs which they had

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sat in during those first happy months. Between them stretched the luxury, the grandeur, the show things for which they had both been struggling, and which had brought them—what?

"Four men are downstairs for some furniture." It was Filkins who broke the silence.

"Let them come up." Lloyd rose, and went quickly toward Gloria, who grew so pale that he thought she would faint.

"Furniture! What furniture?"

"Sampter 'phoned a half-hour ago that if I couldn't pay what I owe him at once he would either sue me or send for his furniture."

"If you couldn't pay him! Why, Lloyd, do you mean to say he's not been paid?"

"Paid! We're in debt everywhere. I've tried my best to give you everything you wanted to make you happy. I've kept all that was unpleasant from you—but now you must know the truth. I'm a failure. We're ruined. My business has gone to smash. Tomorrow I must start all over again—at the bottom."

If Lloyd had feared that with the loss of his business he would lose what was left of his wife's love, he was wrong, for in that moment, as he stood before her—a failure—there came into Gloria's life the great unknown something she had been craving, the right to be taken into her husband's confidence. As he stood there, with a look upon his face that almost said, "Don't hate me," he was not only her husband but her boy. She didn't start in horror as the dramatic actress always does when the leading man mutters, "We're ruined." She just went over and put her arms about his neck—laid her cheek next to his and murmured: "Don't you care, Lloyd; we'll begin all over again."

For a moment neither of them saw the men who had come for Sampter's furniture. The men had lists of what to take, and began by walking off with the beautiful sideboard Gloria had ordered only last week. Then went the chairs, one by one, and then the center leaves from the table, rudely snatched so that the beautiful old silver and crystal and

pink roses fell between in a sorrowful heap to the floor.

Gloria watched the wreckage of her anniversary dinner without shedding a tear. She only murmured: "So this is Clara Sampter's revenge! And she's the woman I tried to outshine! Oh, Lloyd, why didn't you let me know before that I was dragging you into debt?"

"Because I've always tried to tell you only the pleasant things."

"Only the pleasant things! Ah, dear, that's been just the trouble. You've only let me be a silly, frivolous *child*—whereas you might have made me a *woman*. I know it was all to make me happy, but a wife can't be truly happy unless she shares her husband's sorrows as well as his joys. She longs to be able to console him if he's worried—to advise him if he's in doubt. That's how good women can rule in this world—not by the ballot, but in the home."

"I guess these go along with the rest," and two hands would have seized the chairs on which they were sitting—the two chairs which Gloria and Lloyd had bought five years ago.

"No, they don't!" Lloyd and Gloria gripped the chairs and held them fast. The men consulted their lists and made a hasty retreat.

They were alone once more. Gloria took off the pearl necklace and the diamond plaque of which she had been so proud. "Clara made a mistake not to let my guests come and witness our little 'eviction scene,'" she said, and smiled.

"Clara had nothing to do with the guests' failure to come."

"Lloyd!"

He put his hand in his pocket and brought out the invitations. There they were, sealed and stamped, but not posted.

She stared at them as if they were ghosts—then with puzzled voice asked: "But the telegrams?"

"I sent them."

"Lloyd! I don't understand!"

"I wanted to have this anniversary alone with you, dearest. I couldn't tell you how bad things were when you gave me these to mail. I hadn't the heart. But I made up my mind tonight I must."

It took a great effort—but I was beside myself; I needed your help—your advice—”

“My help—my advice?” She was at one end of the leafless table, he at the other. As they spoke, they moved slowly toward each other, drawing the table together till it became the little round table of old.

“Yes”—and he extended his two hands across—“we’re going to start life anew. We must talk things over.” He drew her toward him and the table closed with a click.

“Talk things over,” she murmured as if she’d been longing for that always. “And at our own little table with two chairs.”



THE INLANDER

By Rose Henderson

MY sea is the sky,
And the clouds float by
With the wind as pilot and crew, and high
In the clear blue depths where the swallows meet
My spirit follows the white-winged fleet.
My sea is the sky.

My sea is the sky, and the dusty street,
The clang of motors, the rush of feet
May crowd my earth and may claim my home,
But the sun-filled silence, the storm-tossed foam,
The star-flecked night and the brooding gray
Are mine in the midst of the noise and fray.

Out of my window, when morning grows
Into the sky, I watch the rose
And the pale mist purples that drift and spread
Where the mermaid night has softly fled;
And the lordly Triton sun rides high
Through my sea blue sky.



WHEN a man decides to mend his ways he usually marries a woman who does not know how to sew.



THE dark horse in politics often gives the bosses a nightmare.¹

PAYMENT ON PUBLICATION

By Nellie Frances Milburn

THE bank had failed and swept away the savings of long years;
Then sickness came and doctors' bills; the rent was in arrears;
Poor father lost his job the day the grocer's bill was due,
And all the children needed shoes; the butcher said he'd sue.

The heartless landlord clamored loud with threats to turn us out.
On Christmas eve we'd naught but crusts; the next meal seemed in doubt.
But father moaned: "One hope remains. Go, Johnny, get the mail.
I've written to some friends for help; perhaps they will not fail."

"Oh, here's a letter marked 'New York'!" our Johnny called with glee.
And father seized with trembling hands, his eyes too dim to see.
"A cheque! A cheque!" the children cried, and danced and shouted gay.
"Saved! Saved!" dear mother sobbed. "Help comes on Christmas day!"

"'Tis from the *Worth While Magazine!*" gasped father with delight.
"'Twas really meant for grandpa, if I guess the facts aright.
You know, he was an author, and I'm heir to his estate.
Long years ago I recollect that oft he would relate

"A story was accepted by this magazine of fame.
And now the payment comes to me because I bear his name.
'Tis forty years that he's been gone, yet still his works I praise.
O Providence and editors, mysterious are thy ways!"

My brothers, learn a lesson from this simple little sketch.
Whene'er you write a story, hoping cash and fame 'twill fetch,
Ne'er think it will appear in print with due celerity.
Just bear in mind whate'er you write—'tis for posterity!



"PAPA, why do they call it Wall Street?"
"Because when you once get in, my son, it is hard to get out."

THE INTRUDER

By Ethelyn Reed

CHARACTERS

MADELINE (*a lovely lady*)
HUGH WINCHESTER (*her husband*)
LUCY (*her cousin*)
THE INTRUDER (*an unknown*)

PLACE: *A country home.*

TIME: *Midnight.*

SCENE—*The bedchamber of MADELINE. A curtained alcove at the back half conceals the bed. In the center stands a couch piled luxuriously with cushions, and by it a low table bearing a rose-colored lamp. On the right is a dressing table elaborately draped and laden with silver toilet articles. To the right of this a door leads to another room. At the left long French windows open upon a balcony. To the left of these there is another door, and between this door and the windows stands a small writing desk. There is no light save that from the lamp and what moonlight filters through the partly drawn curtains of heavy silk which drape the French windows. On the couch, with an open book in her hands, reclines LUCY. She is in a dressing gown with loosely bound hair and seems half asleep. The chime of the silver clock on the dressing table startles her. She sits up, wide awake, and reveals herself a graceful, quiet-looking woman of thirty-five.*

LUCY

Twelve o'clock! And Madge said she would be home early. What could have kept her so long at a tiresome dinner? (*The door at the left opens quickly and MADELINE enters, a beautiful young woman of an impetuous, high-spirited bearing and manner. She throws off her long cloak, and switches on the lights.*)

MADELINE

Lucy, dear! What are you doing up? Where is Francine?

LUCY

I let her go to bed. She was so white and wan-looking with her headache. It grew worse after you left.

MADELINE

You unselfish darling! And you were tired, too. It was dreadful of me to be so late, but there was no getting away sooner. Such a bunch of bores! And I was in no mood for society this evening. I would rather have stayed at home, but a dinner and a game of bridge are solemn things—you've got to fill your appointed place. It's like matrimony—once in, you must play up or be accused of battering at the very foundations of society. Which reminds me—have you had any word from Hugh?

LUCY

A telegram arrived about nine o'clock which I didn't think important enough

to send to you. He said his train would be in very late and he hardly thought he'd come down from the city till morning.

MADELINE

He evidently isn't coming tonight. I had an idea he might motor down, even though late, with Mr. Peyton.

LUCY

I imagine he is pretty well tired out after such a strenuous jury trial, and he isn't as young as Ralph, nor as fond of that way of traveling.

MADELINE

Please unhook me, dear. Do you love Ralph Peyton very much, Lucy?

LUCY (*standing up to unfasten the gown*)

What a question, Madge! Why do you ask?

MADELINE

Because I think it must be so wonderful to love somebody very much. I should like to experience it once, even if it were just for a little while.

LUCY

Madeline!

MADELINE

Are you shocked, Lucy?

LUCY

Grieved, dear. Don't you love Hugh?

MADELINE

Oh, Hugh—why, I'm awfully fond of Hugh, and I admire him, and he is fairly considerate of me and alive to my charms, but—is he your idea of a lover?

LUCY (*doubtfully*)

I don't know. Lover? He is your husband. (*Unfastening the last hook*) There you are!

MADELINE

And undoubtedly husbands don't have to be lovers, but sometimes they are. (*She slips her arms out of the sleeves of her gown slowly*.) You might say that, in the first place, all our suitors are caterpillars of unborn possibilities. Only time shows which develop into the practical moth-husband and which into the gorgeous winged creatures of delight and charm.

LUCY (*laughing*)

The serviceable variety for me, thank you.

MADELINE

They leave an unfilled void in the lives of women like me. (*She retires into the alcove for a moment, removes her gown and comes out in a long robe*.) Lucy, I had a wonderful day. I want to tell you about it. (*She drops into a low chair near Lucy, who has resumed her place on the couch*.)

LUCY (*with sympathetic interest*)

I wondered about you. You were gone all day, and came in at sunset with your head in the clouds. Francine complained that you didn't know nor care what went on around you, but that your eyes were like stars. "She's like a girl thinking of her sweetheart," she said. Who was to be at the dinner?

MADELINE

Oh, you stupid dear! Then I should have cared about my gown. It wasn't at the dinner; it was in the woods I met him.

LUCY (*laughing*)

Who? Prince Charming?

MADELINE

No, not a prince. A faun—a gipsy king—the spirit of the woods, of running brooks, of all lovely things.

LUCY

My dear, come down to earth and describe this youth in prose.

MADELINE

Why, you and Hugh would have said he was just a handsome boy, traveling through the country on a motorcycle and stopping to eat his lunch in Arlington Woods—and I a conventional lady out for a morning stroll on my estate, condescending to exchange a few words with him before I went discreetly on my way. And that's all there is to it, except that I took off my hat and sat by his side, reading from the same book of verses.

LUCY (*quoting*)

"A book of verses underneath the bough"—

MADELINE

Precisely; and the wine and loaf of bread, too. And for one day I have been perfectly happy. Oh, it was a breath of air to one stifling, a ray of light to one blind, the music of the spheres heard at last.

LUCY

My dear Madeline, I never dreamed of you in such a sorry plight. How did you part from this marvelous wayfarer?

MADELINE (*in a matter-of-fact tone*)

We said good-bye, and I thanked him for a charming day and walked away. I looked back once and blew him a tiny kiss, he was so very good-looking.

LUCY

Madeline!

MADELINE

Inexcusable, wasn't it? But remember, it was good-bye forever, and I was returning to Hugh and conventionality with only one look backward. (*She rises and moves about the room restlessly.*)

LUCY

I think you are tired and should go to bed, Madge.

MADELINE

I'm going. I shall read a little while perhaps.

LUCY (*rising from the couch and kissing her*)

Good night, you romantic baby.

MADELINE (*a little wearily*)

Good night, dear Lucy.

(LUCY goes out at the left. MADELINE puts out the light, and going to the French windows draws the curtains back, letting in a flood of moonlight. She stands gazing out for a moment, and then throws the window wide open.)

MADELINE

Oh, what a night! It's a beautiful world. One ought to be happy just to be alive.

(She walks slowly away from the window. There is a faint sound outside. She turns, and sees the INTRUDER'S form at the open window in the bright moonlight.)

MADELINE

You!

INTRUDER

I saw you from the road below. The temptation was too great.

MADELINE

You are mad!

INTRUDER

I know it. Tell me to go, and I'll try to obey.

(MADELINE walks nervously to the lamp and relights it, then drops upon the couch as though overcome with sudden weakness.)

MADELINE (*faintly*)

You have startled me dreadfully.

INTRUDER (*advancing and kneeling by her side*)

Forgive me; I am sorry. You must think me bold and bad.

MADELINE

No, only reckless. It might be very dangerous indeed. You couldn't even know I was alone.

INTRUDER

You looked as though you were—the way you stood in the window and gazed out—and you were so lovely and irresistible. Could you have been thinking of me—of our day together?

MADELINE

Oh, why did you come?

INTRUDER

If I should say to return the fairy kiss a passing breeze brought to my lips, would you be angry?

MADELINE

No—only frightened.

INTRUDER

You need not be frightened of me—your humble lover and servant. Command, and I obey.

MADELINE

Then go—please.

INTRUDER

Is that a serious command?

MADELINE

Yes, yes; it is too dreadful for you to be here. I realize it, but—but—

INTRUDER

But what, lovely lady?

MADELINE

Oh, I'm not myself. Can't you see? Let me think. I am disturbed, bewildered. I should be very angry with you, boy.

INTRUDER

And you are not.

MADELINE

No, only—only glad to see you again.

INTRUDER (*seizing her hands*)
Madeline!

MADELINE

You know my name?

INTRUDER

How could I rest till I had learned it?

MADELINE

And yours? I wonder what it is? Perhaps I do not really want to know. It might be John or James.

INTRUDER

What do you think it ought to be, sweetheart?

MADELINE

Why, if there is any name for you, it must be— (*She starts and listens intently.*) I heard a step—there is someone! Who can it be? If it is Hugh—Oh, God, can it be? What shall we do? (*She trembles violently.*)

INTRUDER (*springing to his feet*)

Don't be frightened. I'll get away easily. Pretend you are sleeping. (*He turns out the light.*) There—do not worry—I am gone. Forgive me for causing you a moment's pain. And good-bye. (*He bends over her a moment, and then turns to the window. The door at the left opens abruptly and he stands back in the shadow unable to reach his goal. The moonlight is no longer full in the room. HUGH WINCHESTER enters, and stops just inside the door listening. He is a man of about forty-eight, with a keen, clever face, cold eyes and a sarcastic smile.*)

WINCHESTER

Curious. Madeline! She must be asleep. I was sure I heard voices. Now the house is quiet enough. (*He listens*

intently, then suddenly opens the drawer in the secretary at his side, takes out a pistol, presses the electric button near his hand, switching on all the lights, and covers the INTRUDER.)

WINCHESTER

Ah, I thought so. There is someone. Kindly remain where you are—or no, just a trifle this way. You may feel the draught from that open window. (MADELINE *sits up with a low cry.*) Oh, you are there, my dear? Don't be alarmed. It is only a burglar—common or garden variety, known as porch climber; and we have him all right.

(MADELINE *looks once at the INTRUDER, and covers her face with her hands.*)

WINCHESTER

Why, my dear, he is not so repulsive in appearance. Look again. He's really rather a likely-looking chap—much above the average, I should say. Come, come, where is your nerve? Who would believe it of the best woman rider and shot in the country?

(Under her husband's bantering MADELINE *raises her eyes and meets those of the INTRUDER. The barest flicker of an expression passes over his countenance.* WINCHESTER *looks from one to the other with the closest scrutiny.*)

WINCHESTER

That's better, my dear. Now, my honorable friend, what have you to say for yourself? Your intrusion is particularly heinous, since it is into the bedroom of my wife you have forced an entrance. Here rests indeed a jewel beyond price, but the family plate and silver repose downstairs.

INTRUDER

But securely locked away. Here the open window and balcony invite the passer-by.

WINCHESTER

Upon my word, you have a most gentlemanly bearing. How does it strike you, Madeline? A woman judges of such things more surely than a man.

INTRUDER (*mockingly*)

Spare me these comments, which can only add to my embarrassment, sir. What are you going to do with me?

WINCHESTER
What brought you here?

INTRUDER

Is there any doubt on that point? You believe I came to steal. If I swore I came to look, and go away you would laugh in derision. Therefore I shall agree with you that I came to steal.

WINCHESTER
The punishment is heavy.

INTRUDER

What I came to find was worth the risk.

WINCHESTER
You appear a good loser.

INTRUDER

I am not yet sure that I have lost, nor are you. The jewel I covet—perhaps I have it already.

WINCHESTER
You have a confederate?

INTRUDER

It is possible.

WINCHESTER (*less surely*)
Madeline, where is the Hulse emerald?

MADELINE (*drawing a chain with a jewel pendant from her gown*)
I have it here.

WINCHESTER

I thought perhaps you had heard of the most famous of our hereditary jewels. Well, it is evident that I must remain in ignorance of the particular jewel you craved. We'll waste no more time.

INTRUDER

Thank you.

WINCHESTER

You are entirely welcome to as much of my time as this case requires. I had no idea yours was more valuable. I shall step into the next room a moment to ring up the police. You, sir, stand where you are; or no, better come a little this way. You're a bit close to that window. (*The INTRUDER advances to a position up front in the center of the*

stage.) Very well; and bear in mind that I can see every movement from my place at the telephone, and if you attempt to escape I shall shoot. Madeline, a word, please. (*He draws his wife to the extreme right and speaks very low and distinctly.*) If this man is a burglar he will attempt to escape after the manner of his kind, risking death in preference to facing the police, *and I shall not shoot him*. If he is otherwise, he will not desert you in this extremity, but will remain, only too glad to sacrifice a few years of freedom that you may remain untarnished.

(*MADELINE shrinks back, horrorstruck, and with one long look at her WINCHESTER goes out at the right, leaving the door wide open. She wrings her hands in an agony of doubt and retreats slowly to her dressing table, where she sinks into the low chair in front of it, just out of sight of the open door.*)

MADELINE (*in a low, constrained voice*)
Can you hear me? Don't speak; just move one of your fingers, if you can. . . . Yes? Oh, go—go at once! No, don't look at me; don't move, but listen. If he relaxes his watch for a moment, as he will, leap through that window. No, no, not a word. I know what you would say, but you are wrong. It's useless. He believes you my lover. A thief would attempt an escape. Do you see? Now go—go at once. Oh, on my knees I implore it! Go, beloved, go!

(*The INTRUDER stands immovable, his face turned resolutely ahead until the last word, when he slightly starts, falters and clenches his hand with sudden emotion.*)

WINCHESTER (*at the telephone*)
All right; you will not fail? You understand just what I want. What is that you say?

MADELINE (*in agonized entreaty*)
Go! He will not see.

(*The INTRUDER rushes noiselessly to the window and springs from the low balcony. MADELINE screams and hurries toward the open door. WINCHESTER rushes in, his pistol still in his hand.*)

WINCHESTER

He has gone? What were you doing not to give the alarm sooner? He stood so quietly, I felt pretty sure of him.

MADELINE (*in a choked voice*)

I was about to go to you. It was too terrifying to be alone with such a person. I wondered at your leaving me. Your suspicions were hideous, and you are cruel and unjust. You were testing me, trying me in some way—

WINCHESTER

Forgive me, love. To test human souls is a fascinating pastime, but I should spare you at least. Let us forget this incident—

MADELINE (*with a gesture of aversion*)

If you can, I never shall. (*A shot is heard outside, coming clearly through the night from some distance.*)

MADELINE (*terrified*)

What was that? Great heavens, speak to me! What do you think it could be, Hugh?

WINCHESTER

Try to control yourself, Madeline. I

gave directions over the 'phone to the gatekeeper to surround the grounds, and if his men saw any suspicious character, to shoot. I ran no chances of turning a criminal loose on society. I will go at once and see what has happened. Go to bed, my dear, and forget this annoying occurrence. Sleep will maintain your enchanting beauty better than anything else. Good night.

(*He kisses her on the forehead and goes out. MADELINE watches him go with a white, impassive countenance.*)

MADELINE (*stonily*)

He set a trap for me, and I fell into it. Thief or lover, either way the sentence was death, and I was the instrument. Oh, fool!

(*She rushes to the windows and throws out her arms in a gesture of passionate grief.*)

MADELINE

Boy, boy, is this the end of our day in Arcadia? And I sent you to your death! Why didn't you take me with you?

(*She falls sobbing to her knees. The curtain goes down slowly.*)



REPORTER—What were your sensations after the trains telescoped?
PASSENGER—We saw stars.



“WHAT is your wife doing when she isn’t talking?”
“Thinking what to say next.”



MAY—Why wasn’t she a success in the Social Sea?
BELLE—Because she was always getting on the wrong tack.

THE AFFECTATIONS OF ARCHIBALD

By Harold Susman

JOHN BROWN was born in Grand Rapids. His father was a plain man. His mother was a plain woman. But there was nothing plain about John. Nothing at all. Quite on the contrary. There was something fancy about him. Something very fancy, indeed.

His face was pale. His hair was dark. His eyes were black. His teeth were white. His expression was serious. His bearing was dignified. He looked more "Grand" than "Rapids."

John was a natural born actor. He had "the dramatic instinct." Places were to him "stage settings." Men and women he liked were "heroes" and "heroines." Men and women he didn't like were "villains" and "villainesses." He himself always played "leading parts."

Therefore it was a pity that his father was the teller in a bank. That was so prosaic. And it was also a pity that John was a clerk in a drugstore. That was even worse. He sold pills and powders and potions. He went behind the counter when he was eighteen. And he stayed there for three years.

When John was twenty-one, a maiden aunt died and left him thirty thousand dollars. She died of Bright's disease. John almost died of fright's disease. He had always been a favorite with the old lady. He had always tried to be. He had read her the reports of the foreign mission societies. He had played with her cat, and he had talked to her parrot. So he might almost be said to have earned his legacy.

The first thing John did on coming into the fortune was to leave the drugstore. And the next thing John did was to prepare to leave Grand Rapids.

All his life he had felt corked up, like a bottle. And now he wanted to go off pop, like champagne. He wanted to bubble over. He could afford to do it. So he meant to.

He got a ticket for New York. Kalamazoo wouldn't do. Neither would Detroit. His father was shocked. His mother was grieved. But then, as we have said, they were only "plain" people.

John found a book to read on the train. He had picked it up at random. It was a work on India. Then he said good-bye to his friends, good-bye to his parents and good-bye to his home.

He settled himself on the train and opened his book on India. He read all day. And he dreamed all night. He dreamed of the elephants in India, the skyscrapers in New York and the medicines in the drugstore.

When he arrived in New York he went to a boarding house. He gave his name as John Brown. At the end of a week he moved to a hotel. He registered as Archibald Brown. And at the end of a second week he moved to a bachelor apartment house. He had taken the name of Archibald Browning.

The location was first class. The apartment was high grade. And the furnishings were very good. But they were somewhat unusual. Archibald saw to that.

He went to an Oriental shop for teakwood chairs and tables. He got a bed shaped like a boat. And he got a Buddhist shrine. He also got a supply of incense.

Then he went to a photograph shop and got three photographs of Indian princes, the Rajah of Calcutta, the

Rajah of Bombay and the Rajah of Ceylon. He had these pictures elaborately framed and conspicuously displayed.

He also secured a miscellaneous collection of rugs and draperies, bronzes and ivories. For himself he got some velvet robes, some silken turbans and some jeweled ornaments.

Archibald had mapped out the scenario of a little play. He thought of calling it "The Mysterious Young Man." Of course he was to play the "title role."

This was the plot: He had been born in Ceylon. His father was an English gentleman. His mother was an Indian lady. He himself had been educated by Buddhist priests. He was familiar with strange rites. He was possessed of weird powers. And he was also possessed of great wealth.

He was a friend of the Rajah of Calcutta. He was a friend of the Rajah of Bombay. And he was a protégé of the Rajah of Ceylon.

There was a plot! There was a part! Dramatic? Well, I guess!

Archibald met a man who lived in the house. They met in the elevator, and they got into conversation. Or rather, Archibald got into conversation. He told the man about his history and about his mystery. He took the man to his apartment and showed him the three rajahs. Archibald met other men who lived in the house. He met them in the same way. He went through the same performance.

So you see that Archibald began by making himself somewhat absurd. And he continued by making himself absolutely ridiculous. But he didn't care. He went right on—right on acting—right on overacting. There was too much "make-up." There was too much "business." There was too much "atmosphere." But that was because Archibald was, after all, only an amateur.

First he got one or two, then he got ten or twelve, and finally he got eighteen or twenty to come to his apartment and see the rajahs. Then he gave a party. An East Indian party. Quite a number

of people came. They came for the fun of the thing. And they enjoyed themselves. And Archibald enjoyed himself. There was "Oriental" food to eat, and "Oriental" wines to drink. A boy sang an Indian song. A girl did an Indian dance. Archibald wore his velvet robes, his silken turban and his jeweled ornaments. This party became the first of a series.

A year later, when Archibald had exhausted India, he turned to Persia. His father had been British consul to Teheran. Archibald was a friend of the Minister of State. Archibald was a friend of the Minister of War. And Archibald was a protégé of the Shah himself. Archibald displayed photographs. He had bought them at the same place where he had bought the others. Archibald displayed a decoration. It had been bestowed upon him by the Shah—by way of a theatrical costumer. Archibald gave a series of Persian parties.

A year later again, Archibald looked up and trotted out his Arabian affiliations.

And so on, scene after scene, act after act, year after year. Archibald reached his twenty-sixth year. He had gone in for music, and he had gone in for art. He had taken up with science, and he had taken up with religion. He had been written up in the newspapers and he had been written down in the newspapers. And at last he thought things over and realized that he hadn't a friend in the world, and that he had any number of enemies. People had made a fool of him. No, that wasn't it, either. He had made a fool of himself.

Archibald became morbid. He was sick of the smell of the grease paint. He was sick of the glare of the footlights. He wanted to get away from the theater. He wanted to get away from "The Mysterious Young Man." He decided to commit suicide.

He thought of poison. But no, that was stagy! He bought a revolver. Ah, that was real! He locked himself in his room, his Indian-Persian-Arabian room, the scene of his comedies and his tragedies, and he pressed the cold

muzzle of the revolver against his throbbing temple. He placed a trembling index finger on the deadly trigger. As he did so, the clock struck twelve. It was midnight. . . .

The next morning, Archibald, being still alive and quite well, but still think-

ing of death and the grave, decided to go into mourning. So he dressed himself in black, and looking rather mysterious and quite distinguished, he told everybody that his great teacher, the high priest of the Buddhist temple in the city of Kandy on the Island of Ceylon—had passed away.



THE LOST CITIES

By Harriet Rogers

THEY tremble in light,
Then slip from the sight,
Safe hid by the magic of desert and sun;
For white towers are gleaming,
And banners are streaming
In far-away cities the mirage has spun.

They are swinging asleep,
Full ten fathoms deep,
Embalmed and embraced in the arms of the sea;
For weird bells are ringing,
And faint sounds of singing
Come in with the wind and the sea birds to me.

The dream that escapes,
The dear, wistful shapes
Of beauty that charm me, elude me alway,
Enchantments deep hidden,
That haunt me unbidden,
Were homes of my soul in some long forgot day.



EVEN a capital fellow will sometimes borrow.



SHORT—When you asked for a loan, did you try to touch the chords of his heart?
SHORTER—Yes; but I couldn't get a note out of him.

REFLECTIONS

By Benjamin Arstein

THE hot bird that goes together with the cold bottle usually proves to be a "lark."

All men are born equal, but few men are equal to an emergency.

The store of knowledge has no bargain sales.

A man never realizes the purchasing power of money until he has to pay for his cultivated habits.

Brevity is the soul of humor—but you are not apt to retain your good humor when you are cut short.

The man who banks on friends usually overdraws his limit.

A woman is a puzzle to the man she rejects, and is apt to prove a riddle to the man she accepts.

No man has ever risen in the world by jumping at conclusions.

Usually it is the man with limited means who goes the limit.

A hot race is usually won by a cool head.

One of man's serious mistakes is to take himself too seriously.



“DOES Casey try to keep his past down?”
“Yes; but his friends are always throwing it up at him.”



NEVER tell a girl that she is a poem; she may surmise that you have been scanning her feet.

L'ESPÉRANTO

Par Léon Frapié

C'EST à l'école maternelle, dans la cour de récréation, que se fait l'immédiate et naïve reproduction de toute importante nouveauté humaine. Dès que surgit une grande invention, un grand événement mondial, "on y joue" à l'école maternelle.

Comme notre égoïsme, selon qu'il est plus ou moins développé, retarde plus ou moins l'accès en nous de l'humaine vicissitude, la logique veut que le retentissement des choses universelles commence par atteindre les tout petits. Les enfants de l'école primaire ne s'émeuvent que plus tard.

C'est ainsi que, naguère, les gosses de la maternelle ont joué à la guerre russo-japonaise avant leurs aînés de la primaire, et que, plus récemment, l'aéroplane a passionné tout d'abord l'enfance minuscule regardant le ciel de plus bas.

Et voici la déduction qui s'impose: l'apparition d'une actualité sous forme de jeu dans la cour de l'école maternelle est un fait de diffusion immense et contient un présage de durée certaine.

Par exemple, il n'a pas été d'emblée bien démontré que l'espéranto était une réalité humaine; puis un beau jour, une preuve d'incorporation définitive dans la vie universelle s'est produite par ce fait que les gamins de la maternelle se sont mis à "jouer à l'espéranto," spontanément, sans l'incitation de personne. Il y a eu là une proclamation d'éternité dépassant en importance les plus notoires adhésions officielles.

— Hé! là-bas! Tricot! Benoit! Arrivez donc, toute la bande! On joue encore à l'espéranto, comme hier.

Adam, l'organisateur du jeu, aligne, contre le mur de la cour, une demi-douzaine de camarades initiés d'avance.

— C'est moi le patron et vous êtes les apprentis.

Il remet à chacun d'eux un caillou ramassé par terre.

— V'là votre ouvrage, dépêchez-vous. Et surtout, pendant que je serai sorti, je vous défends expressément de bavarder, comme vous faites d'habitude, au lieu de travailler.

Adam s'en va jusqu'à l'extrême de la cour. Aussitôt les apprentis se livrent à un simulacre de bavardage effréné: ils secouent la tête, claquent des mâchoires et profèrent une sorte d'abolement rapide et ininterrompu:

— Ouâ! Ouâ! Ouâ! Ouâ!

Retour d'Adam:

— Ah! je vous surprends en train de désobéir, tas de bavards! Et votre ouvrage qui n'est même pas commencé! Débarrassez-moi le plancher! Je vous renvoie! J'en prendrai d'autres à votre place!

Expulsion mouvementée des apprentis.

Adam réfléchit tout haut:

— Maintenant, moi que je suis malin, je vais chercher des apprentis pas français, qui parlent toutes sortes de langues pas pareilles. Ah! ah! comme ça, ils ne pourront pas causer ensemble.

Il fait de grands gestes d'appel:

— Par ici! On demande des apprentis, mais rien que des étrangers qui savent pas le français!

En vertu d'une convention tacite, les acteurs de tout à l'heure ont changé de nationalité. Ils répondent donc à l'appel; leur façon d'être étrangers consiste à serrer les lèvres et à faire des signes d'approbation muette.

Adam les aligne de nouveau contre le mur.

— Ah! ah! voilà un Anglais, voilà un Italien, et puis un Espagnol, et aussi un Russe . . . Ah! ah! vous êtes Japonais, mon garçon au nez pointu! . . . Et vous, pour être si moricaud, vous devez être . . . voyons, vous devez être Belge.

Distribution de cailloux.

— Voilà votre ouvrage. Il faut travailler beaucoup, beaucoup; regardez: remuer vite les doigts . . . Et maintenant, je n'ai pas besoin de leur défendre de parler; ils auront beau essayer, ils ne pourront pas se comprendre. Je m'en vais faire une partie de billard.

Adam se promène pendant un instant et à son retour, il lève les bras en l'air avec colère et stupéfaction.

— Comment! Ces apprentis-là bavardent encore plus que les autres! . . . Sapristi de chien! ils savent tous l'espéranto! Attendez un peu, je vais chercher mon martinet.

Fuite des esperantistes, poursuivis par le patron fouettard.

Après l'achèvement de cette partie, Adam aperçoit André Palmert qui s'avance vers ses acolytes.

— Dites donc, on va faire croire à André qu'on sait un truc d'espéranto et qu'on peut pas jouer avec lui, parce que lui, il ne sait pas le truc.

— Oui! oui! ça y est! s'exclament les acolytes.

André, né de parents relativement aisés, est d'une catégorie au-dessus de ses camarades, et ceux-ci, ayant l'instinctive conscience de leur infériorité saisissent malignement toutes les occasions de se rattraper.

— A quoi que vous jouez? J'en joue! s'écrie André.

— On joue à l'espéranto, répond Adam. Lui est Anglais, lui est Italien . . . Ils ont tous appris à parler pas pareil quand ils étaient petits, mais ils se comprennent quand même parce qu'ils connaissent l'espéranto. Alors, on peut

pas jouer avec toi: tu connais pas le fourbi.

— T'as qu'à m'apprendre!

— Ah! non . . . Ce serait trop long, et puis c'est un secret . . . Pas vrai, hein! vous autres?

— Oui! oui! C'est un secret! Tu peux pas jouer!

André a un grand front intelligent, des traits fins, une petite figure tout imprégnée de sensibilité. Tout de suite, il est malheureux dans son amour-propre et dans son aspiration affectueuse. Des larmes brillent dans ses yeux, mais il se redresse fièrement.

— Ah! là! là! ça m'est bien égal que vous ne voulez pas jouer avec moi, et je m'en moque pas mal de votre esperanto que vous voulez pas m'apprendre . . . D'abord, j'en sais un, moi, d'espéranto! Exclamations.

— Pas vrai! pas vrai!

— Si! na!

— Fais voir? Dis, comment que c'est?

— Non!

— Y répond "non" parce que c'est pas vrai! . . . Si c'est vrai, on va tous comprendre, quand même qu'on n'est pas du même pays . . . Essaye donc, beau malin!

André, mis au défi, regarde autour de lui avec désespoir; une crispation douloureuse griffe son visage délicat.

Et soudain, de sa grande sensibilité en détresse jaillit l'inspiration victorieuse. Il s'approche des camarades, et, très vite, à chacun, il jette un baiser sur la joue:

— Voilà! . . . C'est ça mon espéranto . . . Vous avez bien compris, quand même que vous n'êtes pas du même pays?

Les camarades rient, tout écarquillés d'une vague admiration émue, ils sont cloués. Aucun d'eux ne peut réfuter cette démonstration: que le baiser est l'espéranto des enfants.



L'AMITIE d'un grand homme est un bienfait des Dieux!

PLAYS THAT SPEAK VOLUMES

By George Jean Nathan

THIS world is full of strange and prodigious bores. There is the employe who, in speaking of the business house that he serves, refers to it with the pronoun "we." There is the girl who coyly pulls down her skirts lest she reveal an eighth of an inch more of ankle, and who then proceeds immediately to inquire whether you believe D'Annunzio to be immoral—and why. There is the individual who uses such coal-heaverish conversational terms as "highbrow" and "lowbrow" and who delivers himself of jests early in the morning. There is the gushing soul who wants to know what you think of G. K. Chesterton, who insists upon bestowing upon you a letter of introduction to an elegant looker in Grand Rapids who is just crazy to meet you in case you ever go there, and who assures you that you are one of the best dramatic critics in America when you know perfectly well you are nothing of the kind and that, besides, even if you were, he would be the last person on earth to know why you were. There are headwaiters, waiters and busses, people who think they can write plays, Wall Street brokers, hail-fellows-well-met, elderly girls with ideas, young girls without them, lady killers, first-nighters, stanch Republicans, stanch Democrats, men in love, and theatrical reviewers who conclude a crushing and condemnatory criticism of a play with the sentence, "But the public is sure to flock to it." Also there is Philadelphia capon.

But of all bores, big, little and medium, none can equal the average dramatized novel. And I say this with the reassurance that in my estimate I have not overlooked the frequent adaptations

of the plays of Caillavet and De Flers, the singing efforts of Valeska Suratt, the lighting effects on the stage of the Bijou Theater, the high art of Gertrude Hoffman, the scenery and gilt furniture employed in the productions made by Sarah Bernhardt or the strong dramatic situations conceived from time to time by Charles T. Dazey.

In the course of my journalistic life I have witnessed the production of layers upon layers of these inapposite fiction plays, a very few of which were able, more of which were unable and most of which were plainly atrocious. In my journalistic life, too, have I harkened unto numerous discussions, deep, profound and recondite, over the reasons for the failure of the majority of these mongrel, Boeotian essays, these cuckooing stools of the imagination. And yet it seems to me, pertinent as they may have been, such ratiocinations drowned themselves in their own unnecessary academic depth.

The average dramatized novel fails of effect, I hold, on three amazingly, aye, stupendously, simple grounds. In the first place, the average novel that is assaulted for purposes of the theater is primarily a study in character or characters, and deals only at meager retail in that greatest of dramatic imperatives, situations. In the second place, when a producer or actor wishes to have a novel dramatized for his use, he usually assigns the job to the first playwright he meets on the highway, sublimely regardless of that particular playwright's relevance to and aptitude for the cast of task in hand. It is as if one were to request Charles Rann Kennedy to construct a vehicle for Al. Reeves's *Lissome Lith-*

uanian Leg Lifters; as if one were to ask Maurice Hewlett to novelize Eddie Foy, or as if one were to suggest that Walter Hackett write a play. In the third place, we discover the first, foremost and insurmountable item that stands in the way of the successful footlight presentation of what my friend, the Chronic Faultfinder, fitly calls the damnatized novel. Let us consider.

It is imagination, forgetting the babbling Ruskin's mediocre and woefully juvenile Alpine attempt at illustration, rather than love—for love *is* imagination—that makes the world go 'round. It creates poets, generals, Democrats, press agents and appendicitis. It often causes the poor actually to be contented and to imagine themselves to be quite so good as the rich. It is the mother of art, the father of patriotism. It is the charter of the doll-founded toy town of Nuremberg. It is the architect of the marriage altar, and, crafty old dog, it has invested millions of dollars to huge profit in the manufacture of cradles. Imagination gave birth to a Cleopatra and death to those who conjured up its mirages of passion when her gilded barge prowed toward them. It grafts rosemary on what is often really nothing more than an old geranium stalk. It orchestrates music so that music "creates for one a past of which one has been ignorant, and fills one with a sense of sorrows that have been hidden from one's tears." It makes a fortune in advance out of a stock-sold-by-mail magazine; it discovers the poles; it makes bock beer stimulating; it has been responsible for good and bad actors—good when the actors have had it, bad when the actors' sponsors have had it. And—it makes novels pay.

Take imagination from the common people, that is, take from them what small imagination they possess, and Bobbs-Merrill would go into the picture postcard printing business; Robert W. Chambers would have to make his last winter's suit do; McCutcheon would still be "covering" fires in Chicago; Bennett would have to buy his own meals when he came to America; and Phillips Oppenheim, with all other

capitalizers of the yeoman imagination, would be writing special articles for the trade papers.

If there is one combination of things above all others that the hardworking thirty-five-dollar-a-week freeholder cherishes, it is to lay hold on a fiction book once the factory whistle has bade him *au revoir* until the morrow—it is to deposit himself in his favorite armchair, and, this done, to look into that book and to imagine himself to be in the place of the stalwart former Yale right half-back, now become commander-in-chief of the army of the beautiful Bul-kon princess, with no less a personage than the beautiful princess herself bringing him his grapefruit and buttered toast in the mornings. He loves to imagine himself in Clay's place, leaning over the rail of the coast steamer with the gorgeous Hope Langham's soft brown wind-blown hair tickling his nose, and he loves to hear himself say to her: "There to the north is Paris—your Paris and my Paris, with London only eight hours away. If you look very closely you can see the thousands of hansom cab lamps flashing across the asphalt, and the open theaters, and the fairy lamps in the gardens back of the houses in Mayfair, where they are giving dances in your honor, in honor of the beautiful American bride, et cetera." He loves to imagine himself the clean, straight-limbed Rassendyll, standing in the presence of the sun-bathed towers of Zenda with the music of all Ruritania ringing in his ears and with the violet eyes of Flavia melting in his own. He loves for the nonce to forget that he has a calldown coming to him unless he gets to the office at half past eight every morning, to forget that little Henry has the measles, that the cook is going to leave on Saturday, that his wife has a red nose and dirty fingernails. He opens his Tabard Inn literature and projects himself into another and lovelier world. It is he, not Androvsky, who goes forth with the handsome Domini to seek "freedom, a wide horizon, the great winds, the great sun, the terrible spaces, the glowing, shimmering radiance, the hot, entrancing noons and bloomy, purple nights of Africa."

And when *he* happens to be a *she*, it is the same. She, too, loves to forget that, unless she gets to her manicure table tomorrow morning at eight o'clock, the head barber will give her a black look. She loves to forget that she has to eat chicken hash four times a week and egg sandwiches the other three instead of dallying carelessly over narcissus salad on a Sèvres plate with lotus blossom tea in a Cloisonné cup on the side. For two reading hours she imagines herself to be Clorinda Wildairs, Peg Woffington, Glory Quayle, Lygia, some vague, wondrous, beauteous, fascinating heroine—and then—and then he and she go to the theater.

With the rise of the curtain, their dreams are shattered. Another man than himself is in Clay's boots; another woman than herself stands beside him straining over the ship's rail to see "the harbor lights of Bizerta and the terraces of Algiers shining like a *café chantant* in the night." And the man doesn't look like Clay at all! Imagination hid the bald spot that now also shines like a *café chantant* in the night on the actor's dome. Imagination did not take into account the lusty gold tooth that flashes like Scotland Light whenever the actor opens his mouth to speak. Imagination certainly did not picture Miss Langham to be the dumpy brunette with false puffs and a squint eye that the stage now reveals her to be. And here, my friends, you have it—you have the chief reason why book fiction cannot, save in rare and isolated instances, be transferred favorably into the house of Thespis! Imagination is the forbidding censor. And nature is the censor's sister. I can think of two, three, maybe four players who, correctly assigned, may look and indeed *have* looked the roles of best sellerdom on the boards, but I can think of no more. And comparatively, I can think only of two, three, maybe four dramatized novels that in all these many years have been satisfactory by that token to my eyes and ears. One such I believe have I mentioned above.

"THE GRAIN OF DUST," Louis Evan Shipman's stage version of David Gra-

ham Phillips's widely read novel, recently presented with James K. Hackett in the role of the lawyer Norman, is the advance raindrop of what promises to be a fresh deluge of dramatized fiction. It is, incidentally, one of the very worst exhibitions of the species that these eyes have beheld. The story of the novel, a novel that was far below the Phillips standard but that nevertheless contained several elements of quasi-philosophic worth, is too familiar to demand recalling. In his labor of setting Mr. Phillips's effort behind the footlights, the play tinker has studiously divested the work of any qualities of merit it may have possessed, and the result attained takes on the physiognomy of tubercular melodrama as wholly unreal as a New York home, an oyster paté or a poker game where women are playing. A wholesome idea of the general manner of the abortion may be suggested by the physical casting of the role of the "grain of dust," the slight, slender, wistful, gray-blue-eyed, light-tressed, inconsequential, wandering-willed stenographer, Dorothy Hallowell. What confronted Imagination when they pulled up the curtain? An amply-hipped, well fed, solid, substantial damsel, of throaty voice and mien as sure-footed and deliberate as an Allentown, Pa., housewife. And Frederick Norman, the Wenzellian hero, the ruler of men, what of him? Tall, yes, and broad of shoulder, 'tis true, but beyond that nothing more ruling than a ruler of stagehands, a very actory individual of unbelievable mannerisms, of queer posings and of a manner of speech that, when it encountered even so simple and prosaic a sentence as "I shall resign from the firm immediately," toned and intoned until it took on the general sound of the opening chorus of "Madame Butterfly." Let us pray aloud, brethren, that any coming plays that seek to speak the fiction volumes to us from behind the proscenium arch will bear us and our imaginations less ill will.

Turn we now into happier fields; turn we to what is unquestionably the most enjoyable, most gratifying exhibit of the current season—turn we to Edward Knoblauch's Arabian Nights tale, "Kis-

MET," produced with elaborate caparisons, suave finish and extreme good taste by Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger and Harrison Grey Fiske, following a similarly successful presentation by Oscar Asche in the English capital. In productions of this general caliber, it has been the previous doleful practice among managers to deliver to the audience two or three elegant pieces of scenery into which the attempt was made to breathe life with the aid of a mob of spindleshanked supers bossed around by a couple of leather-lunged road actors, the whole narrative of the alleged drama seemingly concerning itself with making way for the Queen. In other more recent instances of like theatrical diameter, the audience has been presented with a cloud of meal dust, six camels, a couple of goats, a fountain and a climactic monologue of about twelve hundred words, the conglomeration being offered with a drama label. Here, at last, is something new—a scenic drama. Not a mere spectacle, not a mere drama—but a real dramatic spectacle. No "Superba," no "Fantasma," no modern embroidered theatrical valentine with an "If you love me, I will love you" plot. Here is romance and thrill and wonder story, color and crash, drama, heart thrust, fascination—all bound 'round with no little literary string. Back again is the night mystery and tremulous awe of the tales of Al Raschid that father read to you before you were toddled off to bed back in the kid days—strange, extraordinary tales of adventurous deviltry and flaming love and dark shadows and still gardens and hovering daggers. Back again, in new form, with all the spirit and intestines of the pages of Scheherazade. This is the story of Hajj, the beggar, raised to power for a single day that he might slay the Caliph; this is the tale of Hajj who tracked his enemy to the dungeon dark and there did throttle the life wind out of his pipes; this the story of Hajj who cast the caitiff Wazir into the pool and chortled with glee as he counted the bubbles of death. This, too, is the tale of Hajj who saved his daughter Mar-sinah from the *hammam* so that she

might wed the gardener's son, who proved in the end to be the Caliph himself; the tale of Hajj, a beggar again before the Mosque of the Carpenters at sunset, making ready to go into exile at the dawn of another day. But drama and scenery are not all we discover. There is acting—decent, respectable acting, not merely the loud yellings and broad struttings and grandiose gesturings familiar in such surroundings. Mr. Otis Skinner is Hajj, one of the most lovable scoundrels to be encountered this side of heaven.

Grant me this moss-eared, this cracking-kneed—but relevant—tale. Once upon a time a business man wished to engage a clerk. A young man applied for the position, was asked for references and bade his prospective employer write to his home town, Boston, to satisfy himself as to the candidate's fitness. A letter was dispatched to Boston, and the return mail brought this answer: "You will make no mistake in employing the young man you mention. He is a member of the famous Cabot family; his mother was a Saltonstall, and the Higginsons are his relatives." To which recommendation the prospective employer replied: "Thank you, but I wanted to hire a man for a clerk, not for breeding purposes." With these few post-graduate words, ladies and gentlemen, permit me to introduce to you another in the long series of trial and tribulation melodramas, "**A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL**," from the British pens of Messrs. Hemmerde and Nielson. This play, like our young friend, is a member of the Bisson family, its mother was a Hal Reid and it has more relatives than a rabbit. One of the greatest values that a play of this face possesses, furthermore, lies in its ability to breed critical remarks among the reviewers aenent the authenticity of the details of its trial scene. Produce a melodrama containing a picture of a courtroom, and a thousand souls will arise to make protest as follows:

- I. No judge ever acted like that.
- II. No lawyers ever acted like that.
- III. No judge or lawyers ever looked like that.

IV. No witness could deport himself like that.
 V. No court was ever conducted like that.

A drama embracing a trial scene gives us critics an opportunity to display our sarcastic legal wisdom, and is welcomed by us for that reason with arms even more widely opened than the annual golden chance we get to make biting remarks about the superlative absence of plot in Willie Collier's plays, about the artistic status of Miss Grace LaRue and about actors who essay the delineation of stage society characters. Years ago my pen was employed in journalistic description of the famous trials of the day throughout the eastern section of the States, and—treason, my brothers, though it be—I must yet confess that these eyes not infrequently beheld individuals, acts and incidents so clownish, so farcical, so absurd, so unbelievable that, were they ever placed behind the footlights, the public would rise in righteous indignation, would protest that the play must have been written by Mr. Sam Scribner, Mr. Gus Hill, Mr. Louis Ansopher or some other purveyor of burlesque, and would voice its wrath in loud tomatoes. Of "A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL" I feel impelled to remark that the particular trial scene that it exhibits is really effective, and, so far as I am able to learn from Britons, faithful in its methods. Beyond this, however, the play is of the crinoline period and of no consequence. To Miss Madge Titheradge, who performs the leading role of the young wife brought to the bar of the divorce court through her presumably innocent follies, I extend my compliments. Here is talent! Likewise my respects to Messrs. Valentine and Beerbohm, Englishmen who are actors.

"JUST TO GET MARRIED," an importation from the studio of Cicely Hamilton, presented by Mr. Brady with Miss Grace George in the astral capacity, is a prating little piece typical of the result achieved by so many women writers when they attempt to dissect and analyze the emotions of a member of their own sex. One of the most amusing hoaxes we are continually meeting with

is the belief that it takes a woman to understand a woman. For one Ninon de l'Enclos there have been twenty Balzacs, for one Madame de Staël fifty Rochefoucaulds, for one George Sand a hundred Sainte-Beuves, for one Laura Jean Libbey two hundred Graham Phillips. Be you no slave to tradition and habit, incidentally, and scoff at Miss Libbey! I doubt whether even among any of our more exalted women writers of America in this era there is one who more genuinely—aye, *as* genuinely—takes the measure of her sisters. It is a curious fact that, out of a dozen persons who dismiss Miss Libbey with a benign grunt, you will not find more than one who has ever seen fit to read her under the skin of her trash plots and pathetic but nevertheless undoubtedly remunerative method of literary execution. That the women of Miss Libbey's works are usually nine parts foolish to one part wise only emphasizes the point I make in her favor.

A second popular and enormously prosperous canard that greets us frequently has to do with a woman's constant change of mind. Women, as a matter of record—and I ask my female audience's honest testimony on this issue—are normally and generally a race steadfast and consistent in motive and purpose. A woman gets the marriage bee in her head, and campaigns until the particular man calls her "honey." A woman wants the ballot, and she does not hang up her fiddle until she gets it. A woman, in brief, only changes her mind and objective point, on such occasions when she does change it, to accomplish some certain, definite purpose. Just so does the astute football quarterback suddenly change his signals and then change them as quickly back again in order to throw his opponents off their guard. Woman's change of mental attitude is neither inexplicable nor irrelevant, neither psychological nor impertinent. It is simply a trick, a subterfuge, a bit of logical, carefully thought-out coquetry. In "JUST TO GET MARRIED" we discover a woman who is subjected by her creator to a change of mind in Act I for the sole purpose of giving us

Act II, and in Act II for the sole purpose of giving us Act III. This character, Emmeline Vicary, is less a woman than a playwright's toy. She is a fool, but an illogical fool. There's the rub! A woman may be a fool, but never an illogical fool. Fool or no fool, she is ever, always and eternally logical.

This Emmeline has been supported in ease and comfort by relatives for twenty-seven years. She is twenty-nine years old. She meets a man who wants to marry her. She accepts him. Curtain of Act I. She decides that she is duping the man, inasmuch as she would have married anyone else who had asked her, merely to satisfy her relatives. She breaks her engagement on the ground that the man has been so kind to her. Incidentally, he had been kind to her for three months, while her relatives had been kind to her for twenty-seven years—one hundred and eight times as long. "Therefore," says she to the man, "I can never marry you." Curtain of Act II. Emmeline runs from the house, and half an hour later we find her at the railway station, waiting for the next train to London. The man enters. She looks at him. "I love you," she purls, "and won't you please marry me?" Final curtain. I ask you, good ladies, what say you? Miss George deserves more worthy material than this with which to exploit her demonstrated, charming and entirely captivating capabilities. She is a real artist of high comedy, but even an artist cannot paint what is in him if the canvas supplied him for his work is the flap of a circus tent.

Richard Walton Tully's play, "THE BIRD OF PARADISE," may be described as an Hawaiian version of "The Squaw Man." In both exhibits, Diana, the white meat inamorata, is replaced in the affections of a Caucasian by something a little more well done; in both exhibits time bears with it the discovery that "your people are not my people;" and in both exhibits the voluntary seeking of death on the part of the mate of the wrong race clears the hero's troubled highway of the hurdles that are interposed between him and his native hearth. The Englishman in the present play is

an American, and the Indian girl is Luana, a pupil of Pélee. What value the presentation possesses is vested in its apparently faithful portrayal of the superstitions, customs and modes of the people in the paradise of the Pacific. How Mr. Tully was inspired to write his play seems not difficult of appreciation. If Hawaii is anything like the pictures in the booklets issued by the steamship companies, it must be as full of romance as Brentano's. Miss Laurette Taylor, whose praises I have sung so consistently that by this time some unduly skeptical souls must believe that this lady and I either grew up together or have tea together every afternoon in the week, interprets the role of the Kanaka girl with her usual skill.

"THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS," a translation of "Chacun Sa Vie," presented by the Wilton Lackaye Players, is one of those "Now sit down a moment and let's talk this over seriously" plays. You know the species of presentation well. Every quarter of an hour one character makes the suggestion in point to another, and the two of them forthwith proceed to act upon it. The trouble, however, lies in the fact that, instead of sitting down for a moment, they sit and talk and keep on talking until another character enters and they are compelled to stand up out of sheer politeness. The trouble also lies in the further fact that in such plays the "this" that they are forever sitting down and talking over seriously is always of stupendous unimportance. The play from which the current manifestation was obtained bore a reputation for delicious satirical viewpoint that, for the world of me, I have not been able to extract in either instance. Satire is true, real, live, delicious satire with honest physique only when it is bred from the actions, emotions and thoughts of normally understandable and in themselves dialectical, even if externally incongruous, human beings. By this token would it be difficult to satirize with any result the resident colony at Matteawan; would it be even more difficult to satirize a group of political mugwumps; and would it be utterly impossible directly to satirize

the attitude toward any one subject, principle or institution displayed by the mayor of a large city in the eastern section of the United States, by the commander-in-chief of a South American army or by a Broadway chorus girl. It might be accomplished in the form of burlesque, but satire—never. The individuals of whom I have spoken cannot be satirized because they are already largely satires. One cannot burlesque burlesque even if that burlesque be a burlesque of a scientific, philosophical subject; nor can one satirize satire. Forgive me for seeming to be "awfully smart," but really it is sometimes fearfully difficult to refrain from including something besides banter and persiflage in a modern piece of dramatic criticism. The play under treatment has to do with a tangle of mistresses, divorce, cross-loves, half-hourly alterations of mind, abnegations and regrets, all being finally assembled in a blind alley. Of "*THE STRANGER*," the first production made by these players, the less said the more charitable. What alleged drama it contained consisted chiefly of the shouting at the top of the lungs of a word much used by Shakespeare and angry poker players at what the fall of the curtain indicated to be the climax of the second act. Mr. Lackaye is too able an actor, too sincere an artist of the theater, to waste his efforts on such uncircumspect moonshine.

"*OVER THE RIVER*," a musical version of "*The Man from Mexico*," presents to us one of the familiar expositions of eddie foibles. Excellent dancing numbers executed by the Millers, and by a former bellboy at the Racquet Club who now wears a "Mons." before his name, much elegance of limb in the department of the chorus and a truly lovely little lady named Methven who owns a precious larynx, assist in speeding the hours despite the frustrating machinations of a talentless soubrette and a score so old that it ought to be settled at once. "*THE WEDDING TRIP*," by the librettists of "*The Enchantress*," with music by Reginald De Koven, is a prettily accoutered, splendidly sung comic opera with a perfectly obvious story.

I give it my indorsement by virtue of the fact that it discloses the best singing chorus audible on Broadway since last year's production of "*Pinafore*," because it has no prima donna to flash diamonds in the spotlight and because its character of the lover-in-chief is not the usual pretty, upholstered boy who passes current in musical comedy traditions for a hero.

Some nine or ten years ago a young woman of Chicago wrote a novel that made thorough discourse upon the mental nymphomania and skulduggery practised to a dazing degree by the otherwise decent and respectable young women who moved in the grade of society to which she belonged and in analogous clans in the other of our cities. The family of the young woman, a family that was rated high in the local Blue Book, made every effort to suppress the work, and, to no small extent, succeeded in their purpose through the purchase and subsequent extirpation of the bookplates. The novel, which you may or may not have observed on the newsstands of the puny railway stations of the outlands, bore the title, "*A Social Lion*." Comes now a play by Marion Fairfax, "*THE TALKER*," that sets forth in able fashion the dangers and the hazards that may follow in the train of such concretely insidious canker rash, a play fresh and vital, sound, healthful and wholly estimable. We behold a hard working man of moderate means and his pretty, vain young loafer of a wife. She is a good woman, this latter, in the sense that the church and society call women good. She is faithful to her husband; she fibs a bit but does not lie; she is coquettish but not intriguing; she does not care to cook or sew or have babies—but still, in the language of the people, "no one can say *that* against her!" And yet in her head lodge many foul boarders. These never take definite visible form, but now and again, in the presence of the man's little sister, they steal out of their dirty tenement under cover of darkness to spread their insinuating whispers. You know their general character. There is that old rogue: "If men can do things, so can

women." There is that old scoundrel: "Should a woman be compelled to give up her life to her husband and not ever see any other men?" There is that old vagrant: "Free love," and that old pick-pocket: "We women must have *some* pleasure in life!"—along with all the other knavish little gamins who in a flash may grow up into sturdy beings with a long and killing reach. The little sister hears and the poison begins to crawl through her blood. Destruction comes to her, and the wife's unintentional work has been done. It is not often that a woman dramatist succeeds in putting forth a composition of this merit, a composition that matches virtues with each of Cicely Hamilton's many productive faults. From a critical viewpoint, the unnecessary introduction of a pseudo-comic neighbor's child and an ill-mannered and overly garrulous servant, together with the irrelevant episode of the financial aberration of the sister's fiancé and similar rambles into space, must be deplored. But the sound truth of the exhibit pokes its head above these defects and carries the play far and deep into the heart and mind. I greet Miss Marion Fairfax as being one of the very few women who ply their pens in the direction of the theater who indicate that they comprehend the men and even the women of whom they treat.

"VERA VIOLETTA," the latest and best of the Winter Garden shows, is a tuneful, colorful, girlful hour and a half of the sort of nepenthe that even the gravest of us mortals may sometimes find in nonsense. Before the cast was changed, it told of the manner in which Van Rensselaer Wheeler, while at the Opera with his wife, Gaby Deslys, was attacked with one of those ohyou feelings at the sight of Josie Collins in a neighboring box. Van, adhering to the demands of the libretto, thought Josie was beautiful, and losing Gaby purposely in the crowd, followed Josie to a skating rink. There he made ardent love to her, was surprised by Gaby, but managed to extricate himself from the snarl with a song. One of the most interesting things about the entertainment was the opportunity it

provided the spectator for figuring out why on earth any man who had Gaby Deslys around the house would care to run off with Josie Collins.

It is four o'clock in the morning and bedtime grows near. Let us make haste. For an acute opinion of "WHITE MAGIC," a dramatization of the Phillips fiction of the same name, turn to the remarks made by me earlier in the evening. Add to these the following observations: 1. That "romance," "dreams" and like coo ingredients lose all force when verbalized by their participants; 2. That talk-talk-talk may make a President out of a politician but not a drama out of a novel; and 3. That the novel on bargain days may be purchased for \$1.10 less than the theater seat on all days. Maurice Donnay's "THE RETURN FROM JERUSALEM" is a well acted and moderately interesting two-dollar version of the old ten-twenty-thirty Dreyfus case melodrama, "Devil's Island." Professor Max Reinhardt's vivid pantomime, "SUMURUN," discloses itself to be a sex banquet set to music, a concupiscent tournament of weird and compelling power and wily ocular subjugation. Here, boys over eighteen and girls over forty, is the real theatrical novelty of the season! Your attendance is recommended for fifty reasons, not the least of which is the gratifying relief the evening will provide from the assassination of grammar and pronunciation one so regularly encounters in the native playhouses. "ELEVATING A HUSBAND," the current Louis Mann conveyance, is still another deplorable attempt to exalt the knife above the fork and yawpings anent my-real-sweetheart-is-my-dear-old-mother above the decent and respectful silence maintained on such close subjects by gentlemen. I may best indicate the general nature of the exhibit by telling you that the character designated by the authors as the "villain" is the only well mannered individual made visible by them to the audience. "THE ROSE OF PANAMA" possesses the germ of a sturdy libretto that may or may not have been killed in the process of antiseptic adaptation. "THE PEARL MAIDEN"? Aw, what's the use?

THE PROPHET OF THE SUPERMAN

By H. L. Mencken

THE newspaper editorial writers still turn the name of Freidrich Wilhelm Nietzsche into "Nietzse," "Nietsche" and "Neitzche," and the pale parsons who arise in suburban pulpits to argue for his damnation still call him "Nishy," "Nitsky" and "Neatsky;" but all the same he seems to be making a certain progress, even in those dull and cabbagy streets of the world wherein English, in some form or other, is the prevailing cackle. Thus the mere report of seeming. Behold now the evidence: eighteen thick volumes of an Englished Nietzsche—say some five thousand pages duodecimo—a complete version, by a corps of twenty or more bilingual volunteers and with Dr. Oscar Levy at the editorial desk, of all the wild German's books and pamphlets, pasticcios and fragments, broadsides and dithyrambs—a whole library of Nietzscheism (*Foulis*).

Publishers, you may be sure, do not venture upon such libraries unless there is a public waiting to buy, or at least willing to sniff the goods. Fifteen years ago, when Nietzsche still lay dying at Weimar, the enterprise would have brought up the commercial coroner at a gallop. There was at that time not a single whole book of his in English; a few stray selections, not too well chosen or too clearly interpreted, had to content the investigator who shrank from German verbs. But when, at the beginning of the new century, death released the philosopher from his ten years of darkness, some echo of the noise his ideas were making in Germany began to reach us. Theodore Roosevelt was one who heard—the *leit-motif* of "Also Sprach Zarathustra" reappeared as the fanfare

in "The Strenuous Life." And in England, George Bernard Shaw and others took up the tune; it was transposed into softer keys, syncopated, developed by diminution and inversion, commingled in timid counterpoint with gentler themes, now and then bawled brazenly.

A demand arose slowly for more. Dr. Grace Neal Dolson, going up for a Cornell doctorate in philosophy, wrote her pioneer handbook, describing for students the Nietzschean ethics, the Nietzschean esthetic, the superman. The Macmillans announced an English Nietzsche in eleven volumes, and actually published five. I myself, rushing in where angels feared to tread, concocted a Nietzschean Gemara in the vulgate—the hot labor of a hotter summer, the butt of many a slashing review. More learned fellows followed: Mügge, Ludo-vici, Kennedy and others. Nietzschean commentaries were clawed out of German and French; the quarterlies began to discuss "Der Antichrist;" Shaw wrote "Man and Superman;" the orchestras played Richard Strauss's "Zarathustra;" the custom of alluding darkly to "Nietzse," "Nietsche" and "Neitzsche" was inaugurated by the newspapers; finally T. M. Foulis, the Scotch publisher, announced a complete Nietzsche in eighteen volumes. Well, here it is after many days, the last five volumes coming together. The Nietzsche shelf, once so small, is now full five feet long. The prophet of the superman has ceased to be a mere projection upon the clouds, a half-fabulous hobgoblin. People begin to read him, and even, perhaps, to understand him, for all his unprofessional (and hence mystifying) clarity.

"Ich bin noch nicht an der Zeit.

Einige werden posthum geboren"—"I have not yet come to my time; some men are born posthumously." So said Nietzsche in his last book, the astounding "Ecce Homo." That was written in 1888. An accurate self-judgment then; and despite the hearing he is now getting and the sudden rooting of his ideas here and there, a judgment he might reaffirm were he still alive today. The time for him is not yet, nor will it be tomorrow or the next day. The races of Christendom still flirt with the theory of equality. The sponge of democracy is not yet squeezed dry. And so we are not ready for Nietzsche's doctrine of essential *in*-equality, with its scale of natural castes and its plea for an aristocracy uncompromising and unashamed. Folk still gabble about brotherhood and the duty of the strong to give of their strength to the weak, and so the law of the survival of the fittest, for all Nietzsche's eloquence, is forbidden the house, though made welcome in the stable. Our "good" is still "meek," our "bad" is still "ruthless." However much our practical acts may war upon these definitions, we still give lip service to them. And not only lip service, but also genuine assent and reverence, for every time we violate them there lingers in us some sense of wrongdoing—some feeling that our instinctive desire to get on in the world, to win advantage over the other fellow, to grab and hold the thing desirable and valuable, has led us into proceedings not altogether creditable. The man who lacks that feeling—for example, the stray Bonaparte, or Byron, or Jay Gould—takes on a sinister aspect. We may admire him and envy him, and even admit it under cross-examination, but we never wholly approve of him. Our taste among conquerors is for the conqueror who first conquers and then melts—Carnegie pensioning doddering Latinists, Grant giving his prisoners their horses, the mortgage shark on the mourner's bench. The cult of self-sacrifice, of abasement, still holds us fast.

Well, it was Nietzsche's business in the world to attack that cult, to pry into its uncelestial lineage, to expose its weak-

nesses, to point out its dangers, to protest against its effects. What he proposed, in brief, was a transvaluation of moral values—an exchange of definitions between "good" and "bad." "What is good?" he asked, and then he answered boldly: "All that increases the feeling of power, the will to power, power itself in man." And bad? "All that proceeds from weakness." True happiness, he argued, was not the child of self-sacrifice, but of victory—"of the feeling that power increases, that resistance is being overcome." His ideal was not contentment, but fresh conquest; not peace as an end in itself, but successful war; not virtue in the ordinary Christian sense, but efficiency. The law of natural selection, for all his denials of Darwin, was his one supreme mandate and revelation. "The weak and the botched," he roared, "must perish; that is the first principle of *our* humanity. And they should be *helped* to perish."

Out of this fundamental concept grew the whole of his philosophical system, with his dream of the superman as its final flower. "Man," he said, "is not a goal, but a bridge. Man is something to be surpassed. What the ape is to man, that man must be to the superman." But what was this superman that he saw in the distance? Merely man raised to perfect efficiency, to perfect accord with his environment—man completely in control of the natural and social forces making for his destruction—man absolutely healthy, absolutely unfettered, absolutely undeluded, absolutely immoral. Literalists have denounced Nietzsche savagely for this dream of his; many sheets of white paper have been spoiled in demonstrating its essential fantasy, its impossibility of realization. But there is no reason whatever to believe that Nietzsche himself took it so seriously. Certainly he had no hope that it would condense into fact any faster than the anthropoid ancestors of the cave man developed into Shakespeares and Huxleys. All that he sought to do was to set before man a new ideal—an ideal as remote and impalpable, perhaps, as the Christian ideal of a race without thought of self.

but still an ideal in measurably closer agreement with the facts of life. His plea was ever for a square facing of reality. He was the sworn foe of all systems in opposition to those natural laws which control man in his myriad activities as firmly as they control the protozoa in the sea ooze. As he was himself fond of saying, he was a *ja-sager*—a yes sayer.

No doubt this brief glance at Nietzscheism has brought several objections to your tongue. If it be true, as Nietzsche argued, that the ideal of self-sacrifice is fallacious and dangerous, that it goes counter to natural laws and makes for decadence, then how is it that it remains in such high esteem among the most alert and observant races of the world today? And how is it that these races, in the face of its evil influence, yet survive in full vigor and bid fair to survive for ages to come? Such questionings are inevitable—but rest assured that Nietzsche was not without answers to them. You will find those answers in all the volumes of his philosophical canon—answers developed at great length and meeting all imaginable objections. My advice to you, if you desire to make acquaintance with them and with the ideas accompanying them, is that you first clear the way to understanding by reading one or other of the half-dozen handbooks now available—books which afford a clear birdseye view of the whole Nietzschean system. Then tackle “The Dawn of Day,” in the new and excellent translation of J. M. Kennedy; then go to “Human All Too Human;” and then, in order, read “The Genealogy of Morals,” “Beyond Good and Evil” and “The Joyful Science.” After that you will be ready for “The Antichrist,” which is a small pamphlet of one hundred pages or so, and is printed, in the new edition, as the second part of the volume entitled “The Twilight of the Idols.” Then will come “Thus Spake Zarathustra,” Nietzsche’s *magnum opus* and one of the most astounding works of our time—a book of dazzling brilliancy, alive with ideas, the Bible of the Nietzscheans. But to understand it you must have the other books behind you. Plunging into

it as a novelty, you will infallibly find it incomprehensible.

The other books of Nietzsche are much less important than those I have named. His early essays on Greek philosophy and esthetics, for instance, are of interest only to the specialist in those sciences, and need not detain the general reader. So, too, the pamphlets aimed at Richard Wagner, Arthur Schopenhauer, David Strauss and others. The Nietzsche-Wagner controversy was one of the famous feuds of the seventies and eighties, albeit Nietzsche did all the fighting. For long the intimate of Wagner and Frau Cosima and an ardent propagandist for the new music, he was alienated by “Parsifal,” which he regarded as a weak and hypocritical concession to Christian mysticism, and so his appalling powers of invective were turned against the composer. When Nietzsche took the floor to denounce, it was time to send for ambulances. No man of his time, certainly no German, matched him at that black art. He devised epithets which cut like knives; his wit was of almost cannibalistic cruelty; his one aim was to flabbergast and destroy his antagonist, regardless of the means. Blasphemies, libels, bad puns, indecencies, gross personal accusations, quotations out of ten languages, elaborately artificial and offensive nicknames—all these weapons were in his arsenal. But all that fuming and fury belongs to the dead past. Wagner lives and Nietzsche lives. Neither carried any very serious wounds from the encounter. Nietzsche himself, indeed, survived to regret his extravagance, if not to retreat from his position. His old affection for Wagner returned. “*Den habe ich sehr geliebt*,” he said, almost with his last breath: “He was one I loved a lot.” And in his last book, “Ecce Homo,” he even ventured upon unblushing praise of Frau Cosima!

More salty, revolutionary fellows—Goethe, Poe, George Bernard Shaw, George Moore. The Moore book is called “Ave” and is the first volume of an autobiographical trilogy to be called “HAIL AND FAREWELL” (Appleton). In a prefatory note signed by the publish-

ers, but undoubtedly written by Moore himself, he protests that it is not autobiography at all, but "a certain amount of material modeled as in a novel." Well, let him have his quibble; what are the odds? The simple fact is that the book is devoted, in the main, to Moore's relations with William Butler Yeats, Edward Martyn and Lady Augusta Gregory, and so tells the story of the origin and rise of the New Irish Theater Movement. It is rambling, it is whimsical, it is moody, but it is also extremely frank; and out of that frankness grows an irresistible charm. One hobnobs here at close quarters with people of the first consideration—Yeats the true genius, Martyn the false genius and Lady Gregory the foster mother of genius. Moore not only describes them painstakingly, from their articles of faith to their warts, but also explains them, interprets them, estimates them. Altogether, a book you are certain to enjoy—for both its matter and its manner if you are interested in the Neo-Celts, but at all events for its manner. Moore has an extraordinarily limpid, liquid style. His words purr and caress. There is not a misplaced accent from end to end of him.

The Goethe book is "GOETHE AND HIS WOMAN FRIENDS," by Mary Caroline Crawford (*Little-Brown*), a well written and amiable attempt to bowdlerize the great German. One by one his love affairs are rehearsed, and it is proved by ample evidence that he proceeded in this one no further than stately bows and in that one no further than a discreet kiss. Not often, we are assured, did he sin the sin. It may be so, but I, for one, cannot profess to be glad to hear it. It is harrowing, indeed, to think of the author of "Faust" as a highly respectable man, or even as a temporarily respectable man. We expect of genius a greater valor and a greater originality. Arthur Ransome essays no such disconcerting purging in his "EDGAR ALLAN POE" (*Kennerley*), a most intelligent study of that fantastic fellow and his works. Mr. Ransome sees Poe clearly—his theatrical posturing as well as his solid achievement, his word madness as well as his word magic, his underestimated virtues as a critic as well

as his overestimated virtues as a poet. It is a book marked by unusual sanity and courage of judgment—a book which may well serve as antidote to those absurd Poe rhapsodies which pass for critical estimates in this uncritical land.

Of Archibald Henderson's "GEORGE BERNARD SHAW" (*Stewart-Kidd*) I can tell you less than I'd like to tell you, for after taking in such vast agglomerations of fact and fancy the mind grows benumbed and confused. The book is a quarto weighing two pounds and a half, and must contain fully 200,000 words. In addition, there are numerous portraits of Shaw, including two in color and two in photogravure, several facsimiles of his manuscript, reproductions of Shaw playbills in English, German, French and Swedish, and an impressive genealogical chart of the Shaw family, whereby it appears that the author of "Man and Superman" is a direct descendant of one — Shaw, who flourished so long ago as 1690, and the seventh cousin of Sir Robert Shaw, Bart., of Bushy Park, Dublin. Dr. Henderson, in brief, has here exhausted Shaw completely. He tells us, with enormous detail, the story of Shaw's early Dublin days, of his invasion of London, of his cart tail bawling of Socialistic nebulosities, of his critical labors in the fields of music and the drama, of his introduction to playwriting, of his rise to opulence and fame. We are made privy to Shaw's inmost thoughts upon all subjects under the sun; we see Shaw in all the relations of existence; we peep into his home; we meet his friends; we plow through every one of his books from end to end. It is a Shaw encyclopedia, a Shaw Talmud, a Shaviad. And for all its bulk and beam, its pontifical tone, its deadly seriousness, it is still a book of interest and value. I, for one, have read every line of it, and with constant edification.

Spring is just around the corner—and here are its literary harbingers: books of travel. If I must make a choice among them, then let it be "THE GERMANS," by I. A. R. Wylie (*Bobbs-Merrill*), a delightful series of chapters upon the people and institutions of the empire, with sympathy and understanding in every line.

Miss Wylie's German home is in Karlsruhe, the capital of placid little Baden, and so it is of the South German, that ovoid and merry fellow, that she chiefly discourses; but there are full length portraits, too, of the stiffer and more elegant Prussian, with his high collars and his truculent mustachios, and you will like both of them the better for seeing them so closely. We Americans make a lot of mistakes about the Germans. We judge them on the one hand by Weber and Fields, and on the other hand by English caricatures of the Kaiser. We wobble between the impression that they are beer-soaked boors, all paunch and thumbs, and the impression that they are cocky strutters, with chips eternally upon their epaulets. The real German, the normal German, is neither the one thing nor the other, nor does he partake in the slightest of the qualities of either. The qualities which actually do stick out of him are efficiency and good temper. His day's work, whatever it be, whether drilling a regiment or salting a herring or excising a tonsil or composing a fugue, is done with honest industry and superlative skill. He thinks it worth while to learn his trade; he is not ashamed to be a workman, so long as he is a *good* workman. And when he has earned his day's wages and the time comes to turn them into joy, he is the jolliest companion in the world—a true playboy, a fellow of genuine charm. There is one German word, *gemüthlichkeit*, which stands for his ideal and tells his story, and significantly enough, it is untranslatable into any other language. It means, in the first place, comfort, ease, peace, diversion, good eating, good drinking, a warm fire, an untroubled mind; but it also means politeness, urbanity, hospitality, friendliness, sociability, toleration, general good humor. In brief, the concept behind it is essentially a social one. The German, when he sets out to have a pleasant time, infallibly takes his family or his friends along.

And that pleasant time of his is commonly without any touch of grossness. He may drink enough beer to send an American down for the count of ten, but

you may be sure that he will carry his cargo safely home, his wife under his arm, and without stopping to fight the *polizei* on the way. He gets a certain intellectual quality into his amusements. He likes the drama of ideas. His card games depend upon skill more than upon luck. He demands that his comic papers employ draftsmen who really know how to draw and wits who are really witty. His attitude toward music is not that of a dancing bear but that of a civilized white man. He knows the good from the bad, and he prefers the good. Which awakens, by the way, a memory. I sat one day in the dining room of a commercial hotel in Leipzig, eating dinner at the long table with twenty or thirty drummers. You know, of course, what such a crowd of American drummers would have talked about: sales, hotels, railroads, baseball, poker, women. But not these Germans. They talked about a Beethoven sonata! Imagine it—twenty or thirty drummers talking about a Beethoven sonata! The hotelkeeper (he sat at the head of the table) was a pianist of sorts; I heard him practising upstairs later in the day. Well, he and his guests found stuff for half an hour's disputation in the "Pathétique in C Minor"—how it should be played, what public performer played it best. Finally, just before I bowed myself out, an oldish fellow beside me referred to it as Opus 22. "Pardon me," said Herr Wirt, "but you must mean Opus 13." "Thirteen is right," said four or five voices. I dropped into a music store on my way down the street. Thirteen *was* right.

It is the German in this aspect—his true, if unfamiliar aspect—that Miss Wylie draws for us. She is not blind to his weaknesses and follies—for example, his sentimentality, his curious reverence for authority, his touch of pedantry—but she shows that qualities of genuine worth lurk behind them. Such a book, I believe, is of decided value to the world, for its effect is to break down, in the minds of those who read it, the absurd prejudices which separate race from race and make for dislike and misunderstanding. The trouble with the average American is that he is densely

ignorant of other peoples, even those who have immigrated to his shores, and that his ignorance commonly reveals itself as contempt. He believes that all Italians are Black Hand men, that all Spaniards smell of garlic and wear rings in their ears, that all Greeks are bootblacks, that all Frenchmen wear corsets, swill absinthe and seduce their neighbors' wives, that all Norwegians are brothers to Peer Gynt, that all Swedish women are servant girls, that all Englishmen are surly and red-faced and incessantly remark "Haw, haw!" and that all Germans drink beer steadily from dawn to dark, eat abominable dishes, yodel all day Sunday and condemn their wives to the washtub. It is his comforting theory, to paraphrase George Bernard Shaw, that because he was born in Youngstown, Ohio, he is a better man than Wagner or Molière, Ibsen or Huxley, Michelangelo or Lope de Vega. Well, let him read fewer newspapers and more books, and so find out his error. Let him, as a beginning, read this book of Miss Wylie's. It is addressed to English readers especially, but there is profit in it for the American, too. An excellent volume, well intended and well done.

"PLAIN TOWNS OF ITALY," by Egerton R. Williams, Jr. (*Houghton-Mifflin*), is a companion volume to the author's "Hill Towns of Italy," published eight years ago. Mr. Williams's itinerary covers the whole of Venetia, from Cividale in the far northeast to the Lombard border and beyond. A painstaking, a clearly written, but a somewhat ponderous account of towns and palaces, sculptures and pictures—the fruit of hard delving, of a true passion for the glories and beauties of other days. Lighter stuff is "IN CHATEAU LAND," by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton (*Lippincott*), a sketchy record of a swing round a familiar circle. Here and in Mr. Williams's book there are many excellent pictures. A curious journey is that described by Mrs. Harriet White Fisher in "A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR" (*Lippincott*). Mrs. Fisher, it

appears, runs an anvil and vise factory at Trenton, N. J., and is a lady of considerable enterprise and force of character. With a chauffeur, a man servant and an Italian maid, not to forget her automobile and a Boston bull terrier, she set out from New York in July, 1909. A dash through France, Switzerland and Italy, then India and Japan, then Hawaii, then from San Francisco home—ten thousand miles or more on the open road. Entertained by the Mahareene of Gwalior, the Maharaja of Benares, the Gaekwar of Baroda, Princess Ito and other such Oriental magnificoes, Mrs. Fisher encountered no affront until she reached Sandusky, Ohio, on the last lap of her long trip. There she was arrested for speeding by a certain Mr. Ketchum, apparently a constable of that fair city. Enraged by this action, she publicly denounced Mr. Ketchum, expressing the hope that he would some day tumble from his motorcycle and "be laid up long enough to give you time to consider what an outrage you have done to me." Laugh at spells and curses if you will, Mr. Ketchum, in future, will certainly not; for shortly afterward he duly tumbled from his motorcycle and broke his leg, and now Mrs. Fisher hears that the foot attached to it will have to be cut off! Harry A. Franck has no such occult wonders to tell, though his "FOUR MONTHS AFOOT IN SPAIN" (*Century*), like his "A VAGABOND JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD," is full of delightful adventure. The total cost of Mr. Franck's pilgrimage was one hundred and seventy-two dollars. He arrived home with a balance of six cents in his pocket. Meanwhile he rubbed shoulders with the dons in their very homes and saw a lot of things that even automobileists miss. Finally comes "THE LOG OF THE EASY WAY," by John L. Mathews (*Small-Maynard*), the chronicle of a honeymoon journey down the Mississippi, in the path of Huck Finn and good old Jim. A houseboat was the means of transport, and the trip was one of lazy charm.



SOMETHING PERSONAL

By the Publisher

MARK TWAIN was big enough to be able to tell stories "on himself." He used to take a particular delight in telling about a charming little girl who took him by surprise one day when he was walking up Fifth Avenue. Coming up behind him, she thrust her little hand confidently into his and began to walk along with him. She looked up joyously into his face and exclaimed, "I knew you as soon as I saw you." Flattered and delighted, the unsuspecting Mark asked, "And who am I?" To which the little miss replied, "You're Buffalo Bill."

THE SMART SET, like the illustrious Twain, is big enough and successful enough to be able to tell one or two "on itself." It, too, has been misrecognized, if I may coin a word. This person and that and the other have shied off from it—instead of giving it the glad hand, as in Mark's case—and have said, "I know you; you are the *Tattlemonger*;" or, "I know you; you are a fashion fakir;" or, "I know you; you are shocking, your associations are deplorable and you ought to be suppressed."

Everyone, of course, who ever attempted to do anything not utterly conventional and commonplace has had the more or less delightful experience of being not only "misrecognized" but misunderstood. If the misunderstanding were confined to people of utterly conventional and commonplace nature, it would be altogether negligible. Unfortunately, it sometimes in one way or another extends to people of intelligence, character and charm whom one would like to number among one's friends. In such cases it hurts to be persistently misunderstood, and it becomes a duty to

come out of one's patient silence and do everything possible to break down the misunderstanding.

THE SMART SET MAGAZINE, not being utterly conventional and commonplace, has had and still has—though in a lesser degree than formerly—the distinction of being not only "misrecognized" but ridiculously misunderstood. In the course of the ten months during which it has been under my ownership, I have noted a large and varied assortment of misconceptions regarding the magazine. Some of them are perhaps not altogether without a reasonable excuse; that of Mrs. Grundy, for instance, because at one time, I understand, the magazine was just as apt as not to say something calculated to make that dear old lady's very susceptible nerves jump; and that of the righteous soul (more power to her!) who detested THE SMART SET because she conceived it to be associated with a publication engaged in the gentle art of recording the foibles of society. Needless to say, she has by this time been informed that THE SMART SET has no connection of any kind with any other publication whatever. But there are doubtless many other men and women who entertain the same misconception. Then there are those who suppose that THE SMART SET itself is largely made up of more or less frivolous paragraphs about prominent people. I have particularly in mind, in this connection, a very charming woman who for years held this notion. A friend of hers at length persuaded her to read a copy of the magazine. She at once became a convert. She is now a devotee.

Then there is the class represented by Mr. B., whose wife received as a present

last Christmas a year's subscription to THE SMART SET. Mr. B. happened to pick up the January number. He spent an entire evening with it, and the next day told the friend who had given the present that he had enjoyed it immensely. "I had no idea," he said, "that THE SMART SET was a man's magazine as well as a woman's. I always supposed it was filled with silly chatter about society and frills and furbelows and all that sort of stuff."

Then there are the red-blooded sons and daughters of freedom and the livers of the strenuous life who conceive that THE SMART SET is made up exclusively of stories about carpet knights and minutue ladies and their piffling love affairs.

You, readers of THE SMART SET, you know how unfair and grotesque these misconceptions of the magazine are. The name is perhaps largely responsible for them. It is one of those names that hold different meanings for different minds, in accordance with the puissant law of the association of ideas. What is your idea of the meaning of "smart"? Turn to the dictionary:

SMART—(Synonyms: Acute; quick; lively; clever.) Marked by acuteness or shrewdness; quick in suggestion or reply; witty. Smart is frequently used in the United States of a person who is intelligent, vigorous and active, coinciding nearly with the English use of clever.

So much for Noah Webster. It is a curious fact, however, that a noun will

sometimes turn the tables on a perfectly respectable adjective and give it a dubious reputation. The word "smart," applied to a man or woman, may mean any of the things Webster mentions. Apply it to a certain "set" of men and women, and you get a different impression altogether. It still stands for cleverness, but, we have to admit, it has also come to carry a suggestion of folly.

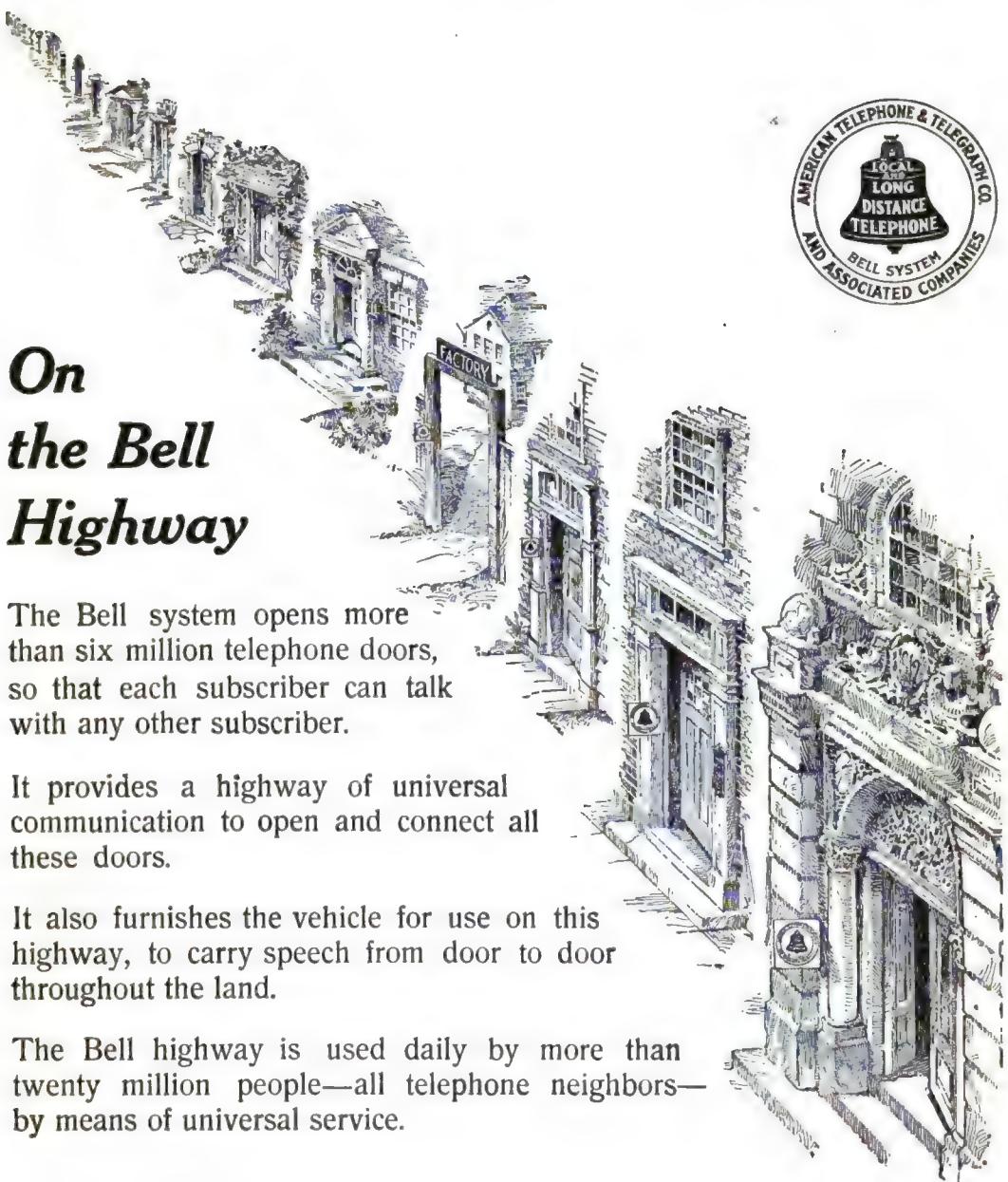
This is a small matter in etymology, but possibly of great importance to a magazine. Now and again candid friends tell us that the name "THE SMART SET" fails to express the present scope of this magazine. They say it gives a false idea of the magazine as now conducted. They even assure us that it alienates a large body of readers who would be thoroughly at home with us, if they would cross the threshold. Sometimes, not knowing how valuable an asset is an established name, they even suggest a radical change.

Such important changes are not to be lightly made. THE SMART SET has achieved a remarkable success under the title it received in the beginning. Among the great loyal body of its friends it stands for something distinctive and delightful in magazine making. Moreover, its friends are increasing—a significant fact in these days when most men carry business worries to their pillows. It is self-evident that the more readers we gain, the greater will be our power to attain our ideal of what a fiction magazine should be. I do not think the name "THE SMART SET" is a stumbling block in the way of that development. Do you? Write us in all frankness what you think.



P. S.—The present issue, by the way, has received an unusual tribute. No one is likely to be more sparing of praise than a professional proofreader. If a member of that calm and hypercritical guild makes the voluntary admission that you have produced the best number of the magazine he has read, you are entitled to feel set up. That is what happened to us. And he has been reading THE SMART SET for ten years!

The Open Doors



On the Bell Highway

The Bell system opens more than six million telephone doors, so that each subscriber can talk with any other subscriber.

It provides a highway of universal communication to open and connect all these doors.

It also furnishes the vehicle for use on this highway, to carry speech from door to door throughout the land.

The Bell highway is used daily by more than twenty million people—all telephone neighbors—by means of universal service.

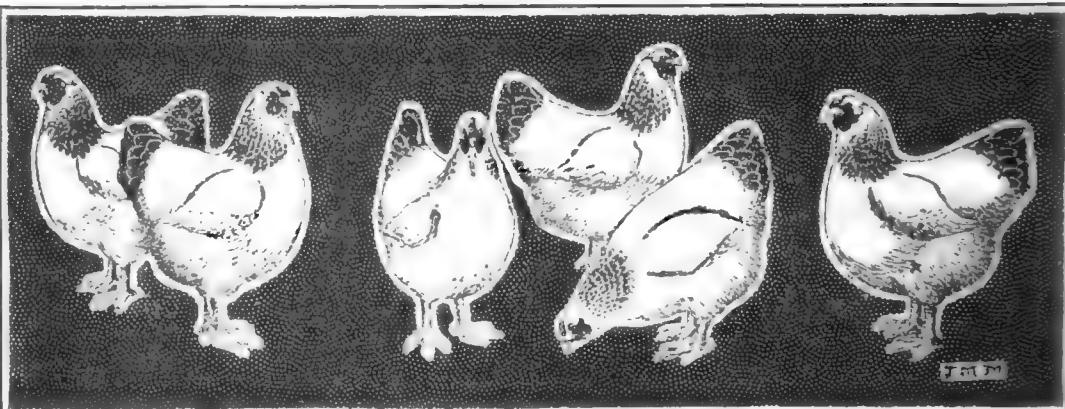
**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

In answering advertisements, please mention THE SMART SET



TWO POULTRY BOOKS FREE

If you will send us your name and address we will mail you two valuable Poultry books without cost to you or obligation on your part

Or for \$3.00 we will start you in the poultry business.

We will sell you "The Poultry Review" (12 copies), "The Philo System Book," the new book, "Making Poultry Pay" and "A Little Poultry and a Living," all for \$3.00 (15 copies) and to show you how you can make money by the wonderful Philo System we will include and ship you without extra charge:

Six thoroughbred baby chickens, I brooder to raise them in, one package "Philo Perfect Baby Chick Food," two galvanized feed and water troughs.

We are making safe shipment during winter weather. We can do this because we have the largest and best equipped poultry plant and buildings in the world. Our new hatchery has a capacity of 1800 Cycle Hatchers, and we are hatching big, strong chickens every week of the year.

This offer limited to 50,000 orders—and will be good for at least 30 days. Mail order today and let us help you to start the best business in the land.

The reason that we are making you this wonderful offer is the desire to show you how much money you can make by taking up the wonderful Philo System coupled with the assistance which the Poultry Review will give you during the year.

Please bear in mind the two distinct offers. They are:

1. Two valuable poultry books free if you will send us your name and address on the postal card.

2. Six thoroughbred chicks, one brooder with feed troughs, and complete instructions for building patented coops with every order for \$3.00 worth of the latest and best poultry reading, fifteen volumes in all. Write today.

TESTIMONIALS

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., Dec. 13, 1911.

E. R. PHILO, ELMIRA, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—I am very glad to inform you that my White Orpingtons chicks are all alive and smart. They are just six weeks old and weigh $1\frac{1}{4}$ pounds. I have them in an Economy Coop and they are growing and developing finely.

M. GOUDART.

SCRANTON, KANSAS, Nov. 1, 1911.

E. R. PHILO, ELMIRA, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—Yours of October 26th at hand and beg to say that I have raised all of the White Orpingtons so far. Their average weight is $2\frac{1}{4}$ pounds each and not quite three months old yet. Being a beginner it was quite interesting to watch their development.

WALTER BURKHARDT.

MARATHON, FLA., Dec. 5, 1911.

E. R. PHILO, ELMIRA, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—The little one-day-old chicks I bought of you are thriving, and all who see them remark about their thrifty, healthy appearance.

I do not expect to lose one of them from weakness or sickness. I refused \$20 for them last week.

E. J. DEVORE.

PAEONIAN SPRINGS, VA., Nov. 23, 1911.

E. R. PHILO, ELMIRA, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 20th received, and in reply can give an excellent report. I have had splendid success, have five out of six. Out of the six you sent there were four pullets and two cockerels. My White Orpingtons are a credit to you as well as myself, and they have been raised almost entirely by the Philo System. If at any time I need any poultry supplies you will hear from me.

MRS. J. G. JACOBS.

AUGUSTA, GA., Nov. 3, 1911.

E. R. PHILO, ELMIRA, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—The six baby chickens I bought from you arrived all O. K. They were, however, delayed about twelve hours in reaching me, but they were bright and active. I received them at night and the next morning they were hungry as wolves, and I made them the custard you suggested. I am greatly pleased with them and expect to make good later on. They are the most active chicks I ever saw.

DR. W. S. WILKINSON.

Philo National Poultry Institute

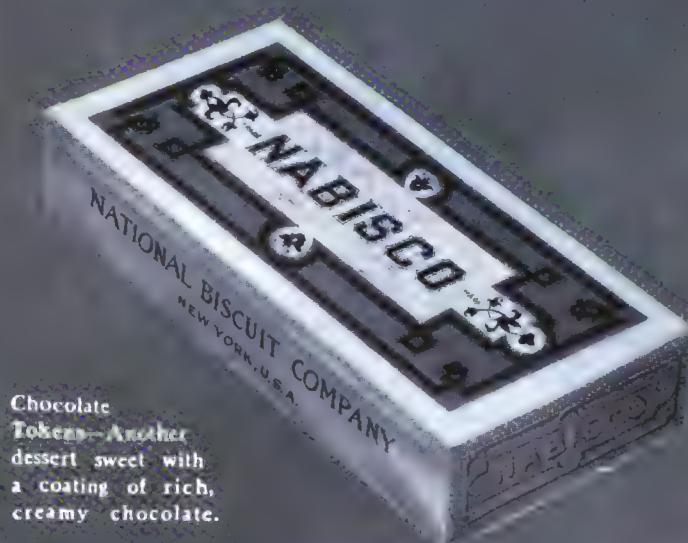
2452 Lake St., Elmira, N. Y.

In answering advertisements, please mention THE SMART SET

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

EVEN the derivation of the name of these delicious Sugar Wafers is an assurance of their goodness.

Sponsored by the makers, whose name is always associated with baking perfection, how could Nabisco Sugar Wafers be other than the perfect dessert confection?



In answering advertisements, please mention THE SMART SET

Annette

Exclusive Styles

Removed to

27 West 38th Street
New York

Formerly of 66 W. 38th Street

Prepared to show Spring
and Summer Models

Smart White Serge Frock. Can be worn as dress or coat suit. White braid trimmed, outlined in contrasting color on collar and revers. Coat satin-lined, skirt buttoned to knee. Can be had in other colors; also in Taffeta.

\$32.50 In Serge
34.50 In Taffeta

Numerous other models in Linens, Dimities, Voiles, both plain and striped, Marquisettes, Meteors, Silk Serges and Taffetas.

Waists . . .	\$ 3.50
Linens . . .	10.50
Voiles . . .	16.50
Marquisettes . . .	22.50
Taffetas . . .	21.50
Silk Serges . . .	25.00

upward

Telephone, 5795 Murray Hill



This Effective Model Is a Dainty Little Frock

of very sheer India Linen, pintucked, with hand-embroidered Cuffs and Collar edged with real Cluny lace, a black velvet bow at neck and buttoning down the front with pretty little black smoked pearl buttons, which are also each side of the Tunic. A soft patent-leather belt fastening at the side adds a stunning finish to this chic little garment, which can be had in any size at the very low price of

\$15.50

THE LOTUS

42 West 39th St.
New York City



Jammes

Perles Electra

New Improved Process

Have the lustre, sheen finish and real appearance of the Pearls from the Orient. They are mounted with

Simili Diamonds

Extra reinforced brilliancy and can be worn next to real gems without detection.

428 Fifth Avenue

New York

Bet. 38th and 39th Sts.

A Delightful Reality—

FAULTLESS FORM FITTING LINGERIE

IN THE LATEST PARISIAN MODES
READY-TO-WEAR OR TO MEASURE
AT REALLY MODERATE PRICES



*The
Princess Drawer
Combination
of Fine
Nainsook and
Valencienne*

Special at \$7.50.
Same Model, in a Hand-Made
French Combination \$10.00

DISTINCTIVE Creations, all prevailing materials from finest of imported Nainsook to the filmiest Batiste.

Exquisite Hand Embroideries and all the favored Laces.

PERFECT FITTING IN EVERY DETAIL. ALL WRINKLES ELIMINATED

MRS. CLARKE, 182 Madison Avenue
Near 34th St. N. Y.
Booklet and Sketches on Request. Correspondence Invited

In answering advertisements, please mention THE SMART SET



AFTER THE WINTER, YOUR SKIN NEEDS REFRESHING

Examine your skin closely

See if the pores have become large and clogged; if it has lost its smoothness; if it has grown colorless.

The constant strain imposed upon the skin during the winter months, when we eat heavy foods and take almost no exercise, makes it unable to withstand such trying conditions. Each spring it needs refreshing.

To refresh your skin

Woodbury's Facial Soap re-supplies what is exhausted from the skin by these conditions. If used regularly, Woodbury's arouses your skin, keeps it active, makes it glow with health.

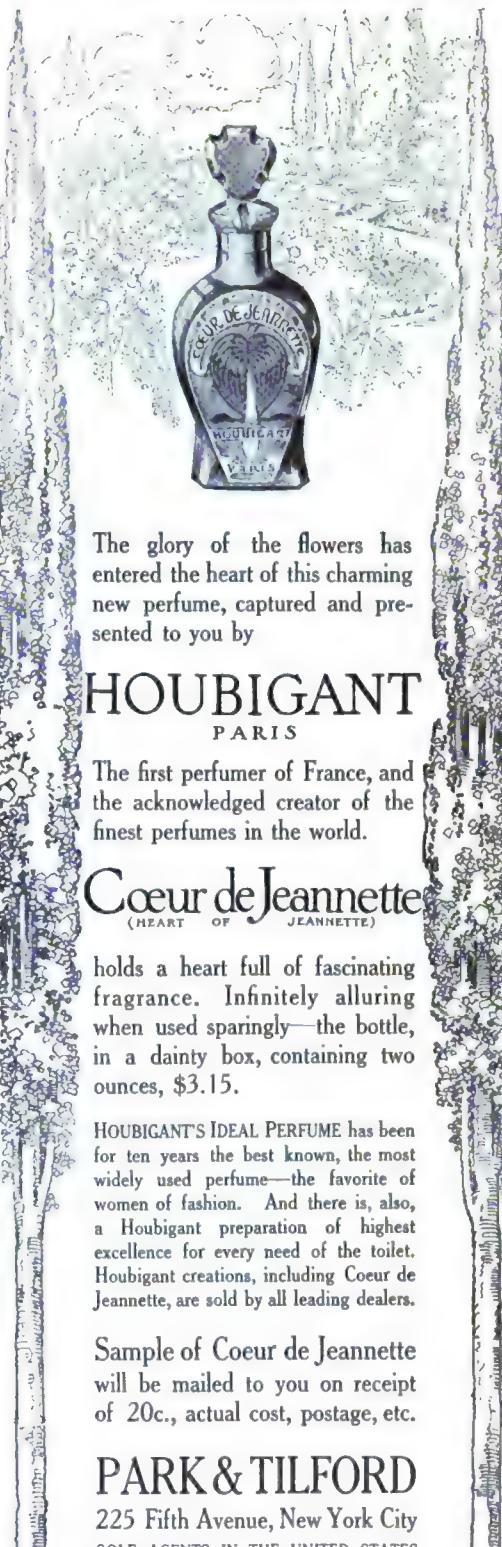
Get a cake to-day. Notice its stimulating tonic effect the first time you use it. This is a promise of what its *steady use* will do. Woodbury's costs 25c. a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their *first cake*.

Write to-day for samples

For 4c. we will send a sample cake. For 10c. samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder. For 50c. a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and scalp and samples of the Woodbury preparations. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2606 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers everywhere



The glory of the flowers has entered the heart of this charming new perfume, captured and presented to you by

HOUBIGANT PARIS

The first perfumer of France, and the acknowledged creator of the finest perfumes in the world.

Coeur de Jeannette (HEART OF JEANNETTE)

holds a heart full of fascinating fragrance. Infinitely alluring when used sparingly—the bottle, in a dainty box, containing two ounces, \$3.15.

HOUBIGANT'S IDEAL PERFUME has been for ten years the best known, the most widely used perfume—the favorite of women of fashion. And there is, also, a Houbigant preparation of highest excellence for every need of the toilet. Houbigant creations, including Coeur de Jeannette, are sold by all leading dealers.

Sample of Coeur de Jeannette will be mailed to you on receipt of 20c., actual cost, postage, etc.

PARK & TILFORD

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City
SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED STATES

In answering advertisements, please mention THE SMART SET

LANE BRYANT

19 W. 38th St. Near 5th Ave. New YorkMaternity Dresses
and Negligees

A large assortment in a variety of styles always ready for immediate delivery or made to measure at short notice.

We specialize house gowns and simple dresses that distinguish the exclusive wardrobe.

Self-adjusting maternity dresses, made in one piece, designed to give proper balance and expand to fit through changing proportions.

Foulard, pongee, crepe de chine, serge, challis, linen, voile and marquisette, Swiss and lingerie, made to measure,

\$10.75 upward

Send for Catalog "G"

1085 (as illustrated). Effective model, with new crush plaiting at sides and shoulders. Lace yoke, with or without standing collar. Soft frills of lace at sleeves and bodice.

Price, Crepe de Chine, \$35.75
Crepe Mull, . . . 20.50

A Cocoa
of
Peculiar
Excellence



For every occasion—for every function, it is the one perfect, nourishing, appetizing food requisite—and it's always the same—always the best.

At All Leading Grocers'

Maillard's
NEW YORK

Fifth Avenue at 35th Street
CHOCOLATES, BONBONS, FRENCH BONBONNIÈRES

Afternoon tea, three to six, in the
Luncheon Restaurant

FOX-STIEFEL & CO.
Motor Apparel

Early Spring
Showing of

Touring and Traveling Coats,
Polo Coats, Rain Coats
and Summer Dust Coats
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.
Chauffeurs' Suits and Over-
coats; Motoring Accessories
of every description.

Sole Agents

ALFRED DUNHILL MOTORITIES
London

Write for illustrated catalogue

FIFTH AVE. AND 34TH ST.

MRS. ADAIR



Ganesh
REGISTERED
TRADE MARK

ANNOUNCES A CHANGE
IN THE MANAGEMENT OF
HER NEW YORK SALON

Mrs. Adair, on visiting her New York Salon, found that her original GANESH Treatments for acquiring and preserving beauty of face and form had not been strictly adhered to. She has therefore accepted the resignation of her New York manageress. To assure her American clientele the same treatments as practised in her London, Paris and Nice salons,

MRS. ADAIR HAS PLACED
HER LONDON MANAGERESS IN
CHARGE OF NEW YORK SALON

The GANESH Facial Treatments, when faithfully practised, have never been known to fail. Mrs. Adair's treatment for tired, lined eyes is especially effective. The GANESH Toilet Preparations are described in a price list booklet which is mailed free. Mail orders filled. Write to Mrs. Adair for a copy of her valuable book, "How to Retain and Restore the Youthful Beauty of Face and Form."

NEW YORK - - - - - 21 West 38th Street
LONDON - - - - - 92 New Bond Street, W.
PARIS - 5 Rue Cambon NICE

In answering advertisements, please mention THE SMART SET

Silks at Mill-to-Consumer Prices!

OUR wholesale prices on silks will save you an amazing amount on every silk purchase.

But that is only one advantage of The Silk Store.

Here you can choose from a stock of silks greater than the combined silk stocks of all New York silk departments.

Here you can supply your every silk need—whether you desire an exclusive fabric for a suit or gown, or a bit of silk to match an unusual color.

THIS, in fact, is a *complete* silk store.

Its stocks leave nothing to be desired.

Its prices know no equals.

Its service is planned for your convenience and comfort.

Its location is of easy access.

Before you spend one penny more for silk, you should visit The Silk Store.

TO those readers of *Smart Set* who live outside of New York—

—we recommend the store in their city that advertises R. & T. Silks as the place to obtain silks of greatest value and most advanced style.



Rogers Thompson
Givernaud Co.

Fourth Avenue, at 24th Street
New York City

Mills at West New York, N. J.; Hoboken, N. J.; Homestead, N. J.; Allentown, Pa.; Norwich, Conn.

J. & J. Slater



THIS cut illustrates a popular boot for women—made in dull kid and patent leather with brown or gray cloth tops—side buttoned with overgaiter effect.



A WALKING boot for men, for winter wear—double sole—made in black calf, russia and tan oil grain.

New illustrated price list, "A Package of Shoes," with book of instructions and measurement blank mailed on request.

Broadway at 25th Street, New York

In answering advertisements, please mention THE SMART SET

BOWLING GREEN STORAGE & VAN CO.
18 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Trans-Atlantic and Inland Removals.

HOISTING LIFT VAN ON BOARD STEAMER

NEW FIRE-PROOF STORAGE
Clean, Separate, Locked Rooms
Most Modern and Convenient

WEST SIDE WAREHOUSE
248, 250 and 252 WEST 65th STREET
Local, Domestic and Foreign
Removals in Wheel or Lift Vans

BOWLING GREEN STORAGE & VAN COMPANY
18 BROADWAY Telephone, 3450 Broad

HEADACHE?
BROMO-SELTZER

To reduce my kennels, which are becoming crowded, I offer for sale an imported prize-winning and trick

Black French Poodle

of beautiful conformation



TOTO NOIR

This poodle can win in fast company, is very intelligent, easy to train; extra fine watch-dog and companion. Two years old this March Price, \$250

HOPKINS TOPSY

Black French Poodle; winner of thirty-seven ribbons and trophies; has five points toward championship; in whelp to Toto Noir; fifteen months old. She is developing into a very fine classy dog and can win in very fast company; is perfect in disposition, fond of children, a good companion and watch-dog. \$300, or \$500 If bought at once will accept \$300, or \$500 for the brace.

Pedigrees and further information on request.
Please enclose stamp.

HOPKINS' KENNELS

118½ Grant Avenue
JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY

In answering advertisements, please mention THE SMART SET

Chocolate
Plantation

Chocolate
Angel Food

EACH individual piece of the forty or more varieties of candy in a box of *Huyler's* receives its full share of careful, skilled attention. By making every candy up to the highest standard we maintain an unvarying quality in *Huyler's*—whether you judge them by one piece, one pound, or one year of patronage.

There are 54 Huyler stores in the United States and Canada and over 4000 *Huyler's* agents—the best drug-gists in their respective communities. To get the name of the nearest *Huyler's* agent or store

*Write for
Interesting Booklet*

Chocolate
Angel Food
Halved

which tells the remarkable story of *Huyler's*, giving a list of many of the Huyler popular confections, and telling the public how quality and purity are assured in all *Huyler's* products.

Huyler's 64 Irving Place, New York

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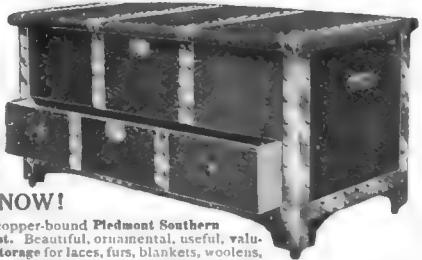


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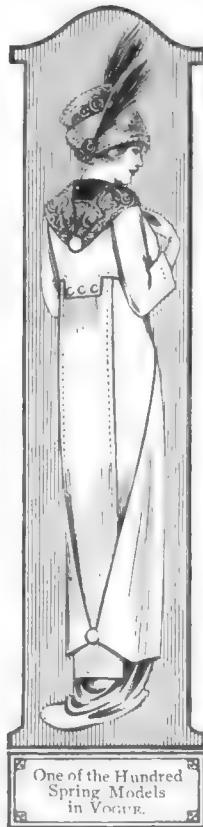
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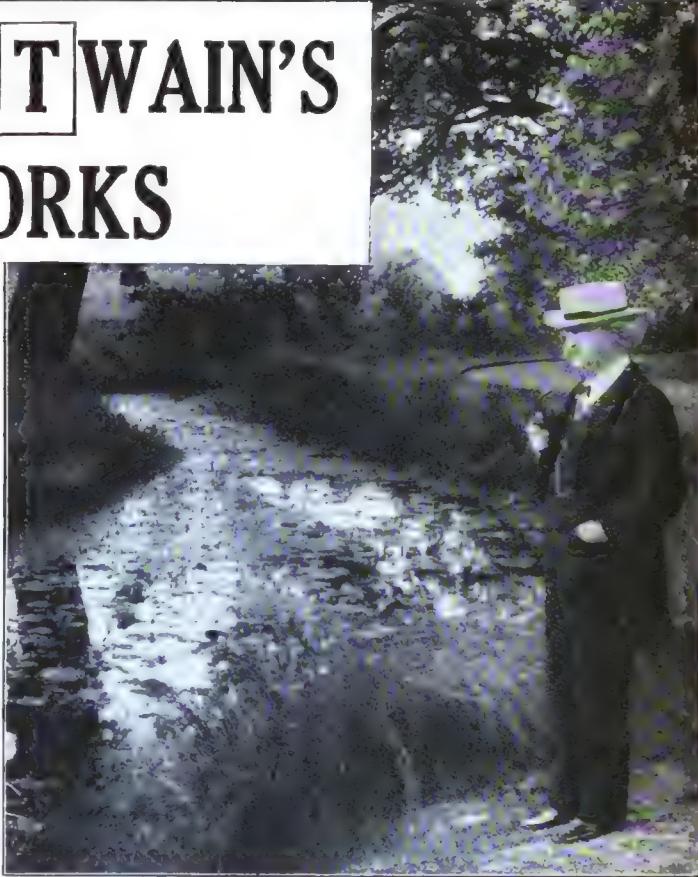
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